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HISTORY

... OF ...

TASMANIA

Written Specially for *TRUTH.*

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

"TRUTH" Popular Press Print, 3 Royal Lane, Melbourne. 1915.



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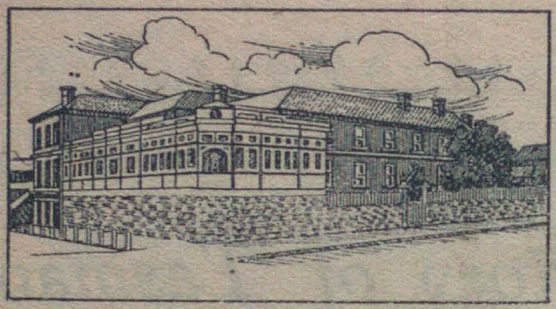
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History of Tasmania.

PREFACE.

The object of this "History of Tasmania" is to tell in a plain way the true story of the bad old days in Van Diemen's Land. Though some of the facts set forth may seem almost too startling for belief, the reader is assured that they are strictly accurate. The whole work is based on authentic official records in public and private archives. The author's hope is that the book will be read with interest as a reliable record of the dark deeds of the old convict days in Tasmania, which are now, happily, for ever over and done with. The "History" originally appeared in serial form in the columns of "Truth."

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History of Tasmania.

CHAPTER I.

The Discovery of Van Diemen's Land—Tasman's Search for the "Great South Land"—Tasmania for a Pot of Arrack! —French Navigators—Attempted Rapine Leads to Murder—Captain Cook's Visit—Commerce with the Natives—A Nude and a Sable Beauty—Captain Cox Discovers Oyster Bay—Captain Bligh Plants Some Fruit Trees—Bligh's Visits to Tasmania—His Conduct at "The Camp" of Hobart.

Just 271 years ago, when the spirit of man called to him, like some will o' the wisp, to search for virginal lands in unknown oceans, and to sail across uncharted seas, Captain Abel Jansen Tasman started from Batavia in quest of the "Great South Land." His command consisted of two vessels, the "Heemskirk" and the "Zeehan," the latter in charge of his lieutenant, Jerit Zanzoon. Tasman's authority to sail unknown seas, "to search and to find," was given to him by Anthony Van Diemen, the Governor-General of the settlement of Batavia. Such voyages of discovery dated back as far as 1426, the time of Prince Henry, the Navigator, who, though a famous Portuguese, was half an Englishman, for his mother was Philippa, daughter of John o' Gaunt. He was of the breed of the Briton, "men of of activity, stirrers abroad, and searchers of the remote parts of the world." In such enterprises, ventures that gave to civilised man America, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand; leading the way was Portugal; then came Holland, with Britain and France following, to pick up any unnoticed flotsam on the seas' highways. The Dutch East India Company, formed in 1595, had its headquarters in Batavia, and its ships' captains continued the work of exploration in unploughed fields that had been commenced by the Portuguese and the Spaniards. De Quiros, a Portuguese, in company with Captain Torres, had already tried and failed to discover the "Great South Land." Tasman was destined to be more fortunate in his quest. "The Lord be praised," he wrote when the work of fitting his ships had been completed. No doubt it was hot work laboring in the baggy trousers of Holland under the sweltering tropical sun of Batavia. "May God Almighty be pleased to give his blessing to this voyage! Amen!" is the invocation that opens his ship's log. The ships' sails were loosened on August 4, 1642, and the two ships passed out of sight over the rim of the horizon. They called at Mauritius, and then went forth into the unknown seas, thundering on the rocks, and surging on the sands of the Australian coast. On November 24, at 4 o'clock, the lookout man on the topmast head of the "Heemskirk" sighted land. How he shouted the news may be imagined! Tasman was a genial old sea dog, a mixture of piety and of worldliness, and he tempered the edges of both with gin on fitting occasions. Such characters were not uncommon in those adventurous days, when men roasted their neighbors to the glory of God, or racked them asunder to the damnation of the devil. Tasman gave the man in the crow's nest a

benediction which was well enough in its way. He gave him, too, what was better, a pot of arrack, with which to warm his stolid soul, and three reals also to stow away in his sea chest. In that chest the reals were hidden against the sailor's return to Holland, when he would have the chance to wink at the girls as they paraded in front of the stadthouse of Amsterdam. The payment for discovering Tasmania in these days, when Tattersall's sweeps were unknown, cannot be considered excessive; on the contrary, it was decidedly meagre. Jan evidently had a frugal mind! The land the lookout man saw, and scored his pot of arrack over, was Point Hibbs. On the following day Tasman sailed the ships to within three miles of the shore. Then it was that the Dutch navigator named the land he had discovered. We read in the log of the "Heemskirk": "We called it Anthony Van Diemen's Land, in honor of our high magistrate and Governor-General, and the islands near (Boreels) we named in honor of the council of India, as you may see by the little map we made." This "little map," and others, was, in 1665, reproduced in stone. They formed the pavement of the hall of the Amsterdam stadthouse, until the tread of ceaseless generations of men wore them away. Sketches of these maps were preserved, and they still show how great was the knowledge of the early navigators concerning New Holland and Van Diemen's Land.

Tasman's ships sailed down the coast. Every lookout man had his eyes screwed as sharp as gimlets to sight land with some distinguishing feature, on the off-chance of a pot of arrack. On November 28 they were off three small islands, one of which (Mews) they likened unto the head of a lion, and shortly afterwards, laboring in heavy seas and swept along by a gale of wind, the ships reached Storm Bay. The weather rendered it too dangerous to unship anchors. While Tasman's faith in Providence was great, he was not monkeyfying with the dangers of an unknown coast, and he trusted to his seamanship to wear the vessels off shore, and then to run them out to sea. When the weather abated he returned and anchored in Frederick Hendrik Bay, a little to the southward of Maria Island. On the following day Tasman sent the master of his ship in a boat with an armed crew, with orders to effect a landing and to get some wood and fresh water. When they returned to the ship they reported to Tasman that they had heard human voices, but they had not seen any natives. Tasman decided to go himself on shore on December 3; but the surf was too heavy to let his boat approach any suitable landing place. The ship's carpenter, who was in the boat, swam to shore, and erected a post, on which a compass was carved. They left a flag flying on it. "When," says the genial Jan, "the said carpenter had done this in sight of me, Abel Jans Tasman; of the master, Jerit Zanzoon; and under merchant, Abraham Coomans, we went in the shallop as near as possible, and the said carpenter swam back through the surf. We then returned on board, and left this memorial to the posterity of the inhabitants. They did not show themselves, but we suspected some to be not far from thence, and watching carefully our doings."

The French were the next Europeans to visit Van Diemen's Land, the occasion being when, on March 4, 1772, Captain Marion du' Fresne arrived at Frederick Hendrik Bay, in command of two vessels, the "Mascarin" and the "Castries." This French company remained in

the bay six days. They succeeded in provoking the hostility of the aboriginals through the acts of the sailors in trying to illicitly use the native women. The unsophisticated Tasmanians, practically unarmed, pelted the French would-be ravishers with stones. The gallant sons of France opened fire on the aboriginals with muskets, killing at least one man, and wounding several others. In that way occurred the first collision between the aboriginals of Tasmania and members of the white race that is supposed to be typical of civilisation. As seen through the eyes of the primitive man of the woods, the white men's civilisation meant the forcible spoliation of their women, and the death of their braves. Thus it can truly be said that the white race made its entry into Van Diemen's Land as a tribe that practised rapine and committed murder. A year later, almost to the day (March 9, 1773), an Englishman, Captain Tobias Furneaux, entered Storm Bay in the ship "Adventure," which gave its name to the bay wherein she anchored. Furneaux was sailing in company with the ship "Resolution," commanded by Captain Cook. A heavy fog had come up, blotting out everything from sight on the sea's face. The ships parted company, and it was by the merest accident that while searching for "Terra Australis Incognita" Furneaux blundered into Storm Bay, and subsequently found, when the fog cleared, that he had stumbled up against Van Diemen's Land. This was during Captain Cook's second voyage, and Cook made a note in his log to the effect that "the country here appears to be very thickly inhabited, as there was a continual fire along shore as we sailed." Not until his third voyage, on January 26, 1777, did Cook's party land in Tasmania. The two ships Cook had with him were the "Resolution" and the "Discovery," the latter commanded by Captain Clerke. They entered Adventure Bay, and as Captain Cook was curious about the natives, a party of marines landed and scoured the bush. Fortune favored them so far that they captured a girl, who was stark naked and alone. Possibly this sable nymph of the woods (she was discovered hiding in a belt of thick scrub) had heard something of the conduct of the Frenchmen towards the native women of the island, and the knowledge did not tend to decrease her fears. Captain Cook is recorded as having soothed her by placing a handkerchief around her neck and a cap upon her head. He does not appear to have had a fig-leaf on board the ship, or maybe the great sea captain preferred the startled human fawn in the nude. Anyway, he sent the lady about her business, and she seems to have told her tribe that she had the time of her life on board the "Resolution." Encouraged by her accounts, other women, and some men, assembled on the seashore. With the women the sailors appear to have had their way. The crews did not rave over the beauty of the women, though the native children were described as pretty. Probably the Jack Tars of the seventeenth century were too stringent in their standards of beauty, and their fibre was such that as sea dogs they declined to seek "any port in a storm." Captain Cook left some pigs on shore, and no doubt the "absent-minded beggars" of the seventeenth century, so far away from sweethearts and wives, may likewise have left behind them little remembrances of their visit to Van Diemen's Land. Twelve years passed before the aboriginals saw another British ship, which was the brig "Mercury," in command of Captain John Henry Cox.

He made an endeavor to enter Adventure Bay, but the winds carried him to the eastward, and he blundered into the discovery of Oyster Bay in July, 1789. Captain William Bligh touched at Van Diemen's Land in 1788, when on a voyage to Tahiti in command of the "Bounty." Bligh had been sent out by the British Government for the purpose of transplanting the bread fruit of the South Sea Islands to the West Indies. The sailors were harassed to such an extent by Bligh that they mutinied, seized the ship, and set Bligh and his officers adrift in the launch. The ultimate effect of that drastic action was to make Bligh Governor of New South Wales. Bligh showed such resource and fortitude in navigating the open boat on the dangerous 4,000 miles to Timor that the British Government, when the time came, deemed him the best man, and the one most fit, with his notions of quarter-deck discipline, to rule a convict colony. When Bligh, after the boat voyage, returned to Britain, he was despatched again to do the work the mutiny had interrupted. On that voyage, made in the "Providence" and "Assistant," he landed in Van Diemen's Land at Adventure Bay, and spent twelve days there planting fruit trees, acorns, and vegetables. On a gum tree he cut a record of his visit, to the effect that "Captain William Bligh planted seven fruit trees. Messrs. T and W., Botanists." He also observed carved on one of the trees the date "A.D. 1773," which was the year of the visit of Captain Tobias Furneaux to Adventure Bay in the ship "Adventure." "Bread Fruit Bligh," as the Cornish captain was called, in making his inscription of his bounty to Tasmania—the actual catalogue was one fig tree, two pomegranates, and four quinces—showed his temperament, since it is Bligh first, "T and W." nowhere. When the French were at Adventure Bay they professed to be "greatly scandalised by the despotism which consigned men of science to initials and gave a sea captain a monopoly of fame." But that was the man Bligh, who, notwithstanding his harsh and overbearing manner, was in his sphere of action, the sea, a great seaman. At Frederick Hendrik Bay the surf was running high, and Bligh did not attempt to land, but he did manage to navigate the ship's boat to within twenty yards of the shore. Twelve men and eight women were waiting to welcome the boat's crew, and to these natives they threw presents, tied up in paper. Some days before Bligh's attempt to land, Brown, the assistant botanist to the expedition, had gone ashore at Adventure Bay, and there met an old man, with a young gin and some children. At first the old man was going to club or spear Brown, but finding Brown had no designs on the gin, he became friendly, and accepted a knife. Brown deserves to be remembered, as it was he who planted the first apple tree in Tasmania. That apple tree was found by the Frenchman Labillardiere growing on the coast. No trace of the fruit trees left by Bligh were discovered. So it would appear from the first that the apple had come to stay in Tasmania. Bligh's next visit to Tasmania was in 1808, when he was a Governor, but only in name; a fugitive from Sydney after his deposition through the famous "Rum Rebellion." Even on that visit Bligh clutched at the phantom of his past authority, and attempted to assert his mastership of the newly-formed settlement, or "The Camp," as it was then called, of Hobart.

CHAPTER II.

Settlement of Port Jackson—French Ships Arrive—Their Discoveries in Tasmania—Lieut. John Hayes—His Explorations—Captain Hunter——Matthew Flinders—Decision to Chart Tasmania—Discovery of Port Dalrymple.

Two years before Captain Cox, in the brig "Mercury," sailed inside the Schouter and Marie Islands, and found Oyster Bay, some momentous events had taken place at New Holland, or Australia. Britain had lost possession of her American colonies, and she had no longer a trans-Atlantic tip for her criminal refuse, and the garbage of her gaols. The English prisons were overflowing with convicts, while their moral and sanitary condition was awful. Captain Cook, on his return to England, had reported favorably upon the new land, New South Wales, as a place suitable for colonisation. He mentioned Botany Bay as something a little short of Paradise, and to this paradise the British Government decided to send the criminals that America would no longer take.

In pursuance of that policy, what was known as the "First Fleet" sailed from England on May 13, 1787, for Botany Bay. The fleet reached its destination eight months and a few days after it started; the ships' anchors being cast into the waters of Botany Bay on January 3, 1788. The "Fleet" and its fortunes were under the command of Captain Arthur Phillip, and the principal vessels were the "Sirius," frigate, and the "Supply," an armed tender. On board the vessels were 1,044 persons, including 696 felons, prisoners of the Crown. Out of this unpromising material it was proposed to found a new empire, or, to quote the words of Phillip, "That which Frobisher, Raleigh, Delaware, and Gates did for America is that which we are here met to do for Australia." Fine, brave words, but much water was to pass under the mill before the aspiration was to be within measurable distance of accomplishment!

After a survey of Botany Bay, Captain Phillip deemed the place unsuitable as a site for a settlement, and he decided to try to find a more hospitable spot along the coast. He entered Port Jackson, named by Captain Cook after a lord of the Admiralty, and selected a site for the future city that he called Sydney Cove, in honor of Thomas Townsend, Viscount Sydney, Secretary of State. Attracted by the natives' frank and courageous bearing towards himself and his party, he named one of the inlets Manly Bay. When he returned to Botany Bay (called "Botanical Bay" on the first chart made of the place) to make arrangements for the final exodus of the "Fleet," he found the whole company in a state of great alarm. Two ships flying the French flag had arrived, their names being the "Boussole," and the "Astrolabe," under the command of the famous French navigator, De la Perouse. Perouse's object in his visit to New South Wales was to take possession of Australia in the name of France. He missed doing so by the narrow margin of sixteen days' time; otherwise he would have changed the destiny of Australia! At that period Perouse believed, in common with other navigators of the day, that Tasmania was a portion of Australia. That belief saved the island from annexation by France. Perouse sailed from the settlement early in March, leaving as a mournful memento of the French discovery

ship's visit the body of the naturalist of the expedition, Father Le Receveur, who died from wounds inflicted upon him by the fierce natives of the Navigator Islands. Captain Phillips placed a memorial on the young French priest's grave. Even in death the English race was before that of the French in occupying Australia as a burial ground, for Captain Cook buried the first white man in Australia, one of his sailors, named Forbes Sutherland; Le Receveur was the second white man, and the first Frenchman.

French navigators had been hovering about Tasmania like so many predatory seagulls since the place was first visited by Tasman. When Perouse and his ships, after leaving Sydney, were lost to the sight of men, the French admiral, Bruni D'Entrecasteaux, of the "Recherche," searched for Perouse in the vicinity of Tasmania. Bruni Island and D'Entrecasteaux Channel were named after him, while Huon River was called after the admiral's companion, Huon Kermadec, who was in command of the "Esperance" that voyaged with the "Recherche." D'Entrecasteaux at this time stated that in his opinion Tasmania was a part of Australia, and so he missed the opportunity of planting the French flag on Mount Wellington!

D'Entrecasteaux's charter to find Perouse, and "to perfect the description of the globe," had been wrung from Louis XVI. by the Assembly of the States, and during the time that the admiral was in Tasmanian waters, Louis's head tumbled into the "Widow's Basket," chopped off like a carrot by the guillotine set up in the Place de la Revolution. With that national unrest in the heart of France, the genius of discovery was not likely to bring great profit to France. Paris was, however, a long sail from the only partially-discovered lands beneath the Southern Cross. D'Entrecasteaux could not hear the rolling of the drums that drowned the voice of his King. So his work of discovery went on, though France herself all but perished in the clash of nations. The admiral remained for a month in Tasmanian waters. In that space of time he explored the Huon, and the Derwent, naming the latter river the Rivere du Nord. That name, however, was wiped off the map by Lieut. John Hayes, of the Bombay marines, an officer of the Honorable East India Company.

The company had an absolute monopoly of the trade of the East. Its ships swept the Pacific Ocean in search of any object likely to be a source of profit. Always its officers were seeking to find suitable harbors for the company's ships. Hayes was sent by the company to explore Van Diemen's Land for that object, having under his command two ships, the "Duke of Clarence," and the "Duchess." He boated up the Rivere du Nord further inland than the French explorers had done, and he re-named the Rivere du Nord the Derwent. Hayes was full of the typical swagger of the Englishman of those days, towards the Frenchman whose national house was so very much out of order. The East India Company was the paramount power in the East, and he, Lieut. Hayes, was one of its officers! Hayes eventually suffered the indignity of having his comb cut by a French man-o'-war, when his charts of Tasmania were seized, and they now lie, it is believed, in the Department of Marine and Colonies at Paris.

In the meanwhile shiploads of convicts had been pouring into New South Wales. The first free citizens had arrived in 1793, when

also the first church was built, somewhat reversing Defoe's well-known couplet:—

> Wherever God erects a house of prayer
> The devil always builds a chapel there.

The devil, up to the time of the church coming, had had a clear field, and the church showed only as a speck of doubtful innocence in a boiling cauldron, bubbling over with the known and the secret vices of perverted humanity. Governors had come and gone. The new Caesar, who had attained to consulship over the convict settlement, was Captain Hunter, R.N., who arrived in September, 1795. With him came Matthew Flinders, a midshipman, and George Bass, the surgeon, of H.M.S. "Reliance," the ship that carried Governor Hunter to the colony at Port Jackson. Flinders had learnt the art of navigation under Captain Bligh, of H.M.S. "Bounty;" Bligh, in his turn, had been an officer under Captain Cook in the "Resolution." Indeed, it was Bligh who actually selected the landing place in Kealakeakua Bay, where Cook was murdered by the natives. Flinders, in his turn, was cast to instruct a midshipman, John Franklin, who came under Flinders's command in the sloop of discovery, the "Investigator," in 1801. Thirty-six years afterwards Franklin was appointed as a successor to Governor Arthur, of Tasmania, and given by the British Government the task of grappling with the problem of secondary punishments, "destined to confound the wise and furnish a theme for dogmatism through all time." The midshipman of Flinders became Sir John Franklin, known to the world as the famous Arctic navigator, who found a cold grave in the ice packs of the North-West Passage. In Traill's "Life of Franklin" it is stated: "The example of the fine seaman and enthusiastic explorer under whom he served must, indeed, for a lad of Franklin's ardent temperament, have been an education in itself. Throughout his whole life he cherished the warmest admiration for the character of Matthew Flinders, and in later years he welcomed the opportunity of paying an enduring tribute to his old commander's memory in the very region of the world which his discoveries had done so much to gain for civilisation."

Governor Hunter shared Captain Cook's opinion that Tasmania was an island. After Captain Tobias Furneaux, in H.M.S. "Adventure," had made his voyage, he laid it down with every confidence, as "an old sea dog," supreme on the quarter-deck, that in his own opinion no strait existed between the island (Tasmania) and New Holland (Australia). The Captain was equally certain that the sheet of water he saw before he scudded north after his chief, Captain Cook, under shortened sail, in a stiff southerly "buster," was "a very deep bay." In 1797 a ship called the "Sydney Cove" started a butt-end when off the group of islands called after the "dead sure" captain, Captain Furneaux. She was run ashore by her master, Captain Hamilton, between Preservation Island, so called because of the half-drowned crew finding safety there, and Rum Island, on account of three puncheons of rum floating ashore from the wreckage of the "Sydney Cove," that so suddenly terminated her intended voyage from Sydney to India. Clarke, the supercargo, the chief mate, and fifteen of the crew of the "Sydney Cove" started in the long boat to try to reach Sydney. The long boat was dashed on the rocks at Cape Howe. Those who escaped the peril of the waves and thick sea

kelp were the first Europeans, so far as is known, to touch Victorian soil.

Without food and with little or no clothing, they commenced to face the unknown dangers of hardship, and to avoid, if possible, the assaults of murderous natives. Only Clarke, one of the sailors, and a despised lascar survived the four hundred miles of the journey. This miserable remnant of humanity first brought news to Sydney of the coal cliffs near Hat Hill, or Bulli. Hamilton remained on Preservation Island, and waited for what the tides and the winds might bring to him. Every morning, full of the hope that "springs eternal" (thank God for it!), he went down to the beach and looked with straining eyes across the wild waste of waters. Day after day he looked in vain, and with the going down of the sun his hopes faded into nights of despair. At last! On the ocean's line his eyes saw what is the hope of every shipwrecked mariner, "a sail." It belonged to the schooner "Francis," sent from Sydney for the purpose of rescuing him; and so ended that leaf in the log-book of his life. When Flinders was at the two islands in 1798 he saw portions of the wreckage of the "Sydney Cove," but he does not mention the casks of rum.

Governor Hunter authorised George Bass, who had made some flying surveys, in a whale boat, along the Victorian coast as far as Western Port, to take the colonial built sloop "Norfolk," of 25 tons, for the purpose of trying to sail round Tasmania. Bass had with him as a comrade Flinders, and they started on their voyage from Port Jackson in October, 1798. After tacking through the islands in the straits, and naming Flinders Island, they sailed through Banks Strait, and saw for the first time Cape Portland. This headland they called after the Duke of Portland, William Cavendish Bentinck, who had been the leader of the Whig Party, and twice Prime Minister of England. He was Secretary for the Colonies in Pitt's Ministry when the north-east cape of Tasmania was named after him. Sailing over the sheet of water, known to-day as Ringarooma Bay, the voyagers discovered Port Waterhouse and Waterhouse Island, christening both places after the captain of the "Reliance." Then, on north-westerly with a wet sail taut in the breeze, and a flowing, helpful sea behind the sloop, they came to Port Dalrymple, a name bestowed in honor of Alexander Dalrymple, the hydrographer of the Admiralty.

Dalrymple was one of the scientists who was foremost in the belief that there was a great continent in the Southern Ocean. His faith in his conjecture stimulated Cook's voyages of discovery. Dalrymple was sure, to quote his own words, that "the continent was greater than the whole civilised part of Asia from Turkey to the extremity of China. Its trade would be sufficient to maintain the power of Great Britain, employing all its manufactories and ships." Dalrymple's belief was based on the scientific theory of terrestrial counterpoise, though, to an extent, Captain Cook exploded the idea that land on one side of the globe must be balanced by land on the opposite half of the sphere to secure the earth's balance. In doing so Cook alighted upon Australia, an astounding reality to owe its recognition to a floating fancy in a hydrographer's brain. The explorers left the river discharging its waters into Port Dalrymple to be named by Governor Hunter. When Bass and Flinders returned to Sydney after their wonderful Odyssey in unknown southern seas,

Hunter called the river—the Tamar—after the river that forms the boundary line between Devon and Cornwall. Bass and Flinders are the sponsors of the names Green Isle, Western Arm, Middle Island, Whirlpool Reach, Swan Point, and Crescent Shore.

Bass and Flinders describe Port Dalrymple as teeming with the fecundity of nature. The quills of black swans, no longer to them "rara avis in terris," in countless thousands; the rocks jutting out from the shore were covered with oysters and other shellfish; the lagoons were crowded with wild fowl; the bush was full of kangaroos. In every way the new world was a land of plenty, a country of promise. The wild honey could be had for the seeking, and the pastures awaited the burden of stock. Its air and its woods were full of the joy of living, and overflowing with the spirits of liberty and peace. No coming events cast their shadows across the to-morrows, when the joy of living would wilt into the bitterness of death; when liberty should change to bondage, and peace should die and torture be borne to fill its place.

CHAPTER III.

Flinders Sails Through Bass Straits—Fate of Bass and Flinders—Napoleon's Designs on Tasmania or Australia—Decaen's Conduct—Terre Napoleon—French Navigators' Fearful Sufferings—"Golfe Josephine and Louisa's Gulf!"

Onward the "Norfolk" sailed along the west coast until Circular Head was reached. Flinders, when naming the place, remarked on the land's circular form that he fancied resembled a Christmas Cake. A deep, long ocean swell broke upon the shore, and the seas rolled in from the south west. The problem as to whether Tasmania was an island was solved, and the passage way between Australia and Tasmania proved! What must have been his feelings:—

> Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried
> And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
> The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play—
> That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

Three centuries before there had been such another triumph, and a fearless navigator, Magellan, the "limping Portuguese," had experienced such another draught of happiness when, sailing along the shores of Patagonia, he threaded the strait that bears his name, and sailed the first argosy into that vast ocean that he named the Pacific, and in which Flinders was destined to win his laurels, and where Flinders, too, was to be baptised, with its spray, into the fame that he shares with the great navigators of the world.

The voyagers in the "Norfolk" passed, and named, Cape Grim. They found the same mountains as Tasman in the dawn of his discoveries saw inland, lying in blue mists. What better tribute to the memory of Tasman could there be than to name the "changeless mountains" after his ships? One, therefore, was noted as Mount

Heemskirk; the other one charted as Mount Zeehan. Great, indeed, has been the change from "changeless." Point Hibbs was called so after Captain Hibbs, the master of the "Norfolk," while the sloop, built of Norfolk pine at Norfolk Island, lent her own name to places on the Tasmanian coast.

The discovery of the straits, named after Bass, at the request of Flinders to Governor Hunter, was of paramount importance. It shortened the voyage from the Cape by four degrees, as well as enabling ships to miss the harassing winds round the South Cape and Cape Pillar, that had to be encountered when ships bound for Botany Bay or Port Jackson swept the foot of Tasmania, more often than not laboring in storm-tossed waters, and sailing under murky skies. And what a coast it is! And how fearsome it must have appeared to those early navigators, full of strange unknown potentialities. What lay beyond those rugged cliffs, those peaks, ridges, gaps, and fissures, that presented such a determined front to the icy regions of the south? Surely the sea might have been full of wicked sirens, whose abode could have been in those grand and wildly-magnificent scenes of nature! Ulysses, in all his voyaging, had not seen anything to equal the awe inspiring appeal to what was mysterious in the soul of man. And what hope had those early navigators of help once they were embraced in those treacherous seas, singing their sea dirges in the spume of pounding waters on jagged rocks?

In the first issue of the "Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser," badly printed on four pages of paper foolscap size, and bearing date March 5, 1803, a comment is made on the utility of Flinders's discovery. The editor of the "Gazette" notifies the arrival of the vessel the "Castle of Good Hope," of a thousand tons, the "largest ship that has ever entered this port," meaning Port Jackson. The shipping note, the first one written for public information in Australia, proceeds:—"Her passing through Bass's Straits instead of going round Van Diemen's Land considerably shortened her passage, and saved many cows." The "Norfolk" navigated the storm-tossed coast of the south, and at last entered the Derwent River on December 18. The sloop was sailed up the river to Herdsman's Cove, where Bass gave a native a black swan he had shot. He not only exploded his gun among the black swan, but he blew away the poetical belief that the dying song of the swan is its sweetest. Perhaps it is where swans are so numerous as to be a nuisance. Bass likened the song of the dying swan, with a charge of swan shot hidden amongst its tail feathers, to a sound exactly resembling "the creaking of a rusty alehouse sign on a windy day." Derwent River was left on December 31, and Port Jackson was reached without mishap, the "Norfolk" having proved herself an excellent sea boat. Bass expressed his opinion that the country they had discovered was preferable to New South Wales, and he indicated a spot, near where Hobart was afterwards situated, as a place with an expanding area of fertile land.

The ultimate fate of both these young explorers was untoward. Bass is stated, in Ross's "Hobart Town Almanac, 1835," to have sailed in the "Venus" to South America. When he arrived at Valparaiso he, as well as the crew of the "Venus," was seized by the South Americans and condemned to work in the quick-silver mines—an awful fate, if suffered to overtake such a wandering, fearless spirit

as that possessed by Bass. Flinders's misfortunes more nearly concern Tasmania, mixed up as they were with the secret and the constant endeavors of the French to obtain a footing in the southern seas. Flinders was the first man to circumnavigate Australia, and after he had done so, but not before he had experienced some notable adventures, including shipwreck, he sailed for London. It had so far been his destiny to:—

> . . . Slip across the summer of the world;
> Then, after a long tumble about the Cape
> And frequent interchange of foul and fair,

But the day was about to dawn when his fortunes were to suffer an eclipse. On December 16, 1803, Flinders sailed into Port Louis, Mauritius, to refit the unseaworthy "Cumberland," in which he was struggling to reach England. Mauritius was then the Isle of France, and Napoleon held it in view that some day it might serve as a base from which to smite British power in India. Napoleon had appointed one of his soldiers, Charles Decaen, the Military Governor of Mauritius. Bluff, brutal, dogged, brave, he was a typical son of the Revolution. With the varying fortunes of war, Decaen had risen from the ranks, and he had no sympathy with the man who did not seek a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. He was also a soldier of fortune, and when Napoleon's star waned and Napoleon was banished to Elba, Decaen donned the white cockade, and swore fidelity to the Bourbons, only to recant the oath later, as the great Ney himself did, when Napoleon returned to play his last card, that was fated to be, for the blood-stained world's peace, euchred at Waterloo. This man, Decaen, affected to believe that the sick Flinders, in his leaky twenty-nine ton schooner, with her pumps out of gear and her crew suffering from lack of fresh water, was a spy upon and a menace to the French nation. He, therefore, made Flinders and his crew prisoners of war. It was on December 17, 1803, that Flinders first saw Decaen. He has described him as "a shortish, thick man in a laced jacket"—in company with "a genteel-looking man whose blood seemed to circulate more tranquilly." Decaen was afflicted with a bad attack of Anglomania. Flinders has often been censured for going to the Mauritius, but he asserts that he did not know whether England and France were at war at the time. Moreover, the distressed crews of the French exploring ships that had put into Port Jackson three years before had been well treated. Flinders remained in custody until July, 1810, when he was released, and he sailed away from Mauritius broken in health, but with his brave heart undaunted. During the time he was imprisoned by Decaen, the exploring party (Captain Baudin's), that Flinders met at Sydney, called at the Mauritius, but they did not take any steps to persuade Decaen to release Flinders, or to abate the rigor of his unwarranted captivity.

Between Christian nations at war with each other there is a "pleasant" understanding that vessels on voyages of discovery are given letters that grant them, in the interests of science, immunity from capture, and freedom from any molestation whatsoever. When Prime Minister Pitt retired in 1800, the French applied to Addington, called by the "Edinburgh Review" the "good-natured Minister," "for passports recommending Captain Baudin to the favorable hospitalities of British establishments in the colonies." It was discovered

afterwards that the "French pretext of a voyage round the world was but a cloak for the real design of spying the state of the English pessessions in Australia, and obtaining a foothold for the French: to rear the standard of Bonaparte, then First Consul, on the first convenient spot, and, finally, that the only circumnavigation intended in this voyage d'espionage was that of Australia." Such was the opinion of the "Edinburgh Review" in August, 1810, but it was the view of Governor King at the Antipodes at the time when and where it mattered.

Flinders also carried, like Baudin, a letter of pratique, Flinders's letter being from the French Government, but Decaen refused to honor it on the grounds that he was "not justified in granting assistance to the 'Cumberland' that had been ordered for the 'Investigator.'" Decaen was well aware that the French Government was anxious to colonise in the southern seas, and Flinders's books and charts were too tempting a prize, in the nature of war loot, for him to resist detaining. It is a much-debated question as to how far, if at all, the French made use of the information contained in Flinders's charts and papers. The papers were sealed up in a box, and it is supposed by some that the contents of the chest remained inviolate, while others conceive the possibility of the French having made themselves master of the papers, though the seal on the box admittedly remained unbroken. The leading authority on the subject, Ernest Scott, in "Terre Napoleon," inclines to the belief that the Frenchmen did not violate the secrets in Flinders's papers, though he does say that "it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Governor (Decaen) was acting under influences exerted from Paris" in refusing Flinders access to his charts and memoranda until a French officer could make out a makeshift atlas, and the French Government could base fictitious claims upon it; or, in other words, until such time as the French could assert themselves by colonisation in Australian waters. Port Phillip was included in the French charts, and it is known that the French were never inside the port, nor had the members of French discovery expeditions ever seen the "Heads," or the port's entrance! Nor should the fact pass unmentioned that Napoleon, in 1810, ordered his squadron (that never sailed on the voyage contemplated in his master mind) to "take the English colony of Port Jackson, which is to the south of the Isle of France, and where considerable resources will be found;" an order that is set forth in Vol. xx. of Napoleon's correspondence, document 16,544.

When Bonaparte, in 1800, commissioned the two ships of discovery, the "Geographe" and the "Naturaliste," under Captains Baudin and Hamelin, to circumnavigate the globe, he also instructed them to visit Tasmania with the openly-expressed intention of charting its shores, but with the secret design of seizing the island for French colonising purposes. The two ships, by accident, parted company, and failed to meet each other, though it is true that their crews were in a bad condition to make any effort whatsoever. They were rotten with scurvy, and out of one hundred and seventy men in the "Geographe," only twelve were capable of any kind of duty. The sailors' skins were covered with tumors and ugly black patches; their gums were mortified. The sea biscuits were turned to dust by weevils; the salt meat was so absolutely offensive to sight and smell that,

rather than eat it, the crew preferred to suffer the agonies of hunger. The little water they had was putrid, and the quantity served out each day so small that the crew had to adopt repugnant devices. The "Geographe" managed to wear up to Sydney Heads, when a crew put out from the land and brought the ship into port. By some means Captain Philip Gidley King, who was then Governor of New South Wales, had his suspicions quickened with respect to French designs upon Tasmania. Quite likely the sailors of the "Geographe" talked to the man in the street. King was in a state of alarm, and he sent a despatch to the Duke of Portland, urging him to establish a colony at Port Phillip before the French could set up a sphere of influence in Bass's Straits. The French had bestowed national names on most of the capes they saw, quite regardless of what the British had already done in that direction. Cape Schanck they named Cap Richelieu; Cape Otway, Cap Desaix; Cape Nelson, Cap Montaigne; Moonlight Head, Cap Volney. They called the whole of southern Australia, from Wilson's Promontory to Cape Adieu, in the Bight, Terre Napoleon. To every natural point of interest, cape or bay; island, strait, or gulf, they affixed a name recalling the revolutionary or Napoleonic period. Spencer's Gulf and St. Vincent's Gulf, discovered and named by Flinders, were called Golfe Bounaparte and Golfe Josephine, the latter in "honor of our august Empress." A French atlas was published with the French names as stated. Subsequently a new edition of the French maps of Australasia was issued. During the intervals between the two publications Napoleon had divorced Josephine and married a daughter of the Caesar's, Marie Louise. The "Quarterly Review," noticing the maps in 1810, said of Golfe Josephine: "Bonaparte has since changed it for Louisa's Gulf!"

CHAPTER IV.

Governor King Fears French Designs—The "Muster Roll" Order—Place Name Risdon—Lieut. Bowen and the Convicts—Founding of Hobart—Convicts' Escape—Maroon Companions in Bass Straits—Lord Hobart Anticipates French Settlement—Collins Sails from England—Settlement at Sorrento.

Most of the signs of the times, so far as Australia and Tasmania were concerned, pointed to the intention of the French to found a colony in the south. The more Governor King thought over it, the more jumpy he became, till at last he let himself go in this fashion in the "Sydney Muster Roll" of March 29, 1803:—

> It being expedient to establish His Majesty's right to Van Diemen's Land, his Excellency has been pleased to direct Lieutenant John Bowen, of H.M.S. "Glatton," to form a settlement on that island.

That brief paragraph, translated into action, was the warrant for British occupation of Tasmania, and upon the order, modest in itself,

was subsequently imposed the British Constitution in Van Diemen's Land. In pursuance of that direction Lieutenant Bowen, in company with Jacob Mountgarret, surgeon, three private soldiers, and ten male and six female prisoners, set sail in the "Lady Nelson" at daylight on June 11, 1803, for Tasmania. When well on their way the ship encountered dirty weather, and she was compelled to run before a gale back to Port Jackson. A second attempt was more successful, and the party landed at Risdon on August 9, 1803. Soon the virginal forest echoed with the sounds of wood chopping, and the noise of the labor of erecting the rude huts that represented the first dwellings of civilisation in Van Diemen's Land. Some confusion exists in the narratives of the settlement of Tasmania regarding the name of Risdon, that is in such accounts often called "Restdown." Many people still believe that Risdon was derived from Restdown. Flinders says, under date December 23, 1798, when giving an account of his voyage in the "Norfolk": "Four miles higher up we found Risdon Cove, and anchored there in four fathoms, with the intention of filling our empty water casks at the Risdon River of Mr. Hayes"—(Captain John Hayes, of the Bombay Marine)—"but finding it to be a little creek which even our boat could not enter, I determined to seek a more convenient watering place higher up the Derwent." Flinders was an accurate man; so much so that he exercised care in what to some appeared to be unimportant details. He was not likely to say Captain Hayes named the place "Risdon" without doing so with authority. Captain Hayes, later research has shown, christened the place after the second officer in command of his expedition. Hayes named several places on the Tasmanian coast, amongst them being Adamson's Peak, Mount Lewis, Cornelius Bay, Taylor's Bay, Court's Island, Fluted Cape, Ralph's Bay. Risdon himself was a member of a county family of Devonshire, and the name Risdon also occurs as a place name in Gloucestershire.

After Bowen had been a week at Risdon he sent word to Governor King by the whaler "Albion," reporting his arrival, and also that "there are so many fine spots on the borders of the river that I am a little puzzled to fix upon the best place, but there being a much better stream of fresh water falling into Risdon Cove than to any others, and very extensive valleys lying at the back of it, I judged it the most convenient, and, accordingly, disembarked all the men and stores." The site of this first settlement is known to have been on the farm of the late Thomas George Gregson, about two miles from the landing place of the Risdon ferry. Within a fortnight of his arrival Bowen had quarters built for the soldiers and prisoners, and had located his free settlers on their five-acre allotments about a quarter of a mile up the valley. In accordance with Governor King's instructions, he named the embryo city "Hobart," after Lord Hobart, Secretary of State for the Colonies. The word "town" was not added until some time afterwards, when Lieutenant-Colonel David Collins removed the settlement to Sullivan's Cove. Bowen's first return of the state of the settlement, dated "Hobart, Van Diemen's Land, 27th September, 1803," shows an effective strength of 22 men—21 convicts and their overseer—of whom two were in charge of stock, 4 employed on buildings (viz., a blacksmith, carpenter, and two sawyers), the bulk of the convicts forming a town

gang. Three convict women were returned as "cutting grass," intended to thatch the log huts. Bowen was not sufficiently of a bushman to utilise sheets of bark for the roofs of the huts. Of the stock landed, the Government owned 9 cattle and 25 sheep, while the officers and the two free settlers, Birt and Clarke, possessed amongst them 7 sheep, 8 goats, and 38 pigs.

In no sense could these first settlers be called Arcadians living the simple life of innocence. The soldiers, members of the New South Wales corps, growled and verged on mutiny; the convicts gave Bowen a great deal of trouble. He complained to Governor King that the worst convicts were sent to Risdon Creek. In October the "Dart" arrived with 42 more convicts to swell the discontented, and to increase Bowen's anxieties. With them came forward six months' supply of pork and flour, and two carronades that belonged to the "Investigator." The guns were meant to overawe the convicts, and King gave Bowen very special cautions about their safe keeping. But Bowen could do very little with the convicts described as "abandoned, hardened wretches, more atrocious than those imported from the gaols of England." They made Bowen's life a hell; his nights a purgatory. Seven of them, under a desperate scoundrel named Duce, seized Bowen's boat one night as she lay unguarded in the cove, and with two guns they made good their escape down the river. On board the boat was neither compass nor provisions, but such was the convicts' almost incredible folly and recklessness that some of them wanted to sail for New Zealand, while others of them desired to steer for Timor. The two parties began to quarrel and to threaten murder. While these daily quarrels took place they kept their course parallel with the east coast, living on shellfish and in other ways, as best they could, until they reached Bass Strait. Here they had a murderous quarrel, one of the convicts trying to obtain possession of the gun, which Duce never let go out of his hands. In the end Duce forced the convict on to a wave-swept rock, threatening in the meanwhile to blow out the brains of anyone who interfered. On that rock the unfortunate wretch was left to perish. The balance of the escaping party landed on Cape Barren Island, and fell in, when there, with a sealing party. Duce, after a day or two's sojourn with the sealers, tried to persuade his companions to murder the sealers, with the object of seizing their ship. Some of the convicts betrayed Duce's design to the sealers, who at once overpowered Duce and three of the convicts who were willing to assist him in his diabolical venture. The sealers supplied the four would-be murderers with some provisions, and then, leaving them marooned on one of the islands, sailed away. What was the fate of Duce and his fellow felons is not known. This theft, escape, and murder was the first convict outrage in Tasmania, and the forerunner to the blackest crimes and the most abominable infamies that, possibly, the world has ever recorded in the annals of prison and criminal life.

Governor King sent his despatch, dated November 23, 1802, respecting French designs in the direction of the colonisation of Van Diemen's Land, to the Home Government, but before Lord Hobart could receive the despatch the Government had already decided, by an Order in Council made in January, 1803, to appoint Lieutenant-Colonel David Collins, of the Royal Marines, to form a settlement at

Port Phillip, in New South Wales. Collins had gone out with the "First Fleet," and he had occupied the position of Judge-Advocate of Sydney. He owed his present appointment to the favor of Lord Sydney, the Secretary for the Colonies, whose good wishes Collins had gained on his return to England by a handsome dedication attached to Collins's historical work that was received with great favor, entitled "Account of New South Wales." Collins sailed from Spithead on April 24, 1803—which was a month before King had commissioned Bowen to settle at Risdon. Collins had under his command the "Calcutta," man-o'-war, and the "Ocean," transport, carrying 570 persons, of whom 367 were prisoners.

The voyage was made in six months, and the ships' anchors were let go inside Port Phillip Heads on October 16, 1803, between Point Nepean and Sorrento. It is on record that in addition to the convicts there were 40 marines, 12 free settlers and their families, 6 unmarried women, 6 wives of prisoners, and six children. The names of the free settlers—the list, however, is known to be incomplete—were sent with a letter dated April 5, 1803, from the British Government to Lieutenant-Governor Collins. As these were among the very first free settlers who dwelt on the land of Tasmania, they are of interest, in view of any descendants of the group now being amongst the living. Their names and occupations were given as—"Mr. Collins, seaman; Edward Newman, ship's carpenter; Mr. Hartley, seaman; Edward F. Hamilton, John J. Gravie, Mr. Pownall, a female servant, Thomas Collingwood, carpenter; Duke Charman, John Skilthorne, cutler; Anthony Fletcher, and, last and surely superfluous, T. R. Preston, pocket-book and pouch maker. In a country where Nature had already provided the animals with pouches for their young, the presence of a pouch maker was in the nature of a joke, and as a very large number of the company could not read or write there could not have been a great demand for pocket-books. The free settlers had with them 9 sheep, 3 goats, 9 pigs, and 83 fowls, while the Government property in live stock was 21 cattle, 39 sheep, and 15 pigs. Collins himself, as a private owner, had one sheep and 20 pigs. The events of the voyage worthy of remembrance were not numerous; it was disturbed by rumors of plots and conspiracies, punishments were not infrequent, and one woman was flogged for stealing the cap of a companion. Thus early on the voyage out is the lash in requisition, and the lash, too, laid on the bare back of a woman with her hands tied overhead to the rigging of the vessel.

When Collins wrote his first despatch from the spot we now know as Sorrento, he called the place Sullivan's Bay, after the Under-Secretary of the Colonies, but when he removed the settlement to Tasmania he transferred the name Sullivan's Bay to his next anchorage. Why Collins selected the barren limestone country near Point Nepean has never been satisfactorily explained. Charles Grimes, the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, had in 1802 already charted the bay, and discovered the Saltwater River, that he named, and the Yarra. He had also, on his way down from Sydney, fallen in with the French expedition under Baudin, and handed him a despatch from Governor King, in which King said to Baudin, "I shall not even attempt to dissemble, for such is the nature of my instructions that I must oppose by all the means in my power the execution

of the project you are suspected of being about, viz., to form a French settlement on the south coast of Australia or in Tasmania."

The morals of the officers of Collins's ships, and the conduct of the women on the voyage, were as dissolute as they could well be. Everything foreshadowed a disorganised settlement at Port Phillip. What was anticipated came to pass. Convicts escaped, soldiers fought over women, grog was stolen, prisoners were lashed, and disorder reigned. It was at this time that Buckley and two others, all convicts, escaped and set off to walk to China. William Buckley, the "wild white man," lived with the natives for 32 years. He received a free pardon, and finally settled in Hobart, where his huge, ungainly form and heavy face were well known. What became of the other two convicts who escaped never transpired. Buckley would not say. He was by some early settlers suspected of eating them. Buckley had been a soldier, and he was transported for being one of the members of a conspiracy among the soldiers at Gibraltar to assassinate the Duke of Kent.

CHAPTER V.

Lieut.-Governor Collins Leaves Port Phillip—Boat's Adventurous Voyage—Convicts Shot Dead—Lieut. Tuckey's Views—Irish Political Prisoners—General Holt of Vinegar Hill—Bowen Goes to Sydney—First Gaol Gang.

Lieut.-Governor Collins remained at Port Phillip for three months. Like most of the military Governors of his time in Australian waters, his temper was that of a martinet. He was bred in the camp, with war's alarms, and the milk of human kindness had dried in his martial breast. Born an Irishman, through no fault of his own, he had the saving grace of humor, and it was said that he could see the humorous side of Bunker's Hill, at which battle he had been present as a lieutenant of marines. At the time of his commission to found a new colony the world was resting for a space from the horrors of war on the short peace that followed the Treaty of Amiens. That cessation from war released the battleships for civil service, and in that way the British Government were able to use them for a while as convict transport ships. Collins, from his first landing on the barren shore at Sorrento, was opposed to settling there, as the arid place lacked any adequate water supply. In every respect it seemed what it was, a forbidding place. Collins wrote to Lord Hobart: "Were I to settle in the upper part of the harbor"—(where Melbourne now stands)—"which is full of natives, I should require four times the strength I have now." Collins was determined to quit, even if it cost him his commission; but a loophole had been provided for him in his instructions, giving him the alternative to settle in Bass Straits, with the "concurrence and approbation of the Governor of New South Wales." To obtain that consent it was necessary to send to Sydney, and Collins was fortunate enough to find in one of

the free settlers—a namesake, whose name is included in the list of first settlers—the man for the perilous voyage.

William Collins was formerly a master of the navy, and had come to Australian waters for the purpose of starting a sealing industry among the islands of Bass Straits. Collins volunteered to go to Sydney in a six-oared boat with the Lieut.-Governor's despatches to Governor King. Six convicts also volunteered; the boat was provisioned for a month, and they started on their long journey. The tide and surf were running so strongly in "The Rip" that the boat was unable to clear Port Phillip Heads for four days. Collins and his crew of convicts had a very rough time on the voyage up to Sydney, but when they were nine days out they were picked up, 60 miles from Port Jackson, by the "Ocean." She had left Port Phillip, having completed her charter, and was on her way to China. On November 24 Collins delivered the Port Phillip despatches to Governor King. The latter acted promptly. Not only did he agree to allow Lieut.-Governor Collins to vacate Port Phillip, but he left it optional with Collins as to whether he settled on the Derwent or on the Tamar. King personally preferred the northern port (Launceston that now is), as it would be a place of resort for the sealing and fishing vessels in Bass Straits, and also because it would be a base from which to protect the fisheries at Cape Barren and King's Islands from the Americans. Later, Collins received a despatch from King [who, by the way, was the son of Philip King, a draper, of Launceston, Cornwall, England; hence the name of Launceston in Tasmania] stating that he had advices that the entrance to Port Dalrymple was dangerous, and that the natives there were troublesome. King, therefore, suggested, as the location for the new colony, the Derwent, and he also sent Collins a letter to give to Bowen telling Bowen to relinquish his command of "The Camp" at the Derwent to Collins. Collins vacated Port Phillip after the marines had fired three volleys and given three cheers for his Honor! His Honor, in honor of the auspicious occasion, and to mark his general sense of Irish humor and John Bull clemency to deserting convicts, ordered five prisoners who had been captured to receive 100 lashes. The stripes were duly administered on the beach at Sorrento by the drummers of the "Calcutta." Some convicts, who had been shot dead when attempting to escape, were buried where their bodies lay.

Lieut. Tuckey, who sailed with the expedition, and who also walked from Port Phillip Heads to the Yarra in one day—the first white man to travel across the country—was considerably affected at the sight of Collins's methods at Sorrento. He wrote an account of the voyage and settlement. In his narrative he says: "When I viewed so many of my fellow-men sunk, some of them from a rank of life equal or superior to my own, and by their crimes degraded to a level with the basest of mankind; when I saw them, naked, wading to their shoulders in water to unload the boats, while a burning sun struck its meridian rays upon their uncovered heads, or yoked to and sweating under a timber carriage, the wheels of which were sunk up to the axles in sand, I only considered their hapless lot, and the remembrance of their vices was for a moment absorbed in the greatness of their punishment." Tuckey had seen the convicts lashed on the shores of Port Phillip, and the streams of blood staining the sands

of the bay. It was all in keeping with the vindictive spirit of the times, as then understood in Australia. The deeds done were but a gruesome harbinger of the black years of felonry, and of the foul blots of criminality that lay looming through the sinister gloom of the days of suffering in the years to come.

A curious and interesting discovery was made in Sydney a year after Collins was at Port Phillip that showed how the "underground" lines of communication were worked by convicts. Britain, in 1799, was transporting men charged with political offences to Port Jackson, and among the men so sent was Joseph Holt, one of the captains of the Society of United Irishmen.

All, sure, have heard of Vinegar Hill,
Likewise of the battle of Tara,
Of General Holt and his men,
With their guns they call tanta-ra-ra!

The boat that carried Collins's despatch to Governor King also conveyed letters from the convicts at Port Phillip to their friends in Sydney. One went to the Wicklow and Wexford leader, Holt, then a Crown prisoner stationed in Sydney. When Holt was charged with the United Irishmen's rising in Sydney in 1804, his papers were seized, but he had time to tear up a letter. It was afterwards pieced together, and it came into the hands of the late G. W. Rusden, of Punt Hill, South Yarra. The letter was dated "Sullivan Bay, Port Phillip, November 5, 1803," and was written by Robert Walsh, who served his term of transportation under Collins in Van Diemen's Land. Walsh says: "Dear Joe,—You will, I dare say, be surprised to hear that your unfortunate friend is a convict at this horrid desolated place. I was tried last December twelve months for sedition in London, and sentenced to be transported for seven years, so that I have five years still to continue in this wretched situation. Would to God, my dear Holt, I was at Port Jackson, Sidney, or any place where I could enjoy the company of some of you. . . . I have no particular news to inform you of, only that our friend John Neil has turned out a villain! He resides at the Castle with the bloodhounds, and is a most notorious common informer. Harry Downs, Antrim Jack, Conway, Moore, Whitty, Billy Byrne, and many others have suffered death, but to the last behaved like men. . . . If you are acquainted with Phill Cunningham, Bill Leonard, John Bowen, or any of them who were transported from Clonmell in the year '99, remember me most kindly to them."

The Phill Cunningham to whom Walsh refers was summarily hung at Sydney when the old rebellion was discovered to have sprung from its ashes into fire in New South Wales. Holt was sent to Norfolk Island; and afterwards he went to Tasmania. Eventually he returned to Ireland, and wrote his memoirs, in which he states that, had the rising in Ireland in 1798 been successful, it would have plunged Erin in deeper misery, notwithstanding the bold anthem of "Erin go Bragh"!

When Collins arrived at the Derwent he found that Bowen had gone to Sydney in a whaling ship, the "Ferret," with a soldier he had found stealing a bottle of rum! King could not believe his eyes when Bowen presented himself with his burglarious soldier! So angry was King with Bowen for deserting his post at Risdon that he reported the circumstance to Lord Hobart in the sarcastic words that

"Bowen's return was occasioned by the necessity he conceived himself to be under of bringing up a soldier who had been implicated with the rest in robbing the stores." King ordered Bowen to return to the Derwent, going by way of Port Phillip, where he was to meet Collins and give to him the benefit of his experience and knowledge of Risdon. A colonial-built cutter, the "Integrity," had just been launched at Sydney, and this vessel was hastily fitted to take Bowen away. His luck was out, for when he arrived at Port Phillip he found only a remnant of Collins's establishment, the Lieut.-Governor having sailed for the Derwent two or three days before Bowen's coming. Without delay, Bowen started to follow Collins, but when in Bass Straits the "Integrity's" rudder fastenings carried away. After an anxious time the cutter was taken, with the greatest difficulty, to the shelter of Kent's Bay at Cape Barren Island. Two American sealers, the "Pilgrim" and the "Perseverance," were "filling up." To Captain Amasa Delano, of the "Pilgrim," Bowen told his tale of misfortune. Delano verbally agreed to carry Bowen to the Derwent, which he did, arriving there some days after Lieut.-Governor Collins had been duly inducted, with ceremony and gun fire, into the command of Risdon, or Hobart. Delano sent in a bill to Governor King for £400. That was paid after some vigorous protests, Bowen getting another rap over the knuckles from King for not having a written agreement with the wily Mr. Amasa Delano, whose Yankee smartness had proved too much for Lieut. Bowen.

After examining Risdon, the Lieut.-Governor decided that the place was not suitable for a town. Five days after landing the camp was shifted to a site six miles below Risdon, a "plain well calculated in every degree for a settlement." Tents were struck, goods embarked, the ships dropped down the river, and they were anchored in Sullivan's Cove. On February 20 Collins pitched his tents at the mouth of the creek, on the present site of Hobart. The names of the principal persons of the party were Lieut.-Governor Collins, the Rev. Robert Knopwood (chaplain), E. Bromley (surgeon superintendent), W. Anson (colonial surgeon), M. Boden, W. Hopley (assistant surgeons), P. H. Humphrey (mineralogist), Lieut. Fosbrook (deputy commissary general), G. P. Harris (deputy surveyor), John Clarke and William Patterson (superintendents of convicts), Lieuts. W. Sladen, J. M. Johnston, and Edward Lord, 39 marines, 3 sergeants, 1 drummer, 1 fifer, and 367 male prisoners. When Collins was despatched from England to form a new settlement at Port Phillip, an urgent appeal was made by Mr. Secretary King, of the Home Office, to send a proper proportion of women. Stories of nameless vices at Port Jackson were beginning to filter to the Home Office, and the woeful lack of women was considered to be the cause of the unnatural crimes. Secretary King (no relation to Governor King) wrote in support of his claim for more women and facilities for natural intercourse between the sexes, that "to begin with a colony of men, populus virorum, will do for nothing in nature but what Virgil applies it to—a Hive of Bees." The authorities knew better than Secretary King, or else they were indifferent whether or not the colonies became Sodoms. The lash, the triangle, and the hangman's rope were there to cool or to terminate any passions the brutalised convicts might have bred into them.

The day after Lieut.-Governor Collins left Risdon to found New Hobart, five convicts escaped from Risdon, taking with them a barrel of gunpowder and two "musquets." They fled to the woods, where they hoped to find native women, meat, and plenty the "other side of the hills." Their hopes were not realised. They were in danger of starvation, and to avoid hunger they dribbled back to the camp, sick and sorry convicts. Collins thought it too troublesome and too expensive to send them to Sydney for trial, so he heavily ironed them instead, and worked them as the first gaol and chain gang in Vandemonia.

CHAPTER VI.

Legal Situation of Tasmania—Criminal Trials—Woman Whipped Bare-backed Through Hobart Streets—Secret Torture of Prisoners—Appearance of "The Camp"—Jorgen Jorgensen—Afraid of His Wife—First Prize Fight.

The brand of the broad arrow was forged in Van Diemen's Land at the same time as the power of the Crown was made visible. Collins went to found a settlement, the convict went with him. The seeds of iniquity were sown as well as the seeds of righteousness, till the whole growth, mingling together, became a crop of tares. The Lieutenant-Governor was content to sow, and if he sowed the wind his successors reaped the whirlwind. For the nonce he was satisfied, and he ordered convicts to be lashed without much restriction and without mercy. The legal situation of Tasmania was in the first years of its occupation as a convict settlement very remarkable. The Criminal Court of New South Wales was limited to islands adjacent to the eastern coast. When the British Government defined that region as the jurisdiction of the Courts of New South Wales it was presumed that Van Diemen's Land was a portion of New South Wales. The discovery of Bass Straits had altered the position, and the sweep of the waters through the straits had placed the island out of the Court's jurisdiction. When the defect was discovered no immediate action was taken to remedy the omission.

Twenty years were to elapse before anything was done to place the criminal administration in Tasmania on a basis with the generally accepted forms of British law procedure. When the Judges of New South Wales found that Van Diemen's Land was not included in the geographical definition "of an island to the eastern coast of New South Wales" they showed the local authorities how impossible it was, under the circumstances, for the Sydney representatives of the Crown to provide a court of criminal jurisdiction in Tasmania. They succeeded in evading the holding of courts on the island, and the discomfort of a voyage from Sydney to Hobart. Left without any legal court, the Lieutenant-Governors, starting with Collins, appointed magistrates, who in their turn set up a jurisdiction

of their own. Criminal trials were conducted on free-and-easy lines, directed in every way against the prisoner, and the penalties inflicted were a mixture of the provisions of a military and of a civil court. The "Derwent Star," February 6, 1810, has the following paragraph in its "news of the day":—

> Yesterday the Bench assembled, when a free man, formerly belonging to Port Dalrymple, was found guilty of stealing a silver watch from George Guest, jun., his property, and sentenced to labor for the Government for the term of five years, and, moreover, to receive 500 lashes.

The magistrates, when dealing with prisoners, acted very much as they pleased. One commandant, Colonel Geils, a fire-eating soldier of the 73rd Regiment, in 1812, fixed a spiked collar on the neck of a free woman, and had her exhibited in the streets of Hobart Town. Another woman he had tied to the tailboard of a cart and flogged bare-backed in public through the town. Such was Colonel Geil, or "The System" he so ably represented! One magistrate tied up a free man on the spot for placarding a grievance when there was no press. "Drunken" or "Mad" Governor Davey ordered a person to the triangles who strongly remonstrated with Davey on the ground that he, the proposed victim, was a "free man," and that Davey had no power to flog him. Davey affected to be very much amused at the innocence of the pleading, and answered the outraged freeman with, "I shall try." The lashing of the whip on his back soon removed any doubts the freeman may have had as to Davey's physical power, whatever may have been his opinions as to Davey's legal authority to order free men to the triangles.

A magistrate tied a carter to the wheel of his waggon and inflicted 300 lashes for cruelty to his bullocks. Dr. Montgarret, the first medical man at Risdon, and afterwards stationed at Port Dalrymple, ordered a blacksmith to be flogged for presenting his bill. A witness convicted of perjury was condemned to the pillory, and his ears were nailed to the post as an additional punishment. According to Collins, "This sentence was put in execution before the provision store, when the mob, either to display their aversion to the crime, or what might be more probable, to catch anything that wore the form of amusement, pelted him with rotten eggs and dirt." No system was observed at a trial, and if witnesses were, in the opinion of the Judge, in any way unsatisfactory, they were taken outside the court and given a hundred lashes. Confession by torture was enforced, and men were lashed and lashed, and punished in other ways, until they were made to speak regarding any knowledge of crimes they might have. One Judge remarked "that the constancy of the wretched man (under torture) was astonishing." The practice of the secret torture of prisoners went on for twenty years. In 1825 a prosecution was instituted against a magistrate for attempting to extract confession by torture. Bentham, in his plea for the Constitution, 1804, writes—and that he does so write shows how real a thing this practice of torture was in the land—"Not a Governor, not a magistrate, that has acted thus but has exposed himself to prosecutions upon prosecutions, to actions upon actions, from which not even the Crown can save him." "I have known," wrote a contemporary witness, "men, without trial, sentenced to transportation by a single magistrate at his own door—

free men, after being acquitted by a court of criminal judicature, banished to another of the dependent settlements. I have heard a magistrate tell a prisoner (then being examined for a capital offence, and who had some goods supposed to be stolen, for which he would not account) that were he not going to be hanged so soon he (the magistrate) would make him say whence he got them. I have known depositions destroyed by the magistrates."

In a despatch to Governor King, Collins gives a description of Sullivan's Cove in its original state, as seen through his eyes, "In the centre of the cove," he says, "is a small island, connected with the mainland at low water, admirably adapted for the landing and reception of stores and provisions. Round this island is a channel for a boat, at the head of which is a run of clear fresh water, proceeding from a distance inland, and having its source in a rock in the vicinity of Table Mountain. The ground on each side of the run is of gradual ascent, and upon that next the cove I have formed my camp. The 'Ocean' and the 'Lady Nelson' are lying within half a cable length of the shore, in nine fathoms of water." Another description of the place as it was at the time of the first settlement has come to us from the pen of Jorgen Jorgensen, the first mate of the "Lady Nelson." Jorgensen was a convict whose life and adventures had been very remarkable. As a seaman he had been with Flinders. Sir William J. Hooker, who met Jorgensen, who had at the time of the meeting, by a coup, made himself King of Iceland, said that Jorgensen's talents were of the highest order, but his moral and religious character was of the lowest. "He was seaman, explorer, traveller, adventurer, gambler, spy, man of letters, man of fortune, political prisoner, dispensing chemist, and King of Iceland—and was transported for illegally pawning the property of his lodging-house-keeper." A right worthy buck of the period in the school of adventure, and without doubt an amusing knave, well worth listening to when he spoke of the perils by field in flood, and told his tales of hulk, transport and prison.

Jorgensen writes in his autobiography: "During our absence" [that is to Port Phillip to remove the second draft of Collins's people to the Derwent] "the station at Risdon was found ineligible, and the present site of Hobart Town was determined upon. We landed at Sullivan's Cove, and, having pitched our tents, spades, hoes, saws, and axes were put into the hands of prisoners, and we commenced clearing away as fast as we could. As I walk up and down the streets of this now crowded town I cannot always divest myself of the remembrance of what it was at that time—32 years ago. The spot where the Bank of Van Diemen's Land, the Hope and Anchor, and the late Mrs. Kearney's habitation now are was then an impervious grove of the thickest brushwood, surrounded with some of the largest gum-trees that this island can produce, and all along the rivulets, as far up as where the Old, or Upper, mill now is, was impassable from the denseness of the shrubs and underwood, and the huge collection of prostrate trees and dead timber, which had been washed down by the stream, and were strewed all around. These, in parts, blocked up the channel, and many places which are now dry and built upon, or cultivated in fruitful gardens, were covered with rushes and water."

Jorgensen was a well-known character in Hobart, and he earned the hatred of the convicts, since, being employed chiefly as a constable

he detected the authors of many crimes. When he did so he used all his endeavors to bring them to the hangman's hands, a task that was not a difficult one. Yet notwithstanding his zeal and courage in finding victims to satisfy the ever-hungry maw of Justice, he was a great coward and much henpecked man where his wife was concerned. At the outset of his acquaintance with the woman, who was a convict, they formed one of the illicit connections usual in "The Camp." Jorgensen engaged her to sell rum, and to act as a spy on the convicts. With her assistance, by the information she supplied, he was able to pose as a very astute constable, and to effect some surprising captures. Nevertheless, the woman appears to have had the master mind. In the end she captured Jorgensen, and she married him in spite of his protests. The incident afforded Hobart food for much laughter, and still more merriment as the years passed. The woman turned out, when once a married woman, to be a fury. Rows were frequent between them. Jorgensen was often seen flying through the streets of Hobart with the infuriated female after him, with the intention of smashing a "bloody broomstick on his head." Though Jorgensen existed in the midst of such alarms, he managed to outlive his wife, ending his singular career in the Hobart Town Hospital.

Jorgensen being chased by his wife was not the only source of amusement that the residents of Hobart had in 1817. Prize fights were in vogue, the first taking place on October 4 of that year. The contemporary account of the mill will interest present-day sports. The "Gazette" report reads: "On Monday last the amateurs of the fist had a grand field day on a spot of ground called Stanley's Farm, near this town, amidst a numerous concourse of spectators. The first battle was between an Hibernian of the name of Scott, and an Israelite named Moses Moses. After a deal of hard fighting, in which Paddy appeared determined to be the champion, the Jew was declared beat. So great was the odds that farms to a pigsty were bet in favor of the Hibernian. The next battle was between Daniels, a Londoner, and Lee, a knight of the last. The former has long been known in this settlement (to use the cant phrase) as a 'milling cove.' Much science and activity was displayed on both sides, and they were pronounced by all the fisty-cuffs present, in the language of the turf, as 'game chickens.' The third and last battle was between Stewart, another Hibernian, and Lyons, a tailor of the Jewish persuasion. Both stood well to each other for a long time, till the tailor's seams were completely flattened, and Pat was declared victor, who retired with his face well black-balled. We regret to state that at a scene so disgraceful and indelicate several females were present, whose time might have been occupied to much better advantage in the pursuit of domestic affairs, and with much more credit to themselves."

A few weeks later Daniels and Lee had a further argument:—"On Monday last another battle was fought on a spot of ground near Stanley's Farm, between William Daniels and Robert Lee (the two combatants who engaged a few weeks ago, for 60 ewes, amidst the greatest concourse of spectators that ever assembled together in this colony. At setting to, Daniels was the favorite, and continued so until the last two or three rounds, when he became totally blind, and at length was compelled, much against his heart, to give up the contest after fighting 84 rounds, which lasted nearly two hours of the

hardest milling that was ever witnessed in any part of New South Wales. Daniels may now be truly termed a game 'chicken,' but Lee had considerable advantage in length of arm. Much money was betted on the occasion."

CHAPTER VII.

Lieutenant-Governor Collins's First Labors at Hobart —Troubles with the Convicts—Soldiers Become Mutinous—Deported to Sydney—Early Regulations for Safety—Settlement at the Derwent—Street Names—Norfolk Island Settlers —Removed to Tasmania—Become Rum Drinkers.

Lieutenant-Governor Collins had with him at Hobart a small printing press. This press he had placed beneath a convenient gum-tree, and "orders" were set up and printed for the information of those in camp. This printer's press had been used at Port Phillip for a like purpose. Collins, therefore, was the pioneer printer of Victoria, and also of Tasmania. In a first printed "general order" at Hobart the weekly rations to be issued to each person is fixed at this scale:—7lb. beef or 4lb. pork, 7lb. flour, and 6oz. sugar. The numbers victualled at "Sullivan's Cove, Derwent River, 26th February, 1804," were:—Military establishment—26 men, 1 woman; civil—6; settlers—13 men, 5 women, 8 children over 10 years, 2 over 5 years, and 3 under 5 years; 178 convicts, 9 women, 2 children over 10, 6 children under 5, supernumeraries 3, Brown (a botanist), Henry Hacking, and a Port Jackson native Collins had brought with him, named "Salamander." The convict element at Risdon was a source of annoyance to Collins, who could not lash the convicts into even tolerable behavior. Many a poor wretch was stripped and tied to a triangle, and not released until his back was lacerated and bleeding from stripes. The newly-settled country resounded with the cries and groans of men writhing with agony under every lash, till, unable to sustain the accumulated torture, they fainted. When untied they slipped down on the bloodstained ground inert, limp, and apparently lifeless flesh. That was the English "system," and the "system" and its evils were increased a thousandfold by some of the officials, murderers by proxy, who locally administered the so-called laws of Great Britain, whose citizens "never will be slaves," though the lot of serfdom, in many cases, was preferable to that of being a "prisoner of the Crown" in Vandemonia.

Collins desired to ship the whole company of Risdon reprobates to Sydney, but Governor King was averse to that deportation. Possibly King did not wish to increase the number of hardened criminals at Port Jackson. King's idea was to make Tasmania the Botany Bay of Sydney, and to dump into servitude there the worst of his prison scum. The island had, in his opinion, advantages for the purposes. He described its advantages as being remote from the track of com-

merce, visited by few ships, and offering from that circumstance few opportunities to the convicts to make their escape. Collins, however, was given his wish. The opportunity came when the small detachment of the New South Wales corps stationed at Risdon started to openly rob the stores as well as in other ways becoming mutinous. Collins decided to send them to Sydney to stand their trial by court-martial, and with them he sent the convicts at Risdon, keeping only 11 men and 2 women out of 50 of them. The unlucky Captain Bowen went with his soldiers and convicts, and so ended the residence of the first party in Tasmania and their abortive attempt to colonise the place. Bowen left behind him a horse, the first horse in Tasmania, for which he had paid £150. Governor King bought the horse from Bowen, giving him four cows for the animal. He also offered Bowen his salary (£105, 5s. a day) for fourteen months' governorship of Tasmania! Bowen refused the amount, went back to England, and resumed an active commission in the navy.

In a small note-book of Governor King's, in his handwriting, is a tabular statement of the expenses of Dependencies in which (for provisions purchased and supplied) Port Dalrymple is set down at a cost of £22,452; Hobart Town, £18,952. The total population is set down in the same book—Hobart Town: 344 men, 73 women, and 69 children; Port Dalrymple: 210 men, 33 women, and 200 children. No less than 74 soldiers were required at Port Dalrymple to guard a settlement where there were only at the time 129 male prisoners. That Britain was willing to incur that expense (as well as settling Norfolk Island in 1800 £6,792, and Newcastle, 1801, £6,363) has been instanced as strong presumptive evidence that the English Government were actuated by a desire, upon the impulse given by Pitt, to exclude the hostile French from Australia.

If Collins regarded the convicts at Risdon as too desperate a brand of criminal to remain on the island he was also dissatisfied with his own band of gaol birds. He made frequent complaints to the Colonial Office that he had been encumbered with a number of "old, worn-out and useless men." The selection of convicts for the settlement had been made in the most haphazard fashion. Out of 307 men who sailed with him, only 137 were laborers, but there were in the bunch weavers, silversmiths, engravers, and clerks; thieves, coiners, forgers, and "mugs who shook their master's till." The stores supplied by contractors proved to be shockingly bad and woefully deficient in many articles that were contracted for. The shoes were made of inferior leather, and they were all one size! The tools were bad. The axes were so soft that the commonest wood turned their edges, while not one gimlet in a dozen would stand boring twice! Notwithstanding those and other drawbacks, Governor Collins pushed on with the first works, built a landing jetty at Hunter's Island, cleared away scrub, and made provision for building. According to J. B. Walker, "No idle time was allowed in the settlement. The bell rang at 5 in the morning, and the convicts turned out clad in blue kersey jackets and trousers, and proceeded at once, under their overseers, to their various employments. Work was continued, with intervals of an hour for breakfast and an hour and a half for dinner, until 6 o'clock in the evening, when the bell gave the signal for the close of the day's labor. On Tuesday, an extra hour was allowed for the issue

of rations; Saturday was a half-holiday after 11 a.m., and it was only under exceptional circumstances that any labor was required on Sunday."

A quarry was opened on the sandstone Point, near the mouth of the creek, to supply stone for foundations. Lime was obtained by burning oyster shells gathered on the beach. On March 9 it was recorded that the Lieutenant-Governor slept in his own house for the first time. That wooden Government House stood on the spot now marked by the main entrance of Hobart Town Hall. Collins had his wheat patch—he sent 30 convicts down to clear the scrub and hoe the ground—on the shore of a bay named, from the circumstance of the wheat patch, Farm Bay. Farm Bay appears to have been Cornelian Bay, and the place of the wheat field is now occupied by the Cornelian Bay Cemetery, and sown with dead bodies. On Saturdays and after church service on Sundays the convicts were encouraged to build wattle and dab huts. The first house built in Hobart was a wattle and dab owned by Lieutenant Lord, and it was built on land adjoining Macquarie House. In less than two months "The Camp" had assumed the appearance of an established village. The huts ran in a line from the Commercial Bank to the Hobart Club, in Collins-street. Hobart was a grotesque, savage-looking hamlet, the only dwelling of any civilised pretence was the wooden cottage of the Governor. Hunter's Island was the storehouse of the colony, and consequently was the object of a very stringent guard. No boat was allowed to land passengers at the jetty or come into the creek after sunset. The boats were moored every night by a locked chain, and a sentinel placed to watch them. The danger of convicts escaping was an ever-present one, and one of the earliest works undertaken by Collins was to build a boat-house for the boats' greater security from robbery. In the same direction, and to prevent convicts absconding, merchant ships were absolutely forbidden, under severe penalties, from entering the Derwent, except in case of absolute necessity, and in such cases the Lieutenant-Governor's permission had to be obtained. The masters of vessels had to enter into a recognisance of £100 and two sureties of £50 each if they landed any person, or took any person away, without the Governor's written permission. No one but the Harbor Master, William Collins, and a pilot was allowed to board any vessel arriving in the river, and these drastic orders remained in full force until the year 1813.

A contemporary description of the practice in action has a freshness about it, the smell of the sea, and the richness of a good farmer's fat land. On arriving at the north part of Bruni the farms of Mr. Kelly, the pilot, peeped out, beautifully sloping down to the water's edge. Kelly was in the habit of boarding the ships as pilot and bringing with him for sale a basket containing eggs, vegetables, fruit, and milk. He was a big, burly man, who mounted the vessels' sides with difficulty, and was scanty and short of breath; so much so that he labored like a frigate before he could cry, "Square the yards!" By means of a signal post at Mount Nelson, the look-outs could communicate with the Battery. Full information of a vessel's movements was known since she was abreast of South-West Cape. A little below the Battery the Collector of Customs, Rollo O'Ferrall, boarded the ships, and examined their manifests and registers. They were breezy

times in breezy places, and the Kellys and the O'Ferralls of the day fitted the times.

Governor King, in Sydney, was well satisfied with the work Collins had done in founding Hobart. The village on the Derwent was at least one solid British peg in Britain's claim on Tasmania. With Frenchmen cruising about the waters of Bass's Straits the sight of a British flag at the mouth of the Tamar would serve the purpose of a scare to shoo the Frenchmen off the land. Accordingly, King ordered the captain of the "Lady Nelson" to sail for the Tamar, and report to him as to the country's suitability for a settlement. The report being favorable, King decided to entrust the fortunes of the northern settlement to Colonel Patterson, who went there with a small party of prisoners in October, 1804. He squatted his party on the western arm of the Tamar, and called the place York Town. Patterson was in command of the military corps of New South Wales, and in addition to that he directed the Government botanical establishment at Parramatta. When he established his camp at York Town he planted trees, and some people think the trees are Patterson's best memento. In 1806 the settlement was removed to where Launceston now stands. Patterson was not subject to any authority save that of King's, and the settlement on the Tamar had no connection with the little wattle and dab hut village on the Derwent, called after the beautiful river in Cumberland that Wordsworth apostrophised in the words:—

Glory of the vale!
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath!

Lieutenant Laycock, with a small party, decided to start from Launceston and make the journey across the then unknown country to Hobart. His party's unexpected appearance in Hobart plunged the place into great excitement. The good reports they made of fine land fit for agriculture and pasturage was listened to with close attention. Surely Tasmania was one of the jewels set in the Southern Seas! Every prospect pleased; it was only man that was vile. How vile he was and how vile he could become was yet to be seen. It was not until 1812 that Tasmania was placed, so far as the island's administration was concerned, under one jurisdiction. Then the island was well in the soiled grip of convictism, and vice, in hydra-headed forms, was showing its brazen face to men.

In the meanwhile, notwithstanding its rank social environment, Hobart was growing in importance. Its streets were being formed, and some of them were named. Murray-street was called after Captain Murray of the 73rd Regiment, and Harrington-street after the Earl of Harrington, who was the colonel of that regiment. The name of Barrack-street was derived from the Military Barracks in the street. Molle-street commemorates the name of Colonel Molle of the 48th Regiment, and Brigade-Major to Governor Macquarie. Davey-street was called so in memory of "Mad" Davey, Colonel Davey, the Lieutenant-Governor. Liverpool-street after the Earl of Liverpool, Bathurst-street after the Earl of Bathurst, at the time Secretary of State for the Colonies; Melville-street after Lord Melville; Brisbane-street after Governor Brisbane. St. Patrick-street was so named at the request of the Rev. Philip Connolly, the Roman Catholic Church

being situated in it. Warwick-street was called by the Surveyor-General, Evans, after Warwick Castle, in a room of which the first Surveyor-General of Hobart was born.

Connolly was first located in Sydney, and had gone there from the Mauritius, and he arrived in Van Diemen's Land in March, 1821, and held his first services in Curr's stores, near the Old Temperance Hall, in Bathurst-street. Land was afterwards granted in Harrington-street, where a rude wooden chapel was built. The position of Roman Catholic priests was clearly defined by the British authorities as to their status and work in the penal colonies. When Connolly went to Hobart he was accepted as a State servant for the purpose of affording religious consolation to the Roman Catholic convicts, and he was paid £100 per year salary. According to Bonwick, funny stories were told of Father Connolly by the "old lags." His love of creature comforts, his enjoyment of fun, his singular selections of penances for the offences of his flock all furnished topics of conversation. He used a common brush to sprinkle them with holy water, and called a spade a shovel.

Norfolk Island, destined to leave its name and records upon Tasmania, was colonised by Great Britain in 1788. It, at the time, was proving an expensive venture to Britain, and Lord Hobart in 1803 directed that the settlers there should be transferred to Tasmania. The settlers on Norfolk Island resented this notice to quit given by John Bull with as little ceremony as that "gentleman among nations" would use in turning a pig out of one sty to another sty. The settlers sat as tight upon the Norfolk land as limpets on the rocks. By the year 1805 only four free settlers had been removed, and the task of getting the quartet to move from what they regarded as heaven to what they called hell was a wearisome one to the Government officials. At last the Home authorities deemed that the time for parleying with the settlers was past, and the Secretary of State in 1808, Mr. Windham, ordered Captain Bligh to act as a bailiff of the Crown, and toss the Norfolk settlers out of what they had foolishly believed was their fair heritage. Captain Bligh was a man who was, as we have already seen, full of quarter-deck self-assertiveness. He lost his Government job through making himself hated by the New South Wales corps because he curtailed and interfered with the spirit traffic officers. He was guilty, too, of often making extreme prohibitory laws in defiance of public sentiment. They resulted in his deposition by Major G. Johnston of his position of Governor of New South Wales in 1808. The settlers at Norfolk Island numbered about 1,000, and Bligh directed his bum bailiff, Captain Piper, to shoot the settlers if they would not quit the island in pursuance of the notice issued by John Bull. The settlers were overawed or dragooned into compliance. The only choice given them was as regards their ultimate destination. Their choice lay between New South Wales and Tasmania. Most of them chose Tasmania, and to that island they were conveyed in the ships "Estramina," "City of Edinburgh," and "Sydney." Arriving, they divided into three classes, according to their ideas of social equality. They settled at Hobart Town and Pittwater, at New Norfolk and at Norfolk Plains.

The manly independence and the grit the settlers had displayed at Norfolk Island appears to have unaccountably failed them in Tas-

mania. Perhaps it was because they were spoon-fed by the Government. Grants of 30 or 40 acres were given them; cattle were supplied on loan, and rations issued to them. This bounty they, except in a very few instances, abused. "They drew their rations from the royal stores, and bartered away their homesteads for a few bottles of spirit, and it was no idle boast that a keg of rum was then worth more than a common farm. Their hopeless and dissipated state is remarked in every document of the times. Their frail dwellings soon exhibited all the signs of decay, and their ground was exhausted by continual cropping. If the Government hoped to build up "a bold peasantry, their country's pride," in Tasmania from the deported Norfolk settlers it was mistaken.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bligh's Order, "Batter Down Bloody Sydney"—Quarrels with Collins—Free Settler Lashed—A Courtmartial—Officers and Concubines—Gaol Governor Rapes Convict's Daughter—Parson's Protest—Official Prostitution of Convict Women.

When Captain Bligh was deported from Sydney by the enraged military he was placed on board H.M.S. "Porpoise," and he was put on parole to proceed direct to England without calling at any colony. Once on board the "Porpoise" he repudiated a promise that was taken by duress from him. He ordered Lieutenant Kent to fire the "Porpoise" guns and "batter down bloody Sydney." That infamous order Kent refused to carry out. As a sop to Bligh Kent sailed the ship to the Derwent, where she lay at the time that Governor Macquarie, unknown to Bligh, arrived at Port Jackson to take up the reins of Government so masterly interrupted by Bligh's deposition. When Bligh arrived at Hobart Town, Collins received him with honors due to the Governor of New South Wales. On learning that Bligh had been deposed, Collins urged him to perform his agreement with the revolutionaries in Sydney and proceed to England. That Bligh promised to do. Collins vacated Government House, and gave it up to Bligh, with the usual guards of honor.

When Bligh had been on shore a few days he caused to be posted on the stumps of some old trees on the parade ground, near Government House, written papers inviting all persons who felt themselves aggrieved in any way to apply to him. When Collins heard of and saw these things he withdrew the guard from Government House. Bligh says that Collins sought to arrest him, and that he, Bligh, only escaped that indignity by re-embarking on the "Porpoise." Collins then told the settlers that they were to have no communication with the ship. A free man named Belbin braved this order, and Collins had him tied to the triangle and flogged. Belbin complained to the Home authorities. They considered Belbin had been harshly treated, commended him for his loyalty to Bligh, and gave him a grant of land

to compensate him for his sore back. This flogging of a civilian for a minor offence was a striking instance (in more senses than one) of the overt and high-handed methods of the military governors of the first convict settlements. A very distinct line of cleavage existed between them and the free settlers, and a still deeper and broader gulf, of course, lay between the authorities and the convicts.

Far away from the Home authorities, the military governors had no executive power at hand to restrain them from becoming despots of the most tyrannical type, and in the majority of cases they yielded to the temptations to walk the world as gods, to lord over their fellowmen, and to act as devils incarnate in the hells of suffering they created. Woe to the man who, by design or through accident, fell foul of the Governor. If at all prosperous, the man was liable to be fined, or to have his assigned servants taken from him at a time when his crops were ripe, in order that his produce might rot, and thereby the unfortunate man be ruined. Convict constables, too, knowing the trend of their master's mind, would trump up charges against the marked man, and, sooner or later, mesh him within the toils of law. Once in court, the doomed settler had little hope of justice being given him, and certainly less expectancy of mercy when he was judged, convicted, and sentenced by his accusers. This war of civil and official feuds started shortly after the inception of the colony, and it never ceased as the years went on; but, on the contrary, the bitterness grew in virulence. The outcome of these personal animosities was the subject of constant appeals to the Home Government. The officials, too, on their part, formed themselves into cliques within the main body, that constantly stirred up hate, malice, and all uncharitableness. All the officials were endeavoring to enrich themselves at the expense of the Government, or by "squeezing" the men under them. The case of Bligh's officials, who rebelled when their grog business was scotched, is a case in point, as is also, in another direction, Bligh's report to the Secretary of State concerning Judge Atkins of New South Wales, who had been Bligh's adviser when Bligh was Governor. Bligh wrote: "He has been accustomed to inebriety; he has been the ridicule of the community; sentence of death has been pronounced in moments of intoxication; his determination is weak, his opinions floating and infirm; his knowledge of law insignificant, and subject to private inclination, and confidential cases of the Crown, where due secrecy is required, he is not to be trusted with."

When rogues fall out, honest men have a chance of coming into their own, and the picture painted by Bligh of Atkins is a more or less modified portrait of the majority of the men who, in the days of convictism in Tasmania, discharged judicial offices. An instance of alleged trafficking came to light early in the days of Hobart Town, when Captain Wright, of the 39th Regiment, had Lieutenant Cox (a brother officer and a Peninsular War man, who had been present at 13 sieges and 13 general actions) tried by courtmartial on five charges —"(1) For calling him out; (2) for commenting on his conduct; (3) for calling him a fellow; (4) for charging him with sending from Hobart, pigs and dripstones, public property, to his whores in Sydney; (5) for not keeping close arrest." The sting lay in the charge of sending pigs and dripstones, a queer assortment, to Wright's whores in Sydney. The evidence taken at the courtmartial was sent

to England, to the Secretary of State, who acquitted Cox, thereby inferentially finding Wright guilty on the "count of pigs and dripstones to his whores."

Apart from these regimental quarrels that arose chiefly over the division of the spoil, more serious breaches of human rights and liberty occurred at intervals, and the majority of them were smothered up. A certain Captain Crotty was a notorious libertine, and the comely female convicts that came under his jurisdiction were used to minister to his animal passions. Almost all the officials had three or four convict concubines, while the latter had their "fancy men" amongst the convicts. The official view of the position was that concubinage with the officials could not make the women worse than they were, which was probably true. The officers said that before a woman could become a convict at all she must have fallen lower, have unlearned more, have become more lost, and more depraved than a man who was lost to every sense of virtue. Yet though they painted vice as a monster with so frightful a mien "as to be hated needs but to be seen," yet they managed, with the aid of copious drunks on rum, to survive the ordeal, and even finish the remainder of Pope's lines in active and practical fashion:—

> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

We are told, in the pompous language of public virtue, that the facility afforded the women to get rid of their sin (not the officers') fostered fornication among them very generally. If a convict servant became enceinte, she was taken to the female factory, where she remained until she was delivered of her officer's child. She was then drafted, with her baby, to a building called "The Nursery," where she commonly remained for months. In fact, if she wanted "some seven or eight months of shameless idleness she had" (according to the official view) "but to commit sexual 'sin' and she had her wish."

The picture had another side, which is also an official one, but the tale, o'er true, is not told by the officials. The affair became a public scandal, and "got into the papers." It concerned Captain Gillman, late of the Buffs, and when in Tasmania a major in the 69th Regiment. Under his rule was a convict named Edward Frazier, a widower, who had two daughters, one 16 and the other 11 years of age. Captain Gillman was married to "a lady of family and fortune; a lady of superior endowments, both in person and mind," by whom he had an infant family. Gillman was not satisfied with having a legitimate quiver of youngsters, but he must needs place his lustful, hungering eyes on Frazier's daughters. After many stratagems, he at length, in the despotism of his power, got into the house of the father early one morning, and, finding the eldest girl not out of her bed, he attempted to lie down beside her. The girl, frightened at the contemplated rape, screamed, and roused not only all in her household, but the whole street, and convict women, running into the room together, caused the commandant to make a precipitate retreat. The father, oppressed with anguish, wrote to the Governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, in Sydney, and gave the letter to Captain Gillman to transmit it, as was directed by Government orders with respect to all letters from convicts. The

commandant opened and read it, and immediately ordered Frazier to the triangles. The prison doctor, Dr. Moran, attended, and, he having been told about the commandant's attempted rape of the prisoner's daughter, declared that the "old man Frazier" could not stand a lashing.

The captain insisted on the flagellator doing "his duty," but he refused, awaiting the doctor's order that the man stretched on the triangles, bare-backed, in the hot sun, pale as death, with a cold, clammy sweat, produced by excessive fear, on his brow, was fit to have his back cut into bleeding strips of quivering flesh. The doctor refused, and Commandant Captain Gillman stamped and swore at him, but the doctor remained inexorable. At last Gillman was compelled to direct the man to be unbound, and he then ordered him to the beach, with the object of deporting him from Port Macquarie settlement. At the beach Frazier said something to the commandant which angered him, and he replied: "By God, sir, I'll flog you yet." Frazier answered coolly: "Captain Gillman, as for me, I know well you can either flog me or hang me, but beware how you touch my daughters; they are free girls; if you meddle with them I shall assuredly report you to the Governor." The commandant said that he might take his daughter with him? "No," said the unhappy father, "much as she will be in your power here, she will be entirely at your mercy whither you banish me for the crime of defending my own offspring." Frazier was deported, and his daughters were left behind. In a few days the eldest fell a victim to Gillman's lust.

The same man who could scourge a father for preserving the chastity of his daughters from the brutal attempt of an official was a husband of diabolical cruelty. His wife, suspecting one day that he had hidden a female under a sofa when she entered the room, raised the sash of the window of the room wherein the woman lay on the floor, and cried for aid. Her husband, Captain Gillman, took up a poker, and swore that if she did not desist from crying out that he would break her arm. Still holding the window up, she screamed from the window of Government House, and the captain struck her with the poker and broke her arm.

The parsons took a hand in denouncing Gillman. The Rev. Thomas Hassal, chaplain at Port Macquarie, reported an account of the rape to the Venerable Archdeacon Scott, who, in his turn, is believed to have told General Darling. The question was asked: "What, then, caused his Excellency General Darling to select Captain Gillman, on his return from his command at Port Macquarie, to be his brigade-major?" It was said at the time that the veteran Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, who had been put into the office of brigade-major by Sir Thomas Brisbane, and who was deposed from it by General Darling, was so removed on account of his living with a lady he had married, or said he had, in Portugal, which was considered a much more serious "breach of good manners" than the morning frolic of Captain Gillman in an outraged maid's bedroom. She, it was remembered, was only the daughter of a convict!

All through the system of transportation the "eternal feminine" was a rib of contention. The trouble started when she was transported, and it only ceased when she had come into the heritage of

hags, or the burden of vice and disease laid her in an unmarked and unhonored grave. "Why, oh, why?" asks a moralist, and a would-be matchmaker of the times: "Why is not matrimony more encouraged among the prisoner population than it is? And what is the reason that so many women are confined in the factory when it is acknowledged that population is the one very great desideratum in any colony? It is certainly very much to be lamented that more women have not been sent out by the British Government in proportion to the number of men, and no less so that more encouragement to marriage has not been given among those who have been sent. Perhaps it will be said that more female prisoners would be allowed to marry if suitable husbands could be found—men who could and would support them. One man applies for permission to marry. 'No! You are a drunkard'; second, 'You have a dozen lashes for being out after hours'; to a third, 'You have been in the Penitentiary.' "

The officials were not anxious to see the comely young women taken off their lists, though no obstacles stood in the way of less desirable creatures finding mates, legitimate or otherwise. These practices on the part of the officials were at first tolerated, and afterwards justified, as politic, and it was well known that the sentence of transportation to women also carried with it the "right of British officers to prostitute them," and it is not incredible that there were modest women, though thieves, who preferred a public execution to the ignominy of a prison brothel.

CHAPTER IX.

Want of Women—Lord Bishop of Tasmania's Evidence—Awful Disclosures—Captain Cheyne's Testimony—Social Conditions and Distinctions—Punishment of Females—George Town Prostitutes—One Female Factory—Publicans Employ Assigned Servants to Act as Prostitutes.

The want of free women, and women in bond, was felt as early as Collins's time, and the want became more acute as time went on. The lack of women led to the most abominable crimes amongst the men; and they did not decrease, though the men were flogged until they were taken from the triangles apparently dead. And we have this on the best of authority. The Lord Bishop of Tasmania, in his evidence on the state of Tasmania before the select committee of the House of Lords on May 11, 1847, swore on oath that the Archdeacon of Hobart Town, in a letter to him, said (upon the authority of a person whom he did not name, but who he said "had been, from the highest motives, collecting the best evidence in his power on the effects of transportation") that the very women found unnatural intimacy more lucrative than natural, and therefore practised it. "Within the last few days I received also, as I have before mentioned, a letter from one of the surgeons of Norfolk Island, and he speaks of the vicious and un-

natural propensities of the wretched beings there as being almost universal. I believe it is known to your lordships that a letter was found upon the person of one of the criminals executed lately at Norfolk Island, which was addressed by him to another prisoner, a youth, containing expressions such as a man could only use to a profligate and abandoned mistress. In fact, some of these depraved beings are spoken of as being "married" to each other. Such is the nature of their relation and of their feeling towards each other. I know that I am perfectly correct in saying that these dreadful doings have been prevalent in other parts of the colony, and that they are not confined to Norfolk Island. Scenes of such a character have taken place in Tasman's Peninsula, though not, perhaps, to exactly the same extent." The Bishop stated there were 30,000 prisoners in Van Diemen's Land, and he looked to the hour of their release "with anxiety and dismay." "The men had all the feelings and practices of demons."

Yet another reputable witness testifies as to the state of Tasmania at an earlier date, and closer to Collins's time. As to what actually happened in Collins's time very little is known. The undercurrent of his reign of office has been hidden for ever from men's view. The worst construction can only be put on the action of the officers who destroyed all the books and records, when he died, of Collins's governorship. In concealing their own misdoings, they doubtless perforce were also the means of hiding from view the iniquities of many other perjurers, thieves, and libertines. The witness referred to is Captain Cheyne, Director-General of Roads and Bridges in 1838. He made a report in connection with a despatch of Sir John Franklin to Lord Glenelg upon a new system of convict discipline suggested by Captain Maconochie.

Cheyne wrote:—"Although the severity of the laws produce an outward appearance of order, a constrained good conduct, yet there abounds amongst us a fearful degree of immorality, unparalleled perhaps in any age or country, and not, I regret to say, confined to the convict population, long accustomed to behold their fellow-creatures in a state of moral prostitution before them, manacled and tortured. The finer emotions of the human breast have suffered putrefaction, and even where Christian principles might be supposed to assert their claims the torrent of custom prevails, so that for the outcast convict it is almost literally true that 'no man careth.' How powerfully such a state of things impedes reform, every mind can conceive. That this results from assignment, I do not doubt. Comparatively few assigned servants escape punishment, and if not brought under the immediate surveillance of the magistrate, comparatively few escape a contemptuous, and even brutal, kind of treatment. I do not dispute that virtuous habits have resulted from assignment, but I am quite sure that more men have been corrupted and ruined by it than have been reformed. Not only is immorality more common here than in the mother country, as indeed, under all circumstances, might be expected, but with envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, almost every man appears to be armed against his fellow. The contempt felt and expressed by the free is returned by the bond with hatred."

Compare the above with the following comments, subjected to

Government revision and made with the writer's keen sense of favors to come. The article appears in the Van Diemen's Land Almanac upon the subject of the social conditions. He says "that there is some difficulty in rightly defining the state of society; for perhaps in few places are there so many imaginary grades and distinctions. . . . It may be remarked 'in limine' that there are two great or leading distinctions, viz., the free and the prisoner population; although, again, the former are almost as much divided and subdivided amongst themselves as these two sets are from each other. In speaking of the free inhabitants of the colony, then, it may be said that the first in point of order are chiefly those who are in the pay of Government. Generally speaking, these seem to consider this circumstance a sufficient ground for keeping separate or aloof from the rest of the community, and that it would be a degradation to them to associate with any who do not belong to their own order. They are sometimes jeeringly styled ('lucus a non lucendo') 'the aristocracy.' The next, or second class, are infinitely more numerous, more wealthy, and more influential than the others, and comprise the respectable free inhabitants who are unconnected with Government. These form a little world, as it were, of their own, and present a lesson in many respects which 'the aristocrats' might do well to follow. A third set are free persons of an inferior station—men who form the link between the merchant, banker, or first settler and the mere laborer. These, again, chiefly confine themselves to their own circle, none of the three amalgamating with either of the others more than can be well avoided. The fourth, or last, class are the prisoner population, between whom and all others a line of demarcation is drawn, which effectually forms them into a distinct or separate set. The latter are never, however, subject to taunt or insult, nor with the authorities are their offences on the northern side of the hemisphere allowed to operate to their prejudice."

At the time that commentator wrote, the total number of prisoners who had been transported to the colony amounted to 16,647, of those 5,605 were dead or had become free. In the year 1821, the Supreme Court commenced sitting, since which time 1,565 persons had been convicted before it. In the year 1825 the Courts of Quarter Sessions commenced, since which period 527 persons were convicted, both making a total of 2,092 persons convicted in the colony. That number made a proportion of more than one in eight; but it has to be remembered that this estimate includes a period of twelve years, in the former part of which the discipline had been lax, and the description of prisoners dealt with were of the worst class from New South Wales. On October 31, 1834, the female convicts numbered 1,779, and they were of the worst of women. The want of free women caused the colonists to admit these women into their service as domestic servants, and possibly with ulterior objects, though it was a rule of the Government, subject to exceptions, that women convicts could only be assigned to married men. The ordinary punishments inflicted upon the women for misbehavior was to garb them in a yellow dress, to give them periods of solitary confinement, and to wound their feminine vanity by close cropping their hair.

"Previous to Governor Arthur's time," says Charles Medyett Goodridge in his autobiography of a residence in Van Diemen's Land

in 1832, "a frequent punishment inflicted on females was the placing of an iron collar round their necks, on each side of which was a long prong, which gave them the appearance of horned cattle; and with this head-dress they were exposed in church during service." It was the custom of the authorities to select the fairest of the young convict women to act as assigned servants, and the implication was made at the time that these "women were the household drudges by day and the concubines of officialdom by night." Among the anomalies of the day was the release of such females from compulsory attendance at Divine worship, on account of the official preference they enjoyed—a curious immunity, observes a writer of the times, from a penal obligation, to be taken, perhaps, as a sinister acknowledgment that the Government was not insensible to virtue—as the Russian courtesan extinguishes the candle of ceremony, and veils her patron saint. Of course, it was all very dreadful, or, at least, the moralists of the day tried to make it appear so; but being the place it was—a convict settlement—and having the population it had—felons and prostitutes—the result was not surprising. Indeed, the surprise would be if contemporary records were not dyed black with vice.

Commissioner Bigge, in a report to the House of Commons, said: "The female convicts, for want of any separate room in the prison, were placed in a small wooden hut near the blacksmith's forge, now converted into a church, and a constable placed over them to prevent their escape. This mode of punishment was found so inefficient that latterly the female convicts were sent to George Town, where they cohabited with the Government convicts." It was the custom, when the women were on the march from prison to prison, to lock them in with male convicts at the wayside log watchhouses.

No move on the part of the authorities was more warmly appreciated by the women than to be sent to the "Factory," the headquarters and depot for assigned female servants. It has been described as being polluted with the fumes of tobacco smoked by the women, while the walls echoed with the shrieks of passion, peals of laughter, and strings of obscene oaths, and still more obscene songs and choruses given with a volume of sound that carried for a long distance. Beginners in the walks of vice soon learnt every form of debauchery. After a short residence in the "Factory" the women looked about them in vain for new sensations and new forms of vice. The prospect of having one of these hardened "Factory" women as an assigned servant about the house could not have been attractive to even a tough Tasmanian settler. The women's methods of work were described in 1827 as those of people who were never in a hurry. The lines were quoted, as fitting the case:

> "Oh, wait a bit," says Slow;
> "Put on the pot," says Greedy Gut,
> "We'll eat before we go."

It is remarked in Prinsep's Letters, "Even in our small menage our cook has committed murder, our footman burglary, and the housemaid bigamy." To such characters, the punishment of being returned to the "Factory" was not likely to weigh them down with care. When the women grew tired of a place, they did "something," such as smashing all the household plates, or some such cheerful

expression of their disgust at the general "all gone" feeling of things in their immediate vicinity. When that happened, the women were promptly "turned in," as the prison slang of the day described the act of reconsignment to the "Factory." Often their paramours, on such occasions, visited the "Factory," and tried to bulldoze the authorities into letting the women enter their service. If they succeeded, the women and men would go out on a wild spree until "pinched," as a sop to morality. On the other hand, the authorities assigned ugly and dissolute female convicts to hotelkeepers, and the publicans regarded a portion of the fees of harlotry earned by the women, in and about the hotel, as one of their sources of profit.

Not only did the publicans take half the prostitution money, but they also added to their gains by the increased sale of a very pungent, and much adulterated, form of rum, known as a "gut bender." The keepers of these low public houses, that formed the far greater number of houses of accommodation for man and beast, were persons who had been transported, or who should have been, and who were married to convicts, or related to them. Many of these pub-keepers were notorious drunkards, obscene prison birds, murderous brawlers, gambling cheats, receivers of stolen property and harborers of thieves, and aiders of the most depraved of both sexes. They existed and grew fat and prosperous upon the desolating vices of the lower strata of Hobart society. As there were no licensed pawnbrokers permitted in the town, these rum purveyors and prostitute-procuring pimps acted as pawnbrokers to those suffering from the nerve torture induced by the drink crave. To such pleading, pitiable wrecks of humanity they supplied rum in exchange for pledges.

Bad as these brothel-keeping publicans were, the Government officers were only a shade better, since they valued their concubines as handmaidens (virtue forgive "the handmaiden") through whom to dispose of kegs of rum that it would not become an "officer and a gentleman" to barter openly in the market-place. The story of the quantity of the rum drunk by the community would appear at this period of time incredible, did it not stand upon indubitable evidence. It was not uncommon for convicts, in a party of four, to drink a gallon of rum at a sitting!

Jorgensen, in his memories of Early Hobart, wrote: "I remember, when I arrived here first, the public houses were filled with convicts, night and day, tippling, gambling, and concocting robberies. It was often dangerous to walk the streets in the daytime." It is on record that a party of six emancipists drank at one sitting, in a public house kept by a notorious woman, seven bottles of sherry and forty-one bottles of porter. When Commissioner Bigge was inquiring into the state of Hobart, he discovered that the authorities were paying the constables their wages in bottles of rum. Rum was bought by the authorities at ten shillings, and retailed by Government officials to their own profit at £2 17s. 6d. per gallon. In Hobart, at the end of every quarter, the convict constables were served out rum at the rate of a quart for each week. The drunkenness of the period was a recognised evil, and an official return remarks: "The return of the Coroner's inquests exhibit the fatal consequences of these excesses." Drink was the fitting end of the Town hangman in 1818.

Distillation was not allowed till 1822, and the first distillery was erected that year at the Cascades. Beer licenses were distinct from permits to sell spirits. Beer licenses cost £30 per year.

When Governor Macquarie was the colonial executive over Van Diemen's Land, he issued on March 3, 1818, an order condemning the immoderate use of spirituous liquors in Tasmania, and he notified that no increase in the number of public house licenses in Hobart would be sanctioned during the year. The names of the primitive hotels and the publicans were given in the official list for the year 1818. They were: H. S. Stocker, "Derwent Hotel;" G. Armitage, "The Plough;" J. Ransom, "The Carpenter's Arms;" J. Lord and J. Clark, the "Dusty Miller;" C. Connelly, the "Bricklayer's Arms;" F. Barnes, "Hope Tavern;" J. Eddington, "Bird-in-Hand;" Maria Sergeant, "Calcutta;" John Fergusson, ——; J. L. Richardson, the "New Inn;" R. Wallis, "Cat and Fiddle;" G. Hopwood, "City of London Arms." In 1819 an order was issued against publicans exchanging rum for kangaroo skins, "a practice," the order said, "highly detrimental to good order, tending to encourage drunkenness and neglect of their duty in the stockmen, and to occasion loss of property to their employers."

CHAPTER X.

Assigned Convict Servants—Their Rations and Clothing—Scale of Labor and Payments—Scarcity of Food—Convicts Seize a Ship—The Rum Traffic—Soldier Murdered—Rev. Robert Knopwood—Death of Collins, 1810.

Assigned women servants were so mistrusted by the Tasmanian authorities that they were not allowed to go from one house to another without being accompanied by a guard of soldiers, whom they frequently seduced from duty into the paths of secret dalliance. The women were in the end too much for the authorities. At first, in the case of publicans, no assigned female servant was allowed on a hotel premises; in the end they were employed as prostitutes at the hotels whose keepers chose to cater for that class of custom. Questions were not asked by the authorities. They were only too pleased to be rid of their ugly, unmanageable vixens. The rations of the female convicts per week were:—Meat, five pounds and a quarter; eight pounds and a half of flour; two ounces of tea; half-pound of sugar; two ounces of soap; and one ounce and a half of salt. The clothing that her master had to provide annually was one cotton gown, two bed gowns or jackets, three shifts, two flannel petticoats, two stuff ditto, three pairs of shoes, three calico caps, three pairs of stockings, two neck handkerchiefs, three check aprons, and one bonnet, the cost of which was not to exceed £7.

In the case of male convicts the legal rations per week were:—Meat, ten and a half pounds; flour, ten and a half pounds; sugar, seven ounces; soap, three and a half ounces; salt, two ounces. Any

other article, such as tea, tobacco, etc., was only to be given at discretion as a stimulus to industry. The master also supplied the convict servant with two suits of woollen clothing, three pairs of stock-keeper's boots, four shirts, and one cap or hat annually. He had also to furnish him with a paillasse of wool, two blankets, and a rug. The annual cost of a male convict assigned to a master was computed in this wise:—

Rations	£13	8	8
Clothing	6	0	0
Bedding, Lodging, etc.	0	13	0
Medical Attendance	0	5	0
	£20	6	8

This scale of provision in meat and board was not evolved in a day, but was the result of some years of experience, during which period careful calculations were made as to the minimum cost involved in maintaining an assigned convict servant. When Collins was engaged in laying the foundation of the infant colony, he had to struggle against excessive demands for the price of labor, the want of a currency, and a scarcity of food. He decided to meet the emergency that had arisen by a General Order, in which the officials generally had greater faith than in their Bibles, for it was more frequently resorted to in times of difficulty and trouble. The order was promulgated on June 22. The order directed that mechanics, for a day of ten hours, were to be paid 3s. 6d., and laborers 2s. 6d. For felling and burning timber, 30s. per acre; for grubbing and burning, £4 per acre; for breaking up new ground, £2 per acre; for reaping wheat, 10s. per acre; for sawing, 8s. 4d. per 100 feet; splitting 7 feet palings, 3s. per 100; 5 feet palings, 1s. 6d. per 100; oyster shells, for lime, 3d. per bushel; thatch, 6d. per bundle of 9 feet girth. The workmen were often paid for their labor in provisions, and the same order fixed the following equivalent rates:—Salt beef, 9d. per lb.; salt pork, 1s. per lb.; kangaroo, 8d. per lb.; flour, 1s. per lb. Thus, for a day's work of 10 hours, a laborer could procure 1lb. of pork and 1½lb. of flour, and a mechanic 2lb. of beef and 2lb. of flour. The laborers preferred to be paid in raw spirit, and to take their chance of securing a kangaroo. Kangaroos were very numerous, and there was not much skill required in catching them.

The state of the larder of the settlement at times may be judged by the evidence of Lieutenant Lord, in 1812, before the committee of the House of Commons. He said: "During eight or nine years we entirely depended upon the woods. We had 2lb. of biscuits weekly for 13 months, and have often been glad to go to bed for want of bread. We had not a single death." On the game-bag the kangaroo-hunters filled during that time of famine the residents of the settlement depended. Kangaroo flesh rose in price to 1s. 6d. per pound. Kangaroo meats and a species of seaweed, called "Botany Bay Greens," was the chief support of the inhabitants. A marine, assisted by two convicts, proved to be a very skilful kangaroo-hunter. This party delivered for several years 1,000lb. of kangaroo flesh per month to the stores of Governor Collins. The failure of food supplies at Port Jackson was the cause of Hobart being left to its fate, sink or

swim, starve or eat; Collins and his company had to work out their own redemption and find their own "tucker." Sydney was too busy in endeavoring to prevent its own funeral to lose any sleep over the parlous condition of Hobart. Collins was forced to relax his grip over the convicts, since he could no longer feed them, and he suffered them to go free, wandering over the country in search of food. Such a practice laid the foundation for the lawless habits that many of them afterwards formed, and also incidentally evolved the word "bushranger," and led to the bushranging methods of crime in Van Diemen's Land.

The loss of the ship "Sydney," that had been chartered to bring wheat from India to Hobart, was one of the contributing causes to the lack of food supplies. A second effort was made to bring wheat to Tasmania, in the ship "Venus," from Bengal, under the command of Captain Bunker. The "Venus" arrived in the Derwent in January, 1810, and, according to the "Derwent Star" news sheet, wheat was valued at 12s. a bushel. The Venus, as well as carrying wheat, had on board two convicts, who were supposed to have "cut out" a vessel at Port Jackson in company with other convicts. That was true. The circumstances were that a desperate convict, one of the "fallen gentlemen" of the period, named Stewart, formed a plot to seize a vessel called "Harrington," that was richly laden and provisioned for a long voyage. Stewart had been, before his "unfortunate days," a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, but he had been drummed out of his Majesty's ships for dissolute habits and thieving practices "unbecoming of a gentleman." Cast adrift, he graduated downwards from one crime to another of deeper dye until at last he was caught by the heels, consigned to Newgate, tried, and sentenced to transportation for life. Such was the convict who determined, with the assistance of others equally desperate, to seize a ship in Sydney Harbor, and to sail her away before the Government authorities could realise what was happening. Stewart's plans succeeded in every detail; a circumstance that showed he must have been possessed of some misdirected energy and skill as a leader and plotter. He had his trusted gang of convicts ready at the moment his plan was ripe for execution. They seized a boat moored to one of the jetties and rowed off to the ship "Harrington," anchored a short distance away from "Pinchgut" Island. Quickly they were alongside the ship, and without any ceremony they climbed upon deck and then mastered the astonished crew. A good breeze favored them as they shook the sails loose, and the ship was soon scudding before it. Out at sea, the pirates had the misfortune to meet H.M.S. "Greyhound." After a long chase they had to surrender as prisoners. The captain of the "Greyhound" then tried to navigate the "Harrington" to port, but without success, as the two vessels were lost on the coast of Luconia.

That was the only successful attempt made to "cut out" a vessel lying at Port Jackson. Collins permitted Stewart to land at Hobart, or perhaps he did not know such a "distinguished passenger" was coming ashore from the "Venus." Ignorance of that nature seems improbable. Anyway, no attempt was made to arrest Stewart and his companion. Collins did, however, believe that a quantity of contraband spirit was being landed by stealth, and that the kegs of rum were being hidden in the house of a settler named Garth. Soldiers

were sent to Garth's hut to seize the rum. When they arrived, Stewart and his companion, who were secreted in the hut, assumed that the soldiers came to arrest them. Stewart called upon his companion to resist arrest, at the same time discharging a big horse pistol in the leading soldier's face. The soldier dropped dead. After a desperate struggle the two pirates were overpowered, and put in irons, previous to being hung.

The secret traffic in grog was on a large scale, and one, too, that never was reduced to any extent in the penal settlement of Tasmania. Early in the day of small beginnings at Hobart, Governor Collins launched one of his "General Orders" at the rum traffic; but the rum was overproof, and proof, too, against the well-intentioned efforts of Collins. One writer says: "Many a Hobart building has been paid for in rum. More could be got for spirits than for cash. A bottle of rum was long recognised currency for £1, or even a higher value." The Government did not disdain to pay its debts in rum, and the officers sold the rum to settlers and convicts at enormously increased values. The evil grew to alarming dimensions. The quantity of specie current in Hobart was quite inadequate to meet the demands. The Commissary issued promissory notes of not less than £1 in value, but the tradesmen wrote notes for sixpence. Thousands of forged notes were floated into circulation by some of the "old hands," whose skill with the pen had caused them to "leave their country for their country's good." In addition to forging notes outright, the rogues became very skilful in cutting out the amount in the note, and pasting a piece of paper in its place with an increased sum showing on the face of the note. Thus, "I promise to pay five shillings" would have the "five" cut out, and a "ten" pasted in. This alteration was usually done so cleverely as to almost defy detection. According to a contemporary report, the Government, in 1810, imported several hundreds of dollars from Bengal. At Hobart, in the last year of his office, Collins struck out the centre of the dollar, and called it a "dump." These "dumps" were valued at 1s. 3d., the perfect dollar at 5s. The Government took the perfect dollar back at 4s., making 20 per cent. profit. When coin became more plentiful, the dollar passed current at 3s. 3d. and the "dump" at 1s. 1d. They were bad stock to hold, anyway.

The most noted character in the primitive settlement of Hobart was the Rev. Robert Knopwood—the rum-drinking, food-loving "Bobby Knopwood." Hundreds of stories are told of his eccentricities, and his favorite saying frequently went the rounds of the place: "Do as I say, not as I do." He kept a diary, which has been preserved, and one cannot read some of its passages without a smile. His fondness for women was common knowledge. On the way out from England to Port Phillip, Collins's ships touched at Teneriffe and Rio de Janeiro. At Rio, we learn from the diary that Bobby, desolated for the sight of a woman, called at the Convent de Adjuda, a place that received as boarders young women who were orphans. "This convent," writes Knopwood, "I frequently visited, where I conversed with a very beautiful young lady named Antonia Januaria. Her polite attention I shall not easily forget, having received great friendship from her, and should I ever return there again shall be happy to see her." A few days fly all too quickly, so sweet is the dalliance

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in the rose-strewn paths of love, and then in sadness the amorous "Bobby" writes: "I visited De Adjuda for the last time. I saw Antonia this eve at 5, and we took leave of each other with regret. Vale!"

The sweets had been tasted first, the hours of idleness were spent, and there was only ahead coarse fare and hard labor. Not that Knopwood ever worked at anything more strenuous than reading the Scriptures in a perfunctory manner—"his manner of reading the higher numbers of the Commandments furnished a joke for the profane—and in composing sermons. He conducted the first religious service in Tasmania, and his diary tells us that the sermon delivered on the occasion cost him three days' labor to make it worthy to be preached. "The sermon, by request of the Lieutenant-Governor, was upon the prosperity of the new settlement, and to pray to God for a blessing upon the increase in it." According to Bonwick, who knew Knopwood in later years, for the parson lived to be an old man, outliving his contemporaries in the founding of Hobart, Knopwood appeared to have given more time to discharging his office as magistrate than in devotional duties, and his interest in the convivialities of Government officers interfered with his pastoral vocation. As he never married, his exuberant spirits, his partiality for lively company, and his preference of women's society in those days of lax morality, subjected him to free criticism. Nevertheless, as he was no saint, neither was he in any sense a hypocrite, and he held it was better to fornicate than to burn.

Amongst the convicts, as a sky-pilot with feet of clay, Knopwood was popular. One of the convicts complained of the injustice of one of his sentences, that were generally mild ones. "Never mind," said Bobby; "take your dozen; it will do for another time." Knopwood was a man with a spare, wiry figure, and he used to ride about the settlement in after years on a cream-colored pony called Timor. King gave Knopwood a grant of 30 acres, extending over the New Wharf and Battery Point, and his first hut was situated at the corner of the burial-ground. Cottage Green and all the land, according to Bonwick, where the New Wharf stores were afterwards erected, were offered by Knopwood for £800 in 1824. An addition of £77 10s. was made to his salary in 1814, so that his income might be equal to that of the second chaplain at Port Jackson. Knopwood's first church was a large tent; the second was a Government wooden workshop in Bathurst-street, called the "King's Stores." The "Muster Roll Book," under date May 28, 1808, contains this notice:—

> Divine service will be performed to-morrow, and every Sunday in future that the weather will possibly admit, at which time the attendance of the settlers and male and female prisoners is expected.

In February of that year the head of Lemon, a notorious bushranger, was brought into Hobart Town by three men, who shot him while asleep, they not daring to attack him by day, at a place named after him, Lemon Springs, in the vicinity of the extensive Bushy Lake, also named Lemon's Lagoon. This head was exhibited in the streets of Hobart as a warning to convicts generally, and the circumstance was dwelt upon in church, and the criminal portion of the congregation, about 100, advised to flee from the wrath that was to come,

before it was too late. Not until February 19, 1817, was the foundation-stone laid of St. David's Church. It was said that Governor King called the first two churches of New South Wales St. Philip and St. John, after Governor Phillip and Governor John Hunter, so it was also asserted that Lieutenant-Governor Davey, "Drunken," or "Mad" Davey, of the Derwent settlement, called the Hobart Town church St. David, after the first ruler, David Collins. When the stone was laid, one half-pint of spirits was served to each and every one of the soldiers and constables, and Knopwood preached from the text: "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." The more insular object of the church inside the sea of Christianity was to perpetuate the memory, as is said on the foundation-stone, of "His Honor the late David Collins, Esquire, Lieutenant-Governor of Van Diemen's Land and Colonel in the Royal Marine Forces." His death took place on March 24, 1810, and the "Derwent Star and Van Diemen's Land Intelligencer" devotes its seventh number to an account of the sudden death of Collins and a eulogy of his good deeds.

It brings us down to the events and the times to read in the faded sheet itself that the late Lieutenant-Governor Collins "departed this life at the age of about 54 years." Then the "Star" of other days—the "Star" that no longer twinkles, but is dead and covered with the dust of years, like Collins himself, breaks forth in doleful verse, as follows:—

Alas! What is human life?
How like the dial's tardy moving shade
Day after day slides from us unperceived.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
Too subtle in the moment to be seen,
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone!

The "General Order," it survived Collins, touches us more closely on the hip. Shall there be no more cakes and ale in the settlement, or, rather, kangaroo meat and rum? Says the powerful "General Order": "It hath pleased Almighty God to take suddenly from us his Honor, etc. All spirit shops must close during the funeral. Fifty-seven guns were ordered to be fired." At the funeral, the chaplain and the surgeon headed the procession, and 600 persons attended to watch the coffin carried to and lowered into the grave. On the Sunday following Collins's burial, Parson Knopwood preached a sermon "in the long room of Government House, the text being from Revelations, chapter xiv., verse 13." With a transcript of that verse the first epoch of the white race may fittingly end. Their relations with the aboriginals, with murder, fire, and sudden death, is another story.

In the meantime, the dead buries its dead with the words, "And I heard a Voice from heaven saying unto me Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

CHAPTER XI.

The Whaling Industry—Restrictions at Hobart—Whales in the Derwent—An Angry Whale—Convict and Sealer Leaven—Escaped Convicts in the Straits—Native Women Raped—Murder of Sealers—A Strange Story of the Sea.

Port Jackson was only a few months in being when a convict transport, the "Britannia," sweeping round the south-west cape of Van Diemen's Land, on her way up to Sydney, ran through a school of sperm whales. Continuing the voyage along the coast of New South Wales, hundreds of whales were seen disporting themselves. When the "Britannia" arrived at the Cove, her captain, John Briscoe, secretly informed the Governor, Captain Phillip, of the wealth of oil, whalebone, and spermaceti floating loose in Australian waters. The Governor realised that there was a harvest of the sea to be gathered, and he sanctioned the fitting out of the "Britannia," as a whaler, to go in search of the leviathans of the deep. The crew of the "Britannia" (she was one of Samuel Enderby's ships, whose whalers had first rounded Cape Horn, and whose captains had actually opened up the Southern Ocean) "blew the gaff," whereupon two other skippers made up their minds to have a try for the whales. And their vessels, the "Mary" and "Matilda," were quicker off the mark than the Government coddled ship, "Britannia." Private enterprise led the way through the Heads, the "Britannia" following, with another vessel, the "Salamander," in her wake. The ships ran into bad weather—what seemed fair in Port Jackson proved foul in the ocean. The whales gave them the go-by, and the captains came back to port, sick and sorry, after their ships had had a "good dusting" under close-reefed topsails. The whale fishery then was given best for a time.

The failure of the whale fisheries subsequently in the northern seas gave a great impetus to whale fisheries in Australian waters. The base of the whalers' activities was at Hobart. At the beginning the enterprise was mostly in the hands of Sydney merchants, and this was in consequence of a prohibition on the part of the British Government that prevented the residents of Tasmania engaging in whale fisheries. The residents of Hobart, therefore, often suffered the mortification of witnessing several cargoes procured in their own river before their own eyes by ships totally unconnected with the colony. The prohibition arose through a desire to reduce the chance of the convicts' escape afforded by the visits of ships to the port of Hobart. Oil procured in Tasmanian waters had an excessive duty placed upon it, and the duty was not repealed until 1823. At that time about 1,000 tons of Tasmanian oil per annum were being imported into England.

Whaling vessels were earning about 300 per cent. on their owners' capital expenditure, and such large profits, finding their way into the pockets of Sydney merchants, and also less preferably into the lockers of American whaling captains, were the cause of protest and the display of chagrin on the part of would-be enterprising Hobart Town people. They appealed through Lieutenant-Governor

Collins, who was favorable to their petition, to the British Government to be allowed to share in the profits of the whale fisheries, that were not only rich in Tasmanian waters, but the whales actually came within almost a harpoon's throw of their own doors at "The Camp." One female whale, in 1820, went up as far as New Norfolk, 24 miles above Hobart, it is supposed for the purpose of calving, and there was killed.

The author of the whale fisheries, so far as their conduct was governed from Hobart, was the ex-navy man, William Collins, the sailor who had made the resourceful voyage in the open whale boat, carrying despatches from Port Phillip to Sydney, the reply to which had decided the site of Hobart Town. Collins had thoroughly explored Port Dalrymple, and it was his work in that direction, coupled with his past services to the Governors, that led to his speedy preferment, one Lieutenant-Governor appointing him the first Harbor Master, and it was while Collins was acting as the Harbor Master of Hobart that he placed the whaling industry on a working basis. He was the originator of the scheme to make Sullivan's Cove the home of a South Sea sperm whale fishery. Collins's memoranda on the subject reveal him as a man of education and of sound sense. The particulars of the scheme were forwarded by the Lieutenant-Governor to the Secretary of Colonies. In due season the papers were returned to Hobart, and the Lieutenant-Governor was informed that the restrictions against Hobart residents engaging in the whale fisheries were withdrawn, and the Secretary further added that Collins's proposals were endorsed with the approval of the British Government.

In his report Collins said that the sperm whale season lasted from December to April. When the season for sperm whales was over, and the months for sealing in the Bass Straits were spent, the whalers and sealers could return to the Derwent in time to pursue the beach whale fisheries. They commenced early in July, and continued until September. During those months Storm Bay Passage, Frederick Henry Bay, and the Derwent abounded with the black whale, or right fish. They came in at that time from the boisterous ocean to seek the more tranquil harbors as their lying-in beds, for they came to the bay and river when they were on the point of calving. According to Collins a dozen vessels could be freighted each year, and laden with whale oil and whalebone, and sent to England. His personal experience had been to see, in the months of July, August, and September, whales so numerous in the shoal parts of the river that from his tent, pitched on the shores of Sullivan's Cove, he had counted 60 whales in the river at one time.

Hobart's chaplain, old "Bobby" Knopwood, in his diary of July 1, 1804, says that the whales were so plentiful in the river that his boat had to keep close in shore, it being dangerous to venture into the mid-channel. "The Clarence" was the first Hobart Town whaler, and in 1826 she was in full employment. In the "Hobart Town Gazette" of that year there is a standing advertisement to this effect:

DERWENT WHALING CLUB, 1826.

Members: Jas. Kelly, William Wilson, Walter Angus Bethune, and Charles Ross Nairne.

Prize of 8 dollars is given to the first person who gives information of a whale being in the river. The profits of the Club are divided into 7 shares: 5 are shared by the members, 1 to charitable purposes, and 1 to the native youth who displays the greatest expertness as headsman.

Whales were ugly animals to bump against, as the crew of one of the locally-fitted ships on the Derwent found out to their cost. Captain Raine, in command of the "Surrey," was directed by the Lieutenant-Governor to visit and to search Ducie's Island, where, it was reported at Hobart, there were some wrecked whalers. The men were found on Ducie's Island in the last stage of starvation. They belonged to the "Essex," a ship that had been struck by a big whale in such a way as to carry off the vessel's false keel. The whale then went full speed ahead for a quarter of a mile. Suddenly she turned, and rushing, with tremendous power and marvellous quickness, at the ship, the "Essex" was driven backwards at a terrific rate. The collision caused such an upheaval of water that the sea rushed in at the cabin windows; every man-jack of the crew was hurled flat on the decks, and the ship's bows were crumpled up as completely as if they had sustained the impact of a runaway railway engine. The sailors only managed to save their lives by taking to the boats, and then just cleared the undertow of the sinking ship as she disappeared beneath the waves. The whale went away, apparently satisfied with the damage she had done to the ship, and not, as far as the sailors had time to observe, disgruntled by having what must have been a very sore snout.

When the whale fisheries were officially sanctioned at Hobart, the industry brought a change in the life of the place. The rank smell of convictism was mingled with the fishy stinks of whale products. The official, the convict, and the whaler and sealer dominated the town. In a short time they were closely co-related, and to some extent dependent upon each other. The official sold rum, the convict and sealer drank puncheons of the spirit. The convict hailed the sealer as a brother; the sealer saw in the convict a source of profit. And as the days slipped by the convict became a sealer, and the sealer often became a convict, and the prison officials still sold rum.

A phase of life was evolved—a convict-sealer blend—that probably has had no counterpart in the history of the world. As the sealers catted their anchors, so the convicts slipped their chains. While the whaler was freed from her moorings, the convicts escaped from their bondage. The Straits were the Alsatia of the convicts' dreams; the islands in the Straits the Ultima Thule of their hopes. In those isolated spots, not inviting great risk, they could let their wild passions, so cruelly curbed by chain, bolts, and lash, run the gamut of desire to unholy repletion, without check, without hindrance, free, free, as free as the ocean breeze, that fanned their grog and lust-heated faces, was to blow whersoever it listed.

Once in the Straits the convict sealer blend of ruffian evolved a fresh type of sea scoundrel, who, in a group, defied the authorities at Hobart. They were as bold as the worst of pirates and the best of buccaneers. In whaleboats they waylaid vessels, levied upon the ship's cargo, seized their kegs of rum, and, when so inclined, looted

on the coast of Tasmania. They were sea rats, who scattered to their unknown shelters of cliff and bay when the authorities at Hobart stirred in the direction of their ocean fastnesses. Again and again were the authorities asked to go forth and clutch these men by the throat, and to strangle the life out of them, and so put an end to their deeds. "All these men," said one paper, "strangers to religion, strangers to principle, among whom rapine of every kind, and even murder, is not infrequent, are they to be thus suffered to debase human nature?"

Sea rats and sea wolves by turn, these escaped convict sealers were as difficult to trap as the sea birds that wheeled in storm and sunshine about their wave-girt homes. The only god they knew was the god Belly, and their life of daring was lived to fill their god with rum, and to glut the fires of their lust on native women. Repeating the sabine rape of old, they would descend upon the shores of Tasmania and seize the young gins of the natives. In the words of one sealer, "As we stole the dams we killed the cubs." Such captured women were subjected to the greatest cruelty at the hands of the sealers. They worked them like slaves, burnt them with lighted sticks, and thrashed them when the work of skinning seals or of cleaning mutton birds was done. But the women had their day sometimes.

One rare case of triumph is recorded, where the wit of a woman outdistanced for ever the lust of more than a dozen sealing men. The incident is related in the "Hobart Town Gazette," 1824. A sealer named Duncan Bell was successful in stealing a native Tasmanian girl, with whom he cohabited for a couple of years. He then desired to obtain some more women for himself and for his mates. Bell asked his woman, who had a child to him, to decoy some of the young women of her tribe to the beach. That act she agreed to do. The sealers set sail from the islands, with her and her child, for Tasmania. They landed, and she went with her child into the bush, remaining away for three days. On returning, she said she had decoyed the women to the vicinity of the beach, where the sealers were camped, and that next day they could capture the gins. That night she secured the only musket the sealers had. In the morning she told Bell to remain in the boat while she led the men to the women. Once well into the bush she asked the men to wait. She had not long departed from them when her infuriated tribe, under her direction, rushed on to the sealers, waiting expectant like so many Tarquins, and slaughtered them. While that massacre was going on, she hurried to the seashore, cried to Bell to save himself, and then, turning inshore, sped back to her tribe. Bell took the woman's warning, and made good his escape, but he never saw again the mother of his child nor the child of his rapine.

Apart from the moral degradation that characterised the calling of whalers and sealers, tainted with convictism, the fisheries, as a commercial asset to the struggling colony, were very valuable. The exports from Van Diemen's Land at that time consisted generally of cattle, sheep, wool, wheat, salt provisions, hides, tallow, seal skins, whale oil, and spars. The exportation of cattle and sheep to the Isle of France commenced in 1818, and it was a trade that reached a con-

siderable volume before it suffered a gradual decline. The salt provisions exported from Hobart went to Port Jackson for the supply of his Majesty's magazines of stores, as well as for the general market. The wheat was sent to Rio de Janeiro and to the Cape of Good Hope. In 1815, the value of exports was £885; in 1820 it had risen to £33,225. The harvest from the sea was the most profitable, while it lasted, of all the early industries. But the wholesale way the seals and whales were slaughtered at breeding time, without thought of future supplies, could not but in time result in the extinction of the trade.

Captain Flinders speaks of the crew of the "Nautilus" getting 9,000 skins of seals in a very short time. A party of 35 men collected 36,000 skins in 18 months. The skins sold at the rate of eight to a dozen for a gallon of rum, valued at five shillings. The oil brought six shillings a gallon. The "Hobart Town Gazette," in 1826, was urging the Government to protect the breeding season of seals, but to no purpose. In a paragraph the "Gazette" states: "Young Scott, who has been an inhabitant of the Straits, and has cohabited with a black woman, by whom he has three children, declares that he has known 300 pups to have perished on one bank, owing to the premature desertion of the mothers, driven away by unseasonable disturbance by the sealers."

Some strange and eventful stories of perils encountered and accidents suffered at sea are to be gleaned in the records of the early colonisation of Van Diemen's Land. Convicts were shipped, or were secretly taken to serve, as sailors on board the whalers and sealers, and so, rough as the original crews were, a still rougher and an infinitely more dangerous element to safety in lonely places, where "dead men tell no tales," was introduced among them.

Remarkable in the group of events close to Lieutenant-Governor Collins's commandership at Hobart is the story of the nautical disasters and personal misfortunes suffered by Captain Howard, who was engaged in sealing in the Straits, as well as beating about the Southern Sea highways in search of cargoes and of dollars. At the outset of his last ventures he was robbed in Hobart of an iron chest containing money and jewels. The iron chest was common enough in those days, without banks and wanting places of security for valuables. He was a wise man who laid not moveable treasure where the thieves could break in and steal, for there were abroad more thieves than treasure. Captain Howard owned a smart little brig, the "Lachlan," and she was stolen by convicts, who succeeded in getting clear away. Howard then freighted the "Daphne" for India, taking with him, in addition to his crew of seven men, as passengers two women and a boy. He stood the brig out into the Straits, and as there was a stiff gale blowing he ran for shelter to the lee of the coast at Kent's Group, where he landed. About the time he did so, the brig, plunging heavily, dragged her anchors, and began to drift ashore. Howard saw that the brig's destruction was inevitable, and with considerable difficulty he managed to regain the "Daphne." Under Howard's instructions the long boat was laden with provisions, and the ship's party landed on the island. Howard then set sail for the Derwent in the long boat, where he arrived with a worn-out crew, and himself in a stage of exhaustion.

When the news of the brig's destruction was made known, the "Governor Sorrell," a sloop, was sent to rescue the castaways left on the island. But before the slop reached the island a brig called the "John Palmer" entered Kent's Group, and the ship's crew was not long before they located a fire, and discovered the balance of the crew of the "Daphne" and the passengers. The master of the "John Palmer" took off the two women and the boy, and also a bag of 400 dollars that Captain Howard had left in their charge. Howard's chance of seeing his hard-earned dollars again, had all gone well with the "John Palmer," was probably remote. The elements were, however, against the "John Palmer," while the stars in their courses appeared to be fighting against the luck of Howard. Caught in the eye of a gale of wind, the "John Palmer" missed her stays, and was driven on to the rocks, where she was lost with her cargo and Howard's dollars, though the crew, women, and boy were saved. Howard must have been a very Jonah, though he did follow the occupation, on occasion, of a whaler as well as a sealer. As he pressed on in the "Governor Sorrell" to the rescue of those of his crew left at Kent's Group, the "Governor Sorrell," it is supposed, struck on a hidden rock, and foundered with all hands.

The seamen, who grew tired of waiting for rescue and sick of having for food any chance mutton birds they could capture, started off in a boat to try and reach the Derwent. They were successful in doing so. They reported that when off Cape Barren they saw a quantity of wreckage belonging to the "Governor Sorrell," including the brig's binnacle. The long arm of an untoward fate followed Howard's goods, or ventures, even unto the days after his drowning. As a concurrent speculation with the one to India under his own personal guidance, he had employed a captain and freighted two ships, the "Frederick" and the "Wellington," to convey some cattle and sheep to the Isle of France, a place that offered a good market for live stock. When the vessels reached the Northumberland Islands, the stock was in a dying condition, and a delay there ended in the death of all the sheep and cattle. For want of proper shelter, and a sufficient anchorage, a heavy ocean swell carried the "Frederick" on to the rocks, and 22 of the crew were drowned, including some convicts who were making good their escape from Hobart. Only the chief officer of the "Frederick," a woman, and a boy were rescued by some members of the crew of the "Wellington," who put off in a boat to save them.

Leaving what, to the crew, was an accursed spot, sick with a nameless fear, they turned the prow of the vessel towards the Island of Timor in the hope of obtaining a cargo of sandalwood, tortoise shell, and trepang, but the fates were against them. Their food supplies ran short, and to preserve their lives they were forced to overhaul the green, stinking hides they had skinned off the dead animals and to stomach the loathsome meat they could scrape off the skins. They were unable to obtain a charter at the Dutch settlement at Timor, so they continued their voyage to Batavia. There in his cabin, sitting up in his bunk, was the captain, with staring, sightless eyes looking horror-stricken out of his head, stone dead. He had grown so "weary with disasters and tugged with fortune" that he was too tired to even set his life on any chance to end or mend it.

This last calamity was quite too much for the superstitious sailors, who slunk with awe-stricken faces out of the cabin of death that seemed to fill the whole space of the brig and turn her into a floating coffin. "They spake not a word, but, like dumb statues or breathing stones, stared each on other, and looked deadly pale." They had supped full on horrors, and with one accord they quitted the haunted vessel like a swarm of frightened rats deserting a sea-doomed, foundering craft. Then the shipping authorities at Batavia seized the vessel as a derelict. On a search being made, they found the ship's register was lost and that her owners were unknown.

CHAPTER XII.

The "Great Black War"—"See the Niggers Run"—Conflagration and Death—The "Line"—Attempt to Quarry the Natives—Seventy Thousand Pounds Spent—One Native Captured.

On May 3, 1804, the boom of a cannon at Risdon awakened the echoes of the place. The sound reverberated as far as Hobart, where Lieutenant-Governor Collins, seated chatting after dinner to the "Camp's" chaplain, Knopwood, started in alarm at such an untoward noise that presaged evil. It was indeed a forbidding moment, for it heralded from the cannon's mouth, in the spit of angry fire, the doom of the native race of Tasmania. When Tasman discovered Van Diemen's Land, he conferred a blessing on the white race, but he unwittingly brought to the individual aboriginals the bitterness of death wrapped up in the unalterable tragedy of the utter extinction of their tribe. But as yet the cloud in the sky was no bigger than a man's hand. The cannon's report had scarcely died away when Collins sent, hot on foot, a messenger to Risdon to know why and for what had his Majesty the King's ordnance been fired, disturbing the peace that May afternoon. Were the convicts in Risdon in revolt? Where was the local commandant, Lieutenant Bowen, of the Royal Navy? Lieutenant-Governor Collins had to wait, and to wait until half-past seven that evening, before Lieutenant Moore arrived at the Camp and reported that Lieutenant Bowen was away exploring, and that he, Moore, had fired upon a mob of natives, slaughtering (or murdering) several of them. The number is unknown, as the records were destroyed at Collins's death. Moore was drunk that morning on an overdose of rum, and in the afternoon he saw double—at least one of the settlers who saw him said so. Did Collins get to the heart of things when Moore, sobered by the deed he had done, had an audience with him at half-past seven?

The facts were that about 300 natives were chasing a mob of kangaroos, and the animals hopped into Risdon. The natives, wives, and children rushed in after them. The New South Wales corps, known afterwards as the "grog-swilling 102nd" Regiment, were on

a half-drunken spree, with Moore at the head of them. The corps desired to "see the niggers run," so "bang!" went the murderous discharges of their muskets. Then, to heighten the joy of the spree, the cannon was fired off. Moore was called upon to give an official report. In it he fails woefully to justify the murders; he admits two natives were killed, others wounded, and that the carronade was fired to further frighten the survivors. He thought them "very far from friendly." Moore concludes his letter with, "I have now, sir, as near as I can recollect, given you the leading particulars, and hope there has nothing been done but what you approve of." Subsequently, Moore's two natives grew into six, but the settlers swore at an inquiry that "many of the natives were slaughtered and wounded." That cheerful old soul, Dr. Mountgarret, who flogged his creditors, is almost pleased, for he sent a note, dated the same day as the slaughter took place, to a Mr. Bowden, "to know if he would like to see one of the killed men dissected," and at the same time Mountgarret invites Parson Knopwood up to Risdon to christen "a fine native boy I have, about two years old, whose mother and father were both killed." As a further proof of the interest, dead or alive, Mountgarret took in the natives, he had the bodies of some of the murdered men put in lime, and later sent them in two barrels to Sydney.

The fumes of the rum were not in Collins's brain, and he did not see the trend of events in the same light as Mountgarret, a man who wedded murder and christening together, and called them "Christianity." The Lieutenant-Governor wrote to Governor King in Sydney that Knopwood baptised the young native boy—Robert Hobart May—without his knowledge or consent, and that when he "found that Dr. Mountgarret intended to take the two-year-old native to Sydney, he had the boy brought to the Camp, and directed that he should be returned to his own people, for fear that they should think he had been killed and eaten by the English." From this time forward the natives assumed a hostile attitude towards the Europeans that culminated in "The Great Black War" that was officially inaugurated by a "Gazette" notice dated November 29, 1826.

Both blacks and whites had been guilty of terrible atrocities; the latter with less reason than the original occupants of the land. One instance on the part of whites may be quoted: "Two men went out shooting birds. Some natives seeing them approach hastily fled. A woman, approaching motherhood, unable to run with the rest, climbed up a tree, and broke down the branches around her for concealment. But she had been observed by the 'sportsmen.' One of these proposed to shoot her, but the other objected. The first, however, dropped behind, and fired at the unfortunate creature. A fearful scream was heard, and then a new-born infant fell out of the tree."

At Jericho a number of natives watched a settler's home for three days, waiting to see the settler leave his hut without his musket. When he did so they surrounded and murdered him, and then went to the house and dashed out the brains of his wife and their seven children. The settlers, when they caught black boys, seized them by the legs and swung them round, smashing their heads against the trunks of trees.

The whole story is one of woe, and every line could be written in blood. Men openly boasted of the number of "black crows" they had shot, and bushrangers made a practice of shooting the natives to procure meat on which to feed their dogs. The settlers left poisoned rum in the woods for them to drink. When white men, women, or children could not be trapped and murdered, the natives speared the settlers' cattle. They employed fire when it was too late to be effective, their strength being broken. It was said that if they had fired the country at the beginning of the conflict, burning homes and fences, and spearing cattle, they would have made Tasmania untenable for the white race. Stockmen and station hands, when they captured a solitary native male, tied him to a tree and mutilated him, afterwards letting the maimed wretch go free. The native in retaliation committed abominable atrocities on their victims' bodies. This they did for the purpose of exhibiting their deadly animosity against the Europeans for chaining their women to logs, and keeping them so, until they had been outraged by the stockmen, the majority of whom were convicts under assignment. White men were mutilated by the natives, and the gins tortured them still more by cutting them with sharp stones. They did everything they could devise to add to the poignancy of a slow, agonising death to the naked white male.

Lieutenant-Governor Sorell denounced "the cruelties that were being perpetrated upon the aborigines as repugnant to humanity and disgraceful to the British character." A party out after blacks killed thirty in capturing eleven. Quamby's Bluff, in the eastern highlands of Tasmania, is so called because a native hunted to his death there fell on his knees and cried, "Quamby! quamby!" (Mercy! mercy!) Natives squatting at their camp fires were stalked, in the darkness of night, and shot with a sudden volley. Any infants found in the encampment were thrown alive into the fires. The women were outraged and then shot. The "Colonial Times" reports that "a party had succeeded in getting within thirty yards of a camp fire and killing an immense quantity of the blacks." Dr. Nixon, Bishop of Tasmania, said there were many such scenes that "make us blush for humanity." To the eternal credit of the early Tasmanian press be it recorded that, both at Launceston and Hobart, the papers lifted up their voices at the horrors done by white men to the natives; but their voices were as voices crying in shambles that were drowned in the cries of agony of the victims.

The "Launceston Advertiser" said: "We have seen the natives despoiled of their lands by a strange race of men, and we have seen them ill-treated by the invaders, their provisions destroyed, and their lives cruelly and wantonly taken by men whose nation proudly boasts of her inhabitants being the most civilised and most noble-souled creatures on the face of the globe." The execrable atrocities, said Dr. Broca, that were committed upon the Tasmanian race, and that in the nineteenth century, were less excusable than the, till then, unrivalled crimes of which the Spaniards were guilty in the sixteenth century in the Antilles.

The "Hobart Town Times," in April, 1836, did not parley with the enemy at the gate. Referring to the treatment of the natives, that paper said: "They have been murdered in cold blood. They have

been shot in the woods, and hunted down as beasts of prey; their women have been contaminated, and then had their throats cut, or shot by the British residents, who would fain call themselves civilised people. The Government, too, by the common hangman, sacrificed the lives of such of the aborigines as in retaliation destroyed their wholesale murderers, and the Government, to its shame be it recorded, in no one instance, on no single occasion, ever punished or threatened to punish the acknowledged murderers of the aboriginal inhabitants." In April, 1825, the "Hobart Town Gazette" warned the Government and the settlers that the native would "not tamely bear extirpation by vindictiveness." Before he would do that he "will scatter blood, conflagration, death, and ruin throughout every district in the colony." That prophecy came true. Soon every man in the island was to be in motion, from Lieutenant-Governor Colonel Arthur to the meanest convict. The Lieutenant-Governor evolved a plan of campaign that was, if successfully carried out, to drive the natives, like a flock of sheep, to within Tasman's Peninsula, joined to the mainland by a neck about a quarter of a mile in breadth. In 1816 General Macquarie had driven the New South Wales blacks, helter skelter, with great slaughter, over the Blue Mountains. Why, therefore, should not the Tasmanian blacks be driven on to Tasman's Peninsula?

Lieutenant-Governor Colonel Arthur was acquainted with the risks that he ran in attempting to quell the uprising of the natives. On November 1, 1828, he had proclaimed martial law in the colony, but that drastic measure had not reduced the number of the almost daily outrages of the natives. Over 1,000 sheets of foolscap were necessary to officially record the murders and arsons committed by them. On the other side, Arthur felt there was the very real danger to life and property in the penal settlement at the hands of the desperate convicts ready to master and murder their guards. No one could doubt that while the military and constabulary, with the settlers (known as "five-pounders" from the sum given as a reward for the capture of a native), were chasing the blacks, that the opportunity was afforded for a convict rebellion. To meet that contingency, Arthur created a Town Guard, making Major E. Abbott commandant. Eight divisions of seven men paraded the town for two hours at a time, and as the commissariat stores were lodged at a publichouse, and the Town Guard kept watch over the hotel, the Guard was derisively called the "grog-selling regiment."

To commence the campaign with a snap, an open house was established at Government House, and Hobart Town residents became drunk on "good ration rum." An official dinner was given at Hodgson's Macquarie Hotel, and pot-valiant speeches were made. Captain Kemp, of Mount Vernon, gave a toast. The substance of it has been recorded. "Gentlemen," said he, "you see a sample before you of what this colony can produce, which we are now, one and all, making an unanimous effort to ensure the enjoyment of in peace and comfort. If, when not only the necessaries, but many of the luxuries, of life are thus bountifully supplied us, we are not loyal, we shall never be loyal. Fill your glasses, gentlemen—the health of his Excellency, and success to the volunteers. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" The officers put on a "lot of dog." The first division of volunteers was known as the

"King's Own," alternatively with the "Elegant Extracts" and the "Dirty Buffs."

The "Colonial Times" rubbed it into the volunteers in this fashion: "Of all the banditti we ever recollect as coming before our eyes on the stage, none have equalled the mob which left Hobart Town on Tuesday last in pursuance of the proposed operations in the interior; their very appearance brought to mind the former bush-ranging times, and happy it is for us that our present situation will prevent the likelihood of danger arising from placing arms and ammunition in the hands of such a set of men."

The Line consisted of 119 leaders of parties, with a guide to each, making another 119. In addition to the soldiers, constabulary, and settlers, there were 738 convict assigned servants attached to the Line. Altogether, it was estimated that there were 5,000 men engaged in the Black Drive. Of that number, 1,500 went from Hobart Town and 500 from Launceston. The principal depot was at Oatlands, where 300 pair of handcuffs, 1,000 muskets, and 30,000 rounds of blank cartridge were stored, as well as many thousands of rations.

From Prosser's River to Sorell, a distance of thirty miles, the Line extended, and sentinels within hail of each other (45 yards) kept watch by day and by night. Soon those in the Line learnt that some of the aboriginals were slipping by them. Terrible vengeance was being taken by these natives on settlers' wives left in the rear of the Line. The weather broke up, streams became torrents, and the volunteers began to desert and "crawl home." The Line was described as worse than an Act of Parliament, for while a coach and six could be driven through the latter, a waggon and eight might easily pass the former. By some accounts it appears that the majority of settlers were more frightened of meeting the natives than anything else. George Thomas Lloyd, who was there, says in his contemporary report: "Nothing could be more amusing than to hear the sentinels of the respective parties announce consecutively in the tongues peculiar to the nation honored with the birth and parentage of those watchful patrols that "all was well." "Numberr tin, an' all'z will," ejaculated a raw son of Erin in a piercing alto voice; "all but poor Mickey himself, sure!" added he. "And aw's weel, too, at number alaven!" responded the contiguous watchman. . . . Occasionally, however, the dull routine was relieved by the asinine braying of an alarmed sentinel, who, in terrified accents, and with the full force of his stentorian lungs, would vociferate, "Look out! Look out! Look out! Here they are! Here they are!" when, apprehending nothing short of their comrade being dragged by the legs, at the hands of some giant savage, into the dense thickets near to his post, every man around immediately seized his gun and rushed to render assistance. In the meantime, with telegraphic speed, the inspiring words, "Look out!" passed down the Line, and aroused every hero of the corps d'armee. The General of the right wing, also, galloping in all haste to the scene of action, excitingly demanded, "What's the matter? What is it?"

"'Pon my honor, don't know, sir," replied the terrified Cockney; "but there's been sich a crackling o' sticks in that 'ere scrub for the last ten minutes ever since I've been on—Holloa! Hark, sir! Hark;

there he is, sir! There he goes, sir, crushing through them bushes!"

"Fire, men; fire!" exclaimed the excited General. And the order was quickly responded to by the sharp discharge of five barrels only, out of twelve—five refusing to go off on account of the damp weather, and two from being loaded "shot first."

As a result of the volley they found a wounded milch cow! The nocturnal wanderings of the brush kangaroo alarmed and fooled the gallant Line again and again. To stop any possible advance of the imprisoned tribes, Colonel Arthur, on October 25, ordered palisades to be erected of sharpened sticks driven into the ground at the rear of the Line in such a way as to spike any of the natives who rushed through the always advancing Line. He really believed that he had the tribes scurrying before the Line. Hills were stormed by the troops in great style; but though newly formed spears and waddies were sometimes found, there was seldom a black seen. From the rear of the Line came word of appalling outrages. Fires began to redden the sky, and women were speared to death. It was known that at least 150 natives had broken through the cordon! The right wing was at Sorrell, the left at Spring Bay, and the centre at the White Marsh. The Neck was reached, the Peninsula entered, and a search made for the natives. There was not one there! The entire cost to the colony of the "Black Drive" was upwards of seventy thousand pounds, and the result of the Line's efforts was the capture of one native!

CHAPTER XIII.

Lieutenant-Colonel Davey—The "Mad Colonel"—Swamps Hobart in Rum—Imports Women from Sydney—Visit of Governor Macquarie—"Hell's Gates" Discovered—Bush-rangers—Arrival of First Free Immigrant Ship—Wrecks of Three Convict Transports—Dreadful Loss of Life—Male and Female Convicts.

After the death of Collins, Lieutenant Edward Lord was in command of Hobart until the arrival of Captain Murray, of the 73rd Regiment, who was succeeded by Colonel Geils. Nearly three years elapsed before a Lieutenant-Governor, in the person of Colonel Thomas Davey, R.M., was appointed. During Murray's term of office, the Governor of New South Wales, Major-General Macquarie, arrived at Hobart. He expressed himself dissatisfied with the way the town had been laid out, without any system or plans, and at the same time indicated improvements he desired carried to completion. The centre of the town he called St. George's-square. In this was to be situated a church, and a town hall that was to have barrack quarters attached to the building for the town guard. In the centre of the square was to be a market. Macquarie gave some of the streets names. He called Liverpool-street after Robert Banks Jenkinson, Earl of Liver-

pool, who was Prime Minister of England for 15 years. In the year of Macquarie's appointment, 1809, Liverpool was Secretary for War and for the Colonies in the ill-fated Perceval's Ministry, and it was he who gave Macquarie his appointment, hence the reason of Liverpool-street in Hobart. Macquarie-street he named after himself, Elizabeth-street after his wife, Argyle-street after their native county, and Murray-street as a compliment to Captain Murray, who had honored them with a salute from the Battery, and saw also that candles and colored papers were put in the windows of the small straggling cottages. Macquarie issued an address to the settlers, dated "Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, November 26, 1811," in which he told them of the "pleasure I feel on seeing one of the finest countries in the world in a state of rapid improvement by the exertions of his Majesty's loyal subjects settled here." When it is remembered that felons formed the large majority of "loyal subjects," Macquarie's unconscious humor is apparent.

"Mad Colonel Davey," the second Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania, arrived at Hobart on February 4, 1813, and he at once gave the residents an inkling of his disregard for conventionalities. The day was hot, and he pulled off his coat, carrying it on his arm. The residents were astounded; but whether it was because he showed a little horse sense, or that he told them he did not care a damn for them, is not clear. He wanted some rum when he landed, and he did not cease to call for it until he departed. With the free and easy manner of a sailor, he made himself popular with some of the people; but he did not trouble himself about any system of government. In several ways he was an unusual character. He had been in command of the marines at the battle of Trafalgar, and he thought more of rum and gunpowder than any orders or requests he received from Macquarie. When he was leaving England, he concealed the fact from his family, and it was only at the last moment that they accidentally discovered he had embarked for Tasmania. By forced exertions they reached the vessel in time to board her, to the astonishment of Davey. He sent his luggage out to Tasmania by another vessel, and she was captured by an American privateer. Davey made a claim against the Government, and after some tall lying as to the value of his luggage he succeeded in obtaining the biggest grant of land ever conferred in the colony, viz., 3,000 acres!

Davey considered that women were wanted in the island, and he directed his energies to obtain them. He persuaded Macquarie to send down some females, and 200 convict women arrived by the brig "Kangaroo." Davey bugled the news through the land that he had 200 women, and the settlers could have their pick—first come, first served. The "ladies" are not recorded as a choice bevy of womanhood; nevertheless, the whole number vanished into the settlers' homes, in the bush, on the day they landed. "The Hobart Town Gazette" came into existence on June 1, 1816, and Davey gave it an official status. The paper has a paragraph about one of these women that shows the social state of Hobart under Davey's rule. It reads:—"A Hibernian, whose finances were rather low, brought his wife to the hammer this morning, and, although no way prepossessing in appearance, to the amazement of all present she was sold and de-

livered to a settler for one gallon of rum and 20 ewes. From the variety of bidders, had there been any more in the market the sale would have been very brisk."

Davey's first official order is connected with the observance of the birthday of George III. Davey orders the soldiers, superintendents, and constables a pound of fresh meat and half a pint of rum. On that day, June 4, four ships were in port. Orders were given to remove some swinging bodies, hung in gibbets erected near the wharf, as the females of the town did not like the sight the corpses presented. Persons were ordered not to harbor runaway convicts, several of whom are mentioned. In a later number of the paper an account of the country is given about Macquarie Harbor and Port Davey, explored by "the bold and enterprising perseverance of an individual in a whaleboat," D. McCarthy, though the bay was first entered by Captain Kelly, of the "Sophia." When he did so, Kelly had with him a five-oared whaleboat, and his discoveries took place in December, 1815. Kelly it was who named Bathurst Harbor in honor of Lord Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies; Macquarie Harbor after the Governor-General; Elizabeth Island after Mrs. Gordon, of Pittwater; Sarah Island and Birch's Inlet after Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Birch, of Hobart Town; and Gordon River after Mr. James Gordon, of Pittwater. The notice of Macquarie Harbor, in the "Gazette," is one of the first semi-official references to the place that was destined to be the abode of the damned on earth—a place that may be fitly described in Milton's words:—

"Rocks, caves, lakes, ferns, bogs, dens and shades of death
Where all life dies; death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse; all monstrous, all prodigious things
Abominable; unutterable!"

The entrance to the Harbor was called "Hell's Gates." Backhouse, the Quaker, who visited the place, wrote, "The sight was awfully grand. The pilot commanded all below; but I said I should like to see the end of it. We drew seven and a half there, but were seven in the hollow of the sea! At this moment a large billow carried us forward on its raging head. The pilot's countenance relaxed; he looked like a man reprieved under the gallows."

In the next number of the "Gazette," Davey orders two hundred lashes to be given to an intruder into another man's house at night. Bridget Green, for theft, was to wear the iron collar for 28 days. The brickwork of the new gaol was finished; therefore his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor ordered each mechanic and laborer to be given half a pint of rum. A gallon of rum is offered for the recovery of a missing tame kangaroo; also another gallon of rum for the return of a missing boat. News is given of "Mike Howe and twelve other bushrangers." Howe was the most notorious of the many infamous bushrangers of Van Diemen's Land, and it was owing to the lax government of Colonel Davey that men such as Howe terrorised the country. During Collins's term there was a semblance of authority; but Davey relaxed the discipline he found when he entered office. So far did he ignore what was due to his position as a Lieutenant-Governor in charge of a penal settlement that he frequently invited the more talented convicts, those that could play music and sing, and with them have an orgie on rum. Early in the morning they would

rush out of Government House into the streets, and disturb the peace by wild, drunken yells.

The advancement of the colony was actually retarded by the bushrangers, who were at this time more dangerous to the settlers than were the natives. Their deeds were deeds of daring and of sanguinary violence, and their movements were rapid. One day they would be in the vicinity of Launceston, and then they would suddenly appear at New Norfolk, or Pittwater, a line of burnt barns, slaughtered cattle, and often murdered men and outraged women, black and white, being left behind them. The country was dotted with names, the outcome of their acts, some of the names being: "Murderers' Plains," Killman Point," "Hell Corner," "Murderers' Tiers," "Four Square Gallows," "Dunne's Look-out," "Brady's Look-out," and "Lemon's Lagoon." The bushrangers were in league with the stock-keepers, who in time also joined the gangs. Davey was utterly unable to reduce the bushrangers by force, and therefore Macquarie, in Sydney, ordered him to notify that pardons would be given to all of those who had not committed murder, if, within six months, they returned to their duty.

The bushrangers increased as a result of the notification, since its effect was to give them license to pillage the country for six months, and then be quit of their crimes by surrendering themselves and obtaining the promised pardon. Colonel Davey proclaimed martial law, whereupon Governor Macquarie gave him a rap over the knuckles, saying he had exceeded his powers. Macquarie pointed out that it would never do if any subaltern, whose distance from the central authority gave the plea of necessity, proclaimed martial law. Davey took the snub while he snorted, and determined, by "Muster Orders," to make the town appear outwardly moral. He notified "All persons neglecting to send their men to church, if near enough, will be deprived of assigned servants." He fined a man a pound for profaning "the Sabbath Day by driving a cart and bullocks loaded with sawn timber through the streets of Hobart Town." He prohibited bakers to make bread on Sunday, because doing so was a "profanation of the Lord's Day, vulgarly and improperly called Sabbath-breaking." One paper admonished the bakers:—

"To cease to urge your knavish plea
Lest you perchance be shoven
Where every baker rogue will be
Well baked in Satan's oven."

At that time not one out of ten of Davey's officers was living with his wife, but with convict concubines! Davey laid on February 19, 1817, the foundation-stone of St. David's Church, at Hobart Town. Davey proclaimed the day a "Thanksgiving Day" and a public holiday. He ordered half a pint of rum to be given to each of the soldiers and constables. This rum was served from "bucket and pannikin," a custom always adopted and recommended as a "measure of police." It was to prevent the men from robbing each other of their due share of rum. Poured into a bucket, all shared alike, and there was no chance to steal any bottles.

The first free immigrant ship arrived in Hobart in the year 1816. The English Government did not hold out any encouragement to per-

sons to emigrate to the colonies unless they possessed £500; but the Government had no power to prevent people doing so if they desired, as the Act laid down "for any lawful purposes without any licenses whatever." The Lieutenant-Governors were in the habit of making grants of 50 to 1,000 acres of land to the emigrants whom they deemed "respectable," as the word was understood in Vandemonia. The cabin room on the emigrant ships was regulated by Act of Parliament at six feet in length and two and a half in width, the full height between decks for each adult; two children under 14 years of age, and three under nine years of age were considered as equal to an adult. Every ship carrying 50 persons, including the crew, had to provide a surgeon. Until Davey's time, Hobart was a closed port. No vessel could enter, nor anything be imported, but via Port Jackson, from whence came to Hobart the refuse of her trebly-convicted felons, out of which the bands of bushrangers were formed. At this time (1817) the population of Van Diemen's Land was 3,114, and of that number 566 resided in and around Launceston.

Graduations were made in Sydney amongst the felons sent to Tasmania. Those who required special punishment were sent to Hobart; others, who were worse, were sent to Launceston; and the dregs of all were settled at George Town. The safety with which convict ships made their passages was proverbial, and the saying was often quoted that the "devil looks after his own," or "those born to be hung will never be drowned." But, like every rule, the rule of safety, appertaining to convict transports, had its exception. That of the transport "George the Third" created most painful sensations in Hobart, where she was making for with fifty-three persons on her sick list. The sick list on these transports was always a large one, and the rate of mortality very high. The convicts had a six months' voyage over boisterous seas, and many of them made the voyage weighted down with chains, lodged in damp, noxious floating prisons. Captain Moxby, captain of "George the Third," was trying to reach Hobart by way of D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, when the ship struck at first lightly, then she bumped heavily. In less than ten minutes she was a wreck. The felons were locked in their prisons, and the scene was terrible, as they fought like maddened animals bereft of any reason, battering themselves against the bars. They implored the guards to release them, but in vain. Some of the convicts forced their way, by desperate efforts, through the bars. The guard poured in a volley, killing several of them. By this time the water had reached the prison, and all expected instant death. The surgeon-superintendent and Major Ryan succeeded in sending the longboat ashore, amidst the cheers of some of the convicts who were free from the prison. Assistance was afforded to the shipwrecked company by the "Louisa" schooner; but of 220 convicts 133 perished. An old criminal, under his third term of transportation, lashed himself to a ring attached to the hull, and there he was afterwards found drowned, and in that way he closed his career of crime.

A transport for female convicts, the "Neva," bound for Hobart, struck on a reef, off King's Island, and out of the 323 females aboard only eight were saved. According to the account of the Bishop of Tasmania: "The surgeon was the first to perish; the poor, unhappy girls were tossed into the ocean as they were, unclad, unprepared, the

wild, screaming death-shriek mingling with the wilder storm." An eye-witness, a sealer, said he dragged on shore the bodies of 18 girls; some were locked in each other's arms, others as peaceful in their faces as if asleep, others bent and twisted into distorted forms. In one place he buried 50, in another 20, and in a third 245 bodies. The fate of the "Governor Phillip," that struck on a dangerous shoal off Cape Barren Island, was also to be a total wreck. The ship was commanded by a young man, Lieutenant Griffiths. With the exception of four convicts, six soldiers, and five seamen, all on board were saved. The prisoners broke open their prison, and rushed on deck. There they implored Griffiths to save them. The gallant man gave the convicts his word that he would be the last man to leave the wreck. He knocked off the prisoners' irons, and saw that they were conveyed in the longboat, in successive journeys, to the shore. Then finding the boat, owing to the increasing seas, could not reach the ship, he plunged into the sea and was washed away to his death in the current.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Mad Davey" Retires—Convict Cuts Boy's Throat in Court—Davey's Joke—Wool Industry—Cancer of Convictism—Newly-landed Felons—"Rattlesnake Cargoes."

Colonel Davey, R.M., retired from the Lieutenant-Governorship of Tasmania on April 9, 1817, by which date he had succeeded in making things particularly warm for himself and for the residents of Hobart. It was a small community—there was only a population of 2,000—so it may be imagined that, with a more or less rum-drunk autocrat like "Mad Davey," feeling ran very high, since no man or woman was secure from his wrath, and there was the ever-current fear that his excessive dram drinking might, as no doubt it did, cause him to see awry. The outrages committed by bushrangers got on his nerves. He issued absurd orders, drastic in their incidence, but they had to be obeyed. He made a curfew law, and flogged anybody, bond or free, who left their house at night. According to a Hobart merchant named Birch (he was a small shipowner as well, and Birch's Inlet, at Macquarie Harbor, is named after him, and Sarah Island after his wife), society, as it existed in the day when Davey flogged free men, nourished every species of crime.

Hobart was the "very gorge of sin. It was the general receptacle of the worst characters in the world, who grappled with each other as if they were at the very gates of hell." Nothing was too hot nor too heavy for them to steal, nor too paltry to restrain them from committing murder. They burnt the implements of husbandry for iron, they robbed the gibbet of the chains, they wrenched the plate off a coffin of a merchant, turned his body out, and stripped off its shroud. One convict, tried for assaulting a boy, suddenly rushed

across the floor of the court, at Hobart, and cut the boy's throat with a razor he had concealed before the military guard could prevent him. The convict had, in his career, murdered three men, and escaped the hangman. His fourth murder ended by the wretch being swung into eternity. At the same court, two other cases were heard, which show clearly the relative value of life or chastity when weighed in the balance with property. A convict was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment (without a lashing being mentioned) for a diabolical rape on a girl of seven years; a convict for stealing some sheep was hung. For the rape of a respectable female in his boat in the daytime, after a violent struggle, a local ferryman received six months' imprisonment, also without lashing. The greatest leniency was at times shown to some, while the highest punishment was given to others for like offences. Justice was dispensed according to the idiosyncrasies of the magistrate, as the whims of the moment directed him. Davey encouraged these scoundrels by his toleration. He invited felons to sup with him, and when freemen refused to dine with him and the felons, he asked the freemen to lunch with him alone. They agreed to do so, and attended the Government House for that purpose. They were seated at a table covered with joints, but before they could begin their dinner a body of convicts rushed in and removed the dishes and meats. The convicts were the men the freemen refused to meet, and whom the Lieutenant-Governor had concealed for the purpose of his joke. Colonel Davey laughed heartily; the settlers retired in a very angry mood; and the felons ate the dinner, with Davey presiding at the board.

That sort of conduct, by the representative of the Crown, in a convict settlement, was bound to come to a swift end when once the executive authorities got the full strength of the capers cut by Davey. No doubt his retirement from the Lieutenant-Governorship was hastened by the boot of Governor Macquarie. Yet Davey had his friends and his good points. He was known to have, under his rough and ready exterior, a generous disposition. His was a case of a man quite unsuited for the position he filled, and his lack of success was not surprising. He settled upon the land he had wheedled from the British Government in compensation for the loss of his portmanteau that the American privateer had pounced upon.

After his resignation, Colonel Davey remained in the colony about four years. On May 20, 1821, we find a shipping note in the "Hobart Gazette" stating that the ship "Regalia" had cleared out for London, via Port Jackson, with 250 tons of elephant oil (seal), some wool, as well as having Colonel Davey on board. When he left, his estate and the holding of E. Lord's were the only two pastoral properties or farms in Tasmania that had a fence around them, yet wheat in that year was grown by the settlers and exported to Sydney to the value of £20,000. Wheat was valued at 10s. per bushel and meat at 6d. per pound. At that price, during 1820, Sydney purchased £10,000 worth. The mention of the ship "Regalia" recalls the circumstance that her captain was the first man to take Tasmanian wool to London, which he did on his passage to England in 1819. He arrived at Hobart with a cargo of odds and ends of merchandise he thought would suit the settlement. Barter in kind, there

being little or no money, was the only way by which he could trade. He was compelled by circumstances to accept wool. Wool had no market price—the settlers considered their sheep's fleeces worthless. It was usually burnt, or buried as manure. Wool imported from the colonies into London carried a duty of 3d. per lb. The "Regalia's" shipment was a great monetary loss to the captain. A few months afterwards, the Government at Hobart purchased a few tons of wool from the settlers at 3d. per lb., to make mattresses; but as 3d. barely paid for its cartage from the interior, not much trade was done. The wool was poor in quality, the result of a mongrel admixture of blood from Teeswater, Leicester, and Bengal sheep. It was not until the Government gave Captain John Macarthur, of Sydney, paymaster of the rum-selling New South Wales corps, 4,368 acres of land for 300 merino lambs, valued for the purpose of the barter at £5 per head, that Tasmanian wool was improved. Of the 300 lambs shipped at Sydney, 100 of them died on the voyage to Tasmania. Those that survived were distributed to the settlers.

The lambs were descended from the royal flock of George III., from whom Macarthur obtained one ewe and nine rams. In 1823 Tasmania was able to send to London, in the "Deveron," 550 bales of wool, that brought the same price as wool from Port Jackson. Thus, step by step, we trace commerce as it rises in Tasmania, and see how the transport, having discharged its convicts, was taken to the New Wharf, a place which, we are proudly told by the "Hobart Gazette," "is capable of loading and unloading a vessel with safety and despatch, and filled with wool and elephant oil by the merchants of Hunter-street." The trade of Hobart was beginning to grow, wool, corn, meat, and oil were commencing to swell the ships' manifests. The musical ring, too, of the shipbuilders' hammers was being heard as well as the discordant clank of the felons' irons. News of the fertile lands, since Hobart became an open port, was carried across the seas, and, as a result, free settlers began to arrive.

The cancer of convictism, however, still spread its consuming ravages over the face of the land. The sight of felons being landed on the beach from transports, and their march under armed escort, was common enough. They had left, in their ships, a purgatory to land into a hell on shore; yet perhaps it would be more correct to say it was but a continuation of the inferno, another hole, a deeper deep, in the bottomless pit of suffering and of iniquity. Who can doubt it on reading the accounts of eye-witnesses who came out in these transport ships. The discipline on board was so rigorous that it was only supported by the severity of the punishments. According to Captain Bertram's account, chains, tied round the body and fettered round the ankles, confined and distressed each male convict by the clanking sound and the irritating check it placed on the free movement of the feet. If the convict attempted to pass a sentry he was either shot or stabbed. If a felon killed a companion the murderer was hung at the yard-arm, and his body was slowly carried through the ship before being tossed as carrion into the sea. For theft the convict was shot; for lesser crimes whipped with a whip made of strands of wire that caused the blood to trickle in streams at every stroke. On the slightest appearance of a mutiny the ring-

leader was seized and cast, just as he was, struggling, in his irons and clothes, that weighted him as a heavy stone, into the depths of the sea. The parson made a pretence of reading a portion of the burial service over the "dear departed;" but as the ship was scudding along in the "Trades" that service was a bit of a farce. The words of Shakespeare would have been more applicable than the beautiful Anglican burial service:—

> "Oh, mutineer! if thou hast any hope of Heaven's bliss,
> Lift up thy hand; make signal of that hope.
> He sinks! and makes no sign."

The gangs of newly-landed felons made a motley spectacle in their prison garb, branded with the broad arrow, looking curiously at the land of their transportation, where the majority of them were destined to writhe under the lash, to suffer in other ways the torture of the damned, while others were fated to swing out of the world of their troubles at the end of the hangman's rope.

On the arrival of a convict transport at Hobart, the convict was at once made to feel all the horrors of his situation. The Superintendent of Convicts and an official called the Muster Master came on board and examined each convict as to every circumstance concerning himself, with an object to ascertain whether the man lied as to his former life and character. He was then stripped of his clothing, with a view to discover any particular marks that might serve to identify him if he absconded; his height, his complexion, hair, features, and any peculiarity whatsoever in his expression was noted.

When the felons were landed on the beach, they were marched to a large gaol called the prisoners' barracks. There they were again inspected by the Chief Police Magistrate, the Principal Superintendent of Convicts, the Superintendent of the Prison Barracks, and other officers. The Lieutenant-Governor then delivered them an address, the burden of which was that it was never too late to mend, and that, above all things, they should avoid the debasing effects of too much colonial grog. They were told that if they conducted themselves in a manner that gave satisfaction to the authorities they would be granted tickets of leave at the end of four years, in the case of prisoners who were transported for seven years; in the case of those transported for 14 years at the end of six years; and where a convict had shown remarkably good conduct, the promise was held out that the remission of sentence, at the discretion of the Lieutenant-Governor, could be considerably increased. They were then assigned to the settler-applicants, who were in waiting at the barracks.

In those days the convicts in England did not undergo any probation whatsoever to fit them out, as it was subsequently fatuously supposed could be done, to be "respectable convict colonists." That was left as work for fools of a later generation. In the period of time whereof we write, the convicts were simply shot out of Great Britain as felon rubbish as soon as they were sentenced and the necessary convict transports were available. On arrival at Hobart, their future welfare depended upon their first assignment; a good master often making a good servant, and the reverse also holding good. A settler who was always having his servants flogged soon caused the more spirited ones to become defiant. Then one punish-

ment led on to another, until, very frequently, the servant's career ended on the gallows. The offences for which the convicts were transported were not usually known to the men who employed them as assigned servants. That knowledge was supposed to be a Government secret; but in view of the corruption that existed, and the leakage of official information, the probability is that the settlers knew as much as there was to be known about their men.

The theory of the silence as to the past was to give the convicts the benefit of a new start in a new world, with the prison stains of the old world crimes blotted out; a sort of official benediction and fogiveness of sins that was to make them "whiter than snow." When assigned to settlers inland, the convicts were usually treated like members of the family. They sat at the same table, slept in the same hut, and frequently wore a similar description of clothing. The convicts were in those times a valuable asset. If they worked well, they found that transportation was not an evil to them, but a very material blessing in disguise. The commonplace sins a convict could commit in his assigned master's service were absconding, insubordination, drunkenness, indecent conduct, neglect or wilful mismanagement of work, neglect of duty, indecent or abusive language, swearing, insolence, or other disorderly conduct. But, on the other hand, the Government pointed out to those who employed assigned servants, in a "Gazette" notice of September, 1826, that in the case of a bushranging outbreak, that "the flagitious proceedings of several of these men were clearly traced to have had their source in the weakness or improper treatment of their employers, whose ill-judged neglect of discipline, or corrupt toleration of irregularity, had contributed to entail consequences so awful to those victims to offended justice. If it shall be ascertained any settler makes payment to convict servants in stock, or apportions to them land for their exclusive benefit, or suffers them to be employed in any other than his immediate service, every support and indulgence of the Crown will be withdrawn."

The action of the authorities went further even than that crack of the official whip at the end of the "Gazette" notice. Free settlers were severely punished by the magistrates for infringing the regulations in that respect. Many a freeman of Van Diemen's Land has been sent to the treadmill of the convict penitentiary, and worked with the prisoners, merely for having given a few half-pence or a fig or two of tobacco to men in the gangs, and very many of the more wealthy and powerful settlers, whom it was not politic to send to the treadmill, had their assigned servants taken from them because they gave money, or wages, to encourage the men at their work.

The cost of sending male convicts out from England to the colonies was about £21, and that of a female convict £22. The ships engaged in the convict transport service were generally very old and very unseaworthy. The whole of the carrying of convicts to Tasmania (and Australia) was at this time done by private contract. Old vessels were bought up by the rapacious contractors, when such vessels could be obtained cheap, and by dint of bribery of Government officials they were passed as suitable transports. One case may be mentioned—that of the "Amphitrite," a ship that was wrecked off Boulogne, and refloated. On being surveyed by the French

authorities, the vessel was condemned as unseaworthy, and ordered to be broken up. One of the contractors engaged in the convict transport trade bought the vessel under the pretence of breaking her up. He, however, knew the value of a few dollars placed judiciously amongst the peculative British shipping officials, and he, without expending a penny on repairs to the "Amphitrite," a mass of strained timber, and full of leaky joints, had the ship passed as a suitable one for a transport, and she brought out to Hobart a cargo of felons, or, as they were sometimes termed, in the slang of the day, "rattlesnake cargoes."

CHAPTER XV.

Colonel William Sorrel—War Against Bushrangers—Michael Howe—A Bloody Trophy—"Black Mary," or Mary Cockerell—Capture of Howe—Jack Worrall's Story.

Colonel Davey was succeeded as Lieutenant-Governor by Colonel William Sorrel, who acted as Lieutenant-Governor from April 9, 1817, to May, 1824. Wentworth, writing of Hobart at the time of Sorrel's arrival in the town, says: "Hobart was founded only fifteen years since, and, indeed, the rudeness of its appearance sufficiently indicates the recency of its origin. The houses are, in general, of the meanest description, seldom exceeding one storey in height, and being for the most part weatherboard without and lathed and plastered within. Even the Government House is of very bad construction. The population may be estimated at about 1,000 souls." Sorrel soon removed from his dwelling-house in Barrack-square, good enough for "Mad Davey," to a Government House he had built in Macquarie-street. Sorrel's first administrative acts were directed towards securing peace along the countryside. So long as bushrangers could rob and slay with impunity, husbandry could not make much progress. The natives were bad enough, but the position became more complex when their outrages were directed by escaped convicts, and at a time when bushrangers paraded the land in gangs, like moss troopers.

The numbers of the convicts in the colony were on the increase, many of them being received from Sydney almost every week. Sorrel found that little or no supervision was exercised over them once they were assigned to the settlers. He felt that his first duty was to place the administrative house in order that had been left by Colonel Davey in such disorder. Sorrel called a meeting of the settlers, and urged upon the expediency of offering rewards for the capture of the bushrangers. The most notorious of these convicts at

large was Michael Howe, who had been a seaman in the royal navy, and afterwards in command of a small coal craft. He was a powerful man, his countenance strongly marked, his beard of extraordinary length, and he dressed in kangaroo skins. Many of the settlers, owing to the scarcity of clothes, were so dressed, while it is a curious fact to record that others of them (the settlers) were clothed in felon's clothes, preferring such garments, in default of any others, to kangaroo skins. When first transported to Van Diemen's Land in 1812, Howe was assigned to a stockholder named Ingle, but he soon absconded and joined a gang of bushrangers led by a soldier who had deserted from the 73rd Regiment. They had two aboriginal women with them.

One of the gang's first outrages was to lay waste New Norfolk. They deprived the residents of their firearms, set fire to their wheat stacks, and burnt down their barns. Then they cleared out into the bush, where they remained for a month, when they descended once again on New Norfolk, with the intention of capturing a vessel called the "Geordy." The owner turned out to meet them, as did the captain of the vessel. A fight ensued, and the owner, Carlisle, received a ball in the groin and three slugs in the heart, causing his death within an hour. O'Birnie, the captain, had a bullet sent through his cheek. In its course it perforated his tongue, and lodged in his neck. Howe then called upon the wounded men to surrender; but other settlers had come on the scene, and they refused. The bushrangers then cleared out to secure their own safety. When the news reached Hobart, armed parties set out to capture the gang.

The local police magistrate's (Humphrey's) farm was visited by the gang, his stacks and outhouses burnt, his assigned servants tied together, and everything possible destroyed and all the handcuffs taken away. They fired a volley into the house of a settler named McCarthy, who had a party of the 46th Regiment in ambush near his place. The soldiers opened fire on the outlaws, killing Whitehead, whereupon Howe, under fire, stopped to cut off his head, in the vain hope of preventing the soldiers getting their reward for his capture. Howe, taking the bloody head with him, escaped with the rest of the gang. The reason was that the soldiers had no stomach for breaking their cover and coming out in the open, where the bushrangers could obtain a more likely shot at them. Later, they had the luck to catch two of Howe's gang, who had separated from the main body. They were Maguire and Burne. With them was a convict stock-keeper named Stephens. He had acted as a "bush telegraph" for the gang, and kept Howe informed by various bush devices, sticks placed at certain spots in certain directions showing which way the soldiers out after the gang had taken. In the ordinary way these men should have been sent to Sydney to stand their trial; but they were hanged at once, to save any further trouble. Macquarie, in Sydney, blew some hot air over the lynch law incident in the backwoods of Tasmania; but the men were truly hanged, and there was no more to be said on their behalf likely to be of any good to them.

Howe was a bombastic class of scoundrel, and fond of outward show. He styled himself the "Governor of the Ranges," and addressed the Lieutenant-Governor as the "Governor of the Town." He read the Scriptures to his gang, and inflicted penalties on the

members for various offences. Howe was often away from the gang, as they suspected for the purpose of making terms for their betrayal. These men, though in the same boat, and all ticketed for the hangman's noose, did not trust each other. Howe, the gang did not forget, had taken advantage of Macquarie's offer to pardon, in 1814, all those convicts at large who returned to their service or to the authorities. That he had taken to the woods again was no security that he would not recant if he could, like Judas, betray them, and save his life as the price of their blood.

Howe had as a mistress a young native girl who was called Mary Cockerell, and he dwelt with her for some months in a retreat not far from Oatlands, though he afterwards went out further to a charming home among the mountains in the Shannon country. There he was closely pressed by the soldiers. His dogs were killed; he lost his knapsack and arms. Swearing at the girl for her inability to keep pace with him, flying for his life, with the soldiers after him, he turned upon her and shot her with a horse pistol. Down she went, severely wounded, and the soldiers coming up she was captured. Howe made good his escape. The woman's love for Howe was turned to hate, and she betrayed the secret retreats and hiding-places of the gang. The girl herself was sent to Sydney; and there is a letter still extant in which Governor Macquarie says he has had a decent lodging prepared for her, "out of the way of bad connections or improper intercourse." Macquarie also says that he "deems it expedient to detain her here for some little time further, lest she should renew her intercourse with Howe, and be the means of protracting the term of his submission or more desirable apprehension." Howe's conduct towards the natives was extremely cruel and treacherous. He would endeavor to gain their confidence, and then shoot them, well knowing by so doing that he was urging the tribes into committing more murders and more outrages on the settlers; outbreaks that increased the difficulties of the Government.

The information given by Mary Cockerell to the authorities jeopardised the freedom of Howe and his gang. The soldiers kept him moving like a hunted and hard pressed animal. He sent word by a convict who had been a mate of his in an attempt to escape in an American vessel that he would surrender on terms to Colonel Sorrel. Howe declared the settlers would shoot or hang him, and he besought protection. He felt he would be safer in a prison cell than on the mountain's crest. Practically, he offered to betray the gang and make important disclosures. Colone Sorrel sent Captain Nairne to see him, to tell him that if he surrendered he was safe for the present, and he (the Lieutenant-Governor) would represent to Governor Macquarie his surrender in a favorable light. Howe, for the nonce, accepted those terms. He was allowed to walk about Hobart in the custody of a constable on the plea that he was in ill-health and needed gentle exercise! Evidently he did not think much of his chance to escape the gallows once he came under Macquarie's thumb, for he eluded the constable and rejoined his gang.

In the meanwhile, Howe's whilom fellows in felony were spreading ruin and death through the country, as far afield as Launceston A brush with the soldiers at Black Bush had cost them their leader,

Geary. Howe was now as suspicious of his gang as its members were of him. One of the gang, named Hillier, resolved to purchase his life by destroying the whole gang at midnight. He effected his purpose so far as to cut the throat of one from ear to ear after a struggle. The noise awakened the others from their sleep, and as they rushed upon him he fired his gun and killed another; the three remaining members of the gang—Howe, Watts, and Browne—closed in on Hillier and battered his brains out. A few days after that Browne left the others at night and surrendered. Watts then entered into a conspiracy with an assigned servant named Drewe, who had supplied the gang with food, to capture Howe and claim the reward and pardons. They met Howe at a place called Longbottom. Howe was suspicious of them, and he made them, when within one hundred yards of him, knock out the priming of their guns. They kindled a fire to partake of tea and damper. Watts suddenly threw Howe on the ground, and Drewe tied his hands. After some delay they set out for Hobart, Watts, with his gun, before Howe, and Drewe bringing up the rear. Howe disengaged his hands, and with a knife stabbed Watts, seized Watts's gun, and shot Drewe dead. Watts died of his wounds, but not before he told the tale.

After this outrage, the efforts to capture Howe were redoubled. One convict, Jack Worrall, who was, as he said, entrapped into the mutiny of the "Nore," determined to capture Howe. He found a man named Warburton, who had often been an accomplice of Howe's. He also enlisted the services of a soldier named Pugh, of the 48th Regiment. Pugh and Worrall remained in Warburton's hut, while the latter tried to entice Howe to enter the shanty. Howe was very suspicious of Warburton. Even at his lair in the ranges, that was found five years after Howe's death, he would not permit Warburton to approach closer than a gigantic fallen tree that Howe used as a chopping-block, and which was 60 yards from his shanty, secluded from observation by a large honeysuckle. After an hour's hesitation, Howe consented to enter the hut, which he did with his gun presented and cocked. He saw Pugh, and cried out, "Is that your game?" and fired at him, but missed his aim. Howe at once turned, and ran off in the direction of the bush. Worrall fired at the fleeting figure, and missed. Worrall flung his gun away, and ran after Howe. Pugh also pursued. Warburton was a considerable distance away.

The remainder of the story is best told in Jack Worrall's own words:—"I ran very fast; so did Howe; and if he had not fallen down an unexpected bank I should not have been fleet enough for him. This fall, however, brought me up with him; he was on his legs and preparing to climb a broken bank, which gave him a free run into the wood, when I presented my pistol at him, and desired him to stand. He drew forth another, but did not level it at me. We were about fifteen yards from each other—the bank he fell from between us. He stared at me with astonishment, and to tell you the truth I was a little astonished at him, for he was covered with patches of kangaroo skins and wore a black beard—a haversack and powder-horn slung across his shoulders. I wore my beard also—as I do now—and a curious pair we looked. After a moment's pause he cried out, 'Black beard against grey beard for a million!' and fired. I

slapped at him, and, I believe, hit him, for he staggered, but rallied again, and was clearing the bank between him and me when Pugh ran up, and, with the butt end of his firelock, knocked him down again, jumped after him, and battered his brains out just as he was opening a clasp knife to defend himself."

When Howe's knapsack was opened, a record of his dreams was found written with blood on a kangaroo skin. From the notes, it appeared he was haunted by visions of those of his old companions who were murdered or had come to a sudden death at the end of a rope. He also dreamt of his sister. A strange phase of his character was his love of horticulture. On the skin was written a list of seeds, fruits, vegetables, and flowers that he intended to obtain to adorn his retreat in the mountains. Howe was credited with several murders of settlers, which, however, were never sheeted home to him, and they were just as likely to have been the crimes of other desperate convicts at large.

Howe ended his career on October 21, 1818, in which year the earliest Tasmanian work issued from the press of Bent, the Government printer. The work—it is a pamphlet—was entitled, "Michael Howe: the Last and Worst of the Bushrangers of Van Diemen's Land." Bent says in his preface to it, "As it forms the first pamphlet from a very confined press, the editor claims for it the indulgent consideration of his readers." The pamphlet was reviewed by the "Edinburgh Quarterly Review" in 1820. One writer observes that "it is the greatest literary curiosity that has come before us—the child of the press only fifteen years old. It would, of course, be reprinted here, but our copy, "penes nos," is a genuine Caxton. This little book would assuredly be the Reynarde Foxe of Australian bibliomaniacs." The adumbration of the "Quarterly" reviewer has come true, and anyone who possesses an original copy of the first work from the Tasmanian press has a pamphlet worth many times its weight in gold. Mary Cockerell, the native girl, who followed Howe so faithfully through his dangerous career, did not long survive him, for we have found the following note in the "Hobart Gazette" of July, 1819: "The death of 'Black Mary,' one-time partner of Howe, took place this month in the Hobart Hospital."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Murdering Native, "Mosquito"—Fearful Rapine and Outrage—Gin's Awful Fate—"Black Tom" Soldiers Funk "Mosquito"—Tracked and Shot by Boy of Seventeen—The Execution—"You Pray Yourself; I too Plurry Frightened to Pray!"

Howe's career was more or less typical of most of the lives of the numerous bushrangers of that period. Some bathed in bloodshed

more than others; the difference between them was only the degrees of guilt. Strange to say, some of the more civilised natives procured guns and horses and entered on the uncertain existence of bushrangers. In the same way as Howe was the most notorious and the worst of the white section of murdering bushmen, a Sydney native called "Mosquito" was the most infamous of the black gangs. At one time "Mosquito" was employed by the Government to track Howe and other bushrangers; but his work was not satisfactory, either from the fact that he couldn't track, or else his sympathy with the pursued did not allow him to do so.

"Mosquito" was a member of the Broken Bay tribe, whose hunting ground was situated to the north of Sydney. He was a native of superior physical powers, and, mentally, full of diabolical cunning and fiendish cruelty. In Sydney he associated with the most desperate of the convicts who were at large, and learnt all their vices, which he grafted on to his full share of native wickedness. It was not long before he was in the grip of the authorities. With another native called "Bulldog" he waylaid a woman, raped, and then murdered her. When tried, some legal flaw resulted in their acquittal on the capital charge, and they were sent to the penal settlement of Norfolk Island. There "Bulldog" died, and "Mosquito" was sent, in 1813, to Van Diemen's Land, where he entered into the service of a settler named Kimberley, as an assigned servant, working on Kimberley's farm at Antill Ponds. Afterwards he was transferred to the service of a man named Lord, in whose employment was a woman called "Black Hannah." With her he established sexual relations, until one day, in a fit of passion and jealousy, he murdered her. By some means he escaped the hanging due to him for this crime, and the authorities, whose supineness in some directions passes belief, allowed him to go free.

About Hobart there was a mob of blacks, numbering twenty or thirty of both sexes. They were a half-civilised crew, since they had learnt the white man's custom of getting drunk. They were the outcasts of their various tribes, disowned by them as derelicts, who hung on to the skirts of the English. With this mob "Mosquito" associated, until in the end his force of intellect made him the leader. The best of the women he selected for his wives, and he prostituted the rest to the convicts. One woman, from the Oyster Bay tribe, he specially reserved for himself. She excited his jealousy in some way, and he murdered her in the Government Domain outside Hobart, and he cut off the breast of one of his gins because she would persist in suckling her child against his orders.

After that fearful atrocity, "Mosquito," with some of the gang, took to the bush; and they spared neither age nor sex—the aged woman and the helpless child alike fell victims to their ferocity. In 1819 they went down the coast in search of swans' eggs, and they came across a man named John Kemp, a whaler, in charge of some of the stores of his vessel, waiting to be shipped. "Mosquito" murdered him, and the authorities were powerless to avenge Kemp's death.

About this time he persuaded a native named "Black Tom," in service at Hobart with the Mr. Birch already mentioned in this history, to join his gang. "Black Tom" soon became an active member,

and he was the leading spirit in the native murders and robberies that took place at the Shannon. Lieutenant-Governor Sorrel offered him a pardon if he would come in and surrender himself, which "Black Tom" agreed to do. Sorrel intended to use him to track "Mosquito" and his gang to their lairs. That service he rendered to the State; but the soldiers primed themselves with rum, with a view of adding some Dutch courage to their dwindling English stock, and the result was that they made so much noise going through the bush that "Mosquito" and his gang escaped.

Afterwards, "Mosquito" murdered a man at Pittwater, and took unto himself another native named "Black Jack," who gave this legion of devils fresh impulses for slaughter of the whites. Month after month, until 1823, "Mosquito" murdered and pillaged the country districts, and to read his record is simply to surfeit on a succession of cruel murders that becomes nauseating. Over and over again he eluded the most skilful snares set for his capture; but at last a half-civilised native, a young boy named Tegg, pitted his bushcraft against that of the man who it was conceded was a past master at the art. This boy Tegg desired to own a boat, so that he could trade between Bruni and Hobart, and the authorities promised him the boat if he guided a company of soldiers to "Mosquito's" camping place and the outlaw was captured. Day after day this boy of 17 years led the soldiers over hill and along dale, through forest and across stream, always on the track of the fugitive. Do what the latter could to obliterate his tracks from the sharp eyes of the boy, he could not shake off or slacken the pursuit. "Mosquito" abandoned the gang, in the vain hope that their movements would hide his own. He left the gang, taking two gins with him. The boy picked up the tracks of the three, laughing at the discovery of how "Mosquito" was trying to outwit him. The main body of natives were left to their own devices. Yard by yard Tegg read the tale of "Mosquito's" flight in the dust of the roads, in the leaves of the forest, in the fallen bark of the trees, in the bruised blades of the grass, in bent twigs, in the displaced sticks. The tracks led on to Oyster Bay, and there at last the boy, accompanied by two soldiers, Godfrey and Marshall, ran "Mosquito" to his lair. Telling the soldiers to secure the women, Tegg ran towards "Mosquito" and shot him in the thigh. He started to try to run, and the boy fired another barrel off at him. Weak with the loss of blood, "Mosquito" leaned against a tree, full of impotent rage, and tried to throw sticks at the boy. His defence was too late. With one rush of the men "Mosquito" was secured, and in due course taken to Hobart, where he lay for a while in danger of his life from the results of the wound in the thigh.

An account of his trial appears in the "Hobart Town Gazette" for December, 1824, the opening sentence of the report reading, " 'Mosquito' and 'Black Jack' (the first a native of New South Wales, the latter born on the island) were placed at the bar, arraigned as principals in the second degree for aiding and abetting in the wilful murder of William Holyoake, at Grindstone Bay, on the 15th of November, 1823." A verdict of guilty was returned against "Mosquito," but "Black Jack" was acquitted.

"Black Jack" was then tried for the murder of Patrick Macarthy, hutkeeper, Sorell Plains, and was found guilty. He asked to

be sent to the penal hell of Macquarie Harbor instead of being hanged, from where, he told a friend in court, "I'll soon run away." The authorities had five bushrangers waiting to be hanged, so Lieutenant-Governor Sorrel said "they might all go up"—or was it down?—"together."

The scene of their execution was at what was called Mr. Muster Master Mason's place. This was, says Bonwick, at the Cascades, the site of the present Female Factory, at the upper end of Macquarie-street, Hobart Town. The executions took place on February 25, 1825, and all the officers who attended wore deep mourning. Several of the condemned men joined in the funeral hymn. The chaplain on the occasion, the Rev. W. Bedford, exhorted "Mosquito" to repent of his sins; but on them he preserved a sullen silence. "Black Jack" was in a deadly funk, and on Bedford telling him to pray for his soul, "Black Jack" shouted out, "You pray yourself; I too plurry frightened to pray!" "Mosquito" said, "Hanging no good for blackfellow." On being asked, if it was good for white fellow, why not for blackfellow? he replied, "Oh, white fellow, he used to it!"

Notwithstanding Tegg's valuable services in capturing "Mosquito," the Government, for some reason—indifference, probably—did not give him the boat that had been promised to him. He wandered about Hobart in an angry mood, saying, "They promised me a boat, but they no give it; me go with wild mob, and kill all white men come near me." In the end he did so, and many of the most cunning murders were attributed to him. He was known to have had a hand in the murders of two stockmen belonging to Messrs. Cox and Barclay. Worse than that, he speared a native woman, in an advanced state of pregnancy, who had been reared by the whites. Yet he returned to Hobart at the invitation of the authorities, when he was given the boat originally promised to him.

The "Hobart Town Gazette" said the gift was made in order "to conciliate the youth's unfortunately aggravated feelings." Those wounded feelings had cost several people their lives, yet the Government was quite agreeable to overlook Tegg's acts of murder in order to smother over their own breach of faith. What a curious condition of social progress in the growing community, when such things were done, and were passed by as inseparable from the daily life of the place? It is in these minor sidelights of the past that we appear to see more of the condition of Hobart than in the broadened, blazoned acts of official pomp and doings that are regarded as "important events of history," but which, in the record of them, dull and lifeless, we find some "curst hard reading." We are told in official language that Captain Nairne went out into the bush to parley with Howe—surely a unique episode to take place between constituted authority and lawless freedom—but the circumstance tells us little of the personality of the man, except that he was not lacking in courage.

We learn more from this sermon that Nairne preached every Sunday morning to the convicts under his charge, scarcely varying a word in it from one year's end to another. He had the convicts drawn up in a line, examined them, and then delivered himself of the

following oration: "Now, my men, listen to me. I want you all to get on. I was once a poor man, like you; but I used to work perseveringly and do things diligently, and, as such, got taken notice of, until I became a captain of the 46th. Now, I want you to work perseveringly; do things diligently, and that will make you comfortable; and I will assist you, that you may have houses for yourselves, and rise up to be equal to me." That was in the barrack yard, outside the gates. Sunday in Hobart is thus described in the "Gazette": "Few go to church, but many stand, impatient, round the doors of the publichouses, waiting until the hours of public worship are over, when the houses may be opened, and they go in and continue their carousing. A regulation exists that forbids altogether the admission of convicts into publichouses during Sunday, under a heavy penalty, and the probable loss of the hotel's license, a regulation, however, the Government officials do not apply to themselves." Evidently only an old-time instance of the saying that "what is criminal in the soldier is only choleric in the colonel."

CHAPTER XVII.

Macquarie Harbor, the Penal Hell—Lieutenant-Governor Sorrel, the Author—Ten Men Hanged—More Hanging—The Harbor Described—Torture and "Chain Gang"—Boy Outraged.

Early in 1822, Lieutenant-Governor Sorrel was anxious to find some remote place where he could conveniently transport his twice and thrice convicted criminals. He desired to purge Hobart of the worst of them, since he could not hang them all at once. Still, he managed to string up some very fair batches, the suspended bodies being likened, by an eye-witness of the executions, to "tassels on a blind cord." The residents in Hobart took such executions much as a matter of course. A contemporary report of one reads:—"This morning, about 10 o'clock, the undernamed ten unhappy men underwent their awful sentences of the law upon a new platform erected about half a mile from the town, at the upper end of Macquarie-street, on the road to the Cascade:

"Joseph Potsskie, Robert Hunter, Edward Brady, and James Flinn, for Mr. Thrupp's robbery; John Oliver, for cattle stealing; John McGinnis, for sheep stealing; Thomas Kenny, John Higgins, John Hill, and Michael Riley, for several outrages and robberies in the woods, and firing on the King's troops.

"The whole of these unhappy men, from the time of receiving their sentences, seemed to have been perfectly resigned to their fate, and every step which brought them nearer to death appeared to give them additional comfort. From the time of leaving the country gaol

at 9 o'clock till the moment they were launched into eternity they all evinced the strongest sense of their situation, and by their prayers and sincere repentance endeavored to seek pardon of their offended Maker. Of their crimes they spoke but little, but generally acknowledged the justice of their sentences, and often turned their discourse to the surrounding spectators, hoping that their fate would be a warning to others. They were attended with all possible zeal and humanity by the Rev. R. Knopwood and the Rev. P. Conolly."

The strong assumption that the Almighty approved of the law of England that hanged a man for stealing a sheep—it has passed into an axiom, "I may as well be hung for stealing a sheep as a lamb"—is well shown in this report that the men "sought pardon of their offended Maker." At one assizes, held at Port Dalrymple during Sorrel's tenure of office, 15 men were sentenced to death by Judge Advocate Wylde, some of the prisoners being "free men," as opposed to their companions in misfortune, who were "bond," or convicts. Of that number, the sentences of five were commuted to labor in irons for life. One of the doomed men preferred a silk handkerchief to a hempen rope, since he hanged himself with one from a bar in the upper part of the chimney in the room in which he was confined. The rest, sentenced on March 3, were hanged on April 13. Five of the men had been for some years free, and four of them had acquired property. Their offence was sheep stealing. In one case, a settler killed a sheep that did not belong to him. He and his two assigned servants ate it. The three were hanged. A settler was given 20 lashes and fined £20 for killing one of his own sheep without a license to kill sheep! And these sentences were accepted without open grumbling, whatever the victims may have secretly thought. Indeed, it was dangerous to grumble or even to shake a head at the authorities in Hobart.

The Rev. "Bobby" Knopwood sat as the police magistrate, and one day a convict spectator shook his head in token of dissent at a sentence Knopwood passed on a felon. Knopwood ordered the man to "at once receive 25 lashes for his contumacy," i.e., shaking his head in court. On the same day, for stealing two of Knopwood's own shirts, a man received 25 lashes and five years in irons! The times were out of joint so far as penal punishments were concerned, and it was recognised, even in those days, that Van Diemen's Land was a "hell of a place." Its Governor was a gaoler, his officers were his warders, and the settlers were looked upon as materials for carrying on the "system." The colony was really a great gaol—a vast sea-girt penitentiary, having gaols within gaols. And it was to establish another of these places that Sorrel sent Deputy Surveyor-General Evans down, in the brig "Sophia," to report to him on Macquarie Harbor. Evans's report lies before us. We make the extract that did the "hellish deed":—

> An important advantage which will attend the establishment at Macquarie Harbor as a place of secondary transportation is the certainty that the persons sent thither can have no communication with the eastern side of the island, for so completely shut in is the back of the surrounding rugged, closely-wooded, and altogether impracticable country that escape by land is next to impossible.

Evans's report was dated February 8, 1822. Sorrel lost no time

in acting. Convicts were sent to the Harbor to build a gaol and officers' quarters, and that action was the beginning of Macquarie Harbor's infamous penal hell. The Rev. John West, one time minister of St. John-square Chapel, Launceston, said Macquarie Harbor would "be associated exclusively with the remembrance of inexpressible depravity, degradation, and woe. Sacred to the genius of torture, Nature concurred with the objects of its separation from the rest of the world to exhibit some notion of perfect misery. There man lost the aspect and the heart of man."

Macquarie Harbor is a large inlet of the sea, on the West Coast, and it runs up into the land for about 20 miles in a south-easterly direction, where it meets the Gordon River. The inlet diverges on the right side into a considerable bay, called Hebe's Inlet, and on the left into Kelly's Basin. The headquarters of the Macquarie Harbor penal settlement were placed on Sarah Island, in the south-eastern corner of the harbor, and near the entrance into Hebe's Inlet. On an average, there were about 350 prisoners at the settlement. To look after their "welfare" there was the commandant, an ensign, four sergeants, two corporals, and 71 privates.

The prisoners did not work in chains except as a punishment for an offence committed on the spot. Almost all the convicts were in chains. About 100 of them were employed in shipbuilding, and the remainder were divided into distinct parties, chiefly engaged in procuring timber. No beasts of burden were allowed in the establishment, and the whole of the timber obtained had to be dragged, with the aid of heavy chains, by the convicts. Warders stood over them with cruel whips, and lashed them up when they faltered, faint and weary, as a bullock-driver cuts at his lagging beasts. The labor was of the most exhausting nature, but no respite of any kind was permitted. The convicts were debased with the labor; the warders with their office.

When the convict, doomed to suffer at Port Macquarie, arrived in the harbor, whatever the time of day, he was instantly ordered out of the vessel in which he came, and set to work. Up to his middle in the water he had to plunge, and to help to push the heavy logs into rafts of 100 each. The Huon pine trees floated, but the weight of the wood in the myrtle trees caused them to sink. A dozen or more convicts had to struggle in the cold salt sea water the whole day long, lifting up these myrtle logs and lashing them to boats. In cases where it was desired to break the spirit of the convict, he was placed in what was known as the "chain gang." A long, heavy cable chain, several yards in length, was employed. To this chain the irons of generally about 60 convicts were riveted, so that when they walked, carrying the chain, the unhappy wretches presented the appearance somewhat of a human centipede. They were, during their punishment, never free from this chain. They had to lay down together and to rise together. One man was constantly jerking the chain and jarring his neighbor.

In every respect it was a maddening bondage, calculated, in time, to reduce any man to subjection. "Chain gangs" murdered one of their number for the purpose of being hanged, and, one by one, as they were about to be hanged, they thanked God for deliverance. Some of these "chain gangs" were employed in the useless labor of rolling,

or lifting, a heavy log backwards and forwards the day through from one given spot to another. Sisyphus in hell, rolling a stone up the Avernus slope, that constantly slipped back into the pit of wailing and lamentations, had a comparatively "soft snap" compared with the life and labors of the "chain gangs" at Macquarie Harbor. In addition to this torture to body and to mind, the convicts were ill-fed, and they were mostly in such a condition as to be incapable of the strain put upon them. They were turned out at daylight, and given some flour, water, and a little salt, which was made into a sort of weak porridge, and eaten cold.

After that breakfast they were ordered to embark, and taken from Sarah Island—a distance of seven miles—to the mainland. On shore the timber gangs worked till the sun went down, having neither bite nor sup during the hours of their labor. At evening, if the weather was favorable, they returned to the island; if there was a sea on, they had to wait, hungering, until the waves subsided, and that often meant stopping in the darkness, chilled to the bone, for hours. And when at last they did get back to the island, they were given bread and salt meat, without vegetables. Bad as the food was, and small in quantity, it was yet further diminished by circumstances of local origin. What with bones, cooking, and division, very few of the convicts received what they were legally entitled to under the supposed prison scale. Platters, knives, forks, or spoons, or any artificial means of conveying food to the mouth, were not in use. The convicts had to wolf everything they ate with their hands and teeth.

To cover the convict from the inclemency of the weather, he had one suit of slop-made clothing. His abode, Sarah Island, was chosen in order to render access to the mainland impossible, and as if to give force to Dante's words, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," as well as a prophetic verification of Milton's lines, uttered in spirit, if not in words, by hundreds of the damned wretches:—

> "How gladly would I meet
> Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
> Insensible! How glad would lay me down
> As in my mother's lap!"

The sleeping place was a long shed of three rooms, into which the men were driven on their return from labor with their clothes wet through. In those three rooms each night they were ordered to arrange themselves and to cover their bodies with a coarse cloth that served instead of a blanket. They had to sleep on the floor, that was composed of gravel. Then they were locked up, and left to themselves to fight and to yell throughout the night. As a sample of how administration was conducted at Hobart, how the officials there neither cared nor troubled either for the body or the soul of those in their power, they sent, on one occasion, a boy to Macquarie Harbor. Such was the criminal disregard of the boy's welfare exhibited by the governor of the penal hell, that he ordered the boy to be confined with the men in that terrible room. In the morning the boy was carried out half-dead.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Macquarie Harbor Continued—Murder of a Warder—7,000 Lashes Given—Convicts' Escapes—Their Bush Sufferings—Five Convicts Hanged—Dunne, the Bushranger—His Extraordinary Conduct on the Gallows—His Funeral Gives Rise to Sectarian Bitterness—Remarkable Disclosures.

The rate of mortality at Macquarie Harbor was very high. In a few years there were between sixty and seventy deaths. The convicts were buried in a small island called Halliday Island, from the name of the first convict interred in it. A post or plank, with the initials of the dead, was stuck in the ground to distinguish where the dead malefactor lay at last at rest, beyond the mortal stage of troubling or of being troubled. If the convicts had been murdered, as many of them were, the particulars of the crime were attached to the plank, and "Murdered" cut on the post. Nine Macquarie Harbor convicts were hanged at Hobart in 1830 for the murder of a warder named George Rex. The leader was a man named James Lacy, who had already been respited from the gallows on the ground that he once saved a settler's life. Lacy, with his companions, seized Rex, and held the warder under the water until he was drowned. Prior to doing so, they tied up several of the convicts whom they thought might endeavor to rescue Rex. They then made a raft, and pushed out from Sarah Island to the mainland. The raft would not carry them, and only three of them reached the land. The guard turned out, and they were all taken. The prisoners who had been tied up gave evidence against them, but in an unsatisfactory manner. A surgeon named Barnes was able, from a post-mortem examination, to describe some injuries inflicted that disposed of the defence that Rex was accidentally drowned.

Before they were hanged, these men, too, thanked God for their delivery by death from the hardships and cruelties they suffered at Macquarie Harbor. Officials who died at the Harbor were buried at Sarah Island, thus maintaining a distinction between bond and free, whether dead or alive. The first of those to be so buried was Lieutenant Cuthbertson, a soldier, it was said at the time of his death, who had been in eighteen general engagements. He was drowned in the Harbor while endeavoring to assist a small vessel that was in difficulties. His boat was upset. Thrice he was raised to the surface by one of his convict crew. At last he said, "Man, save yourself; never mind me—it is no use;" and, saying so, he relinquished his hold, glad to escape from the horrors of his command. He was a stern disciplinarian, and the convicts feared him; and the story as told is their story. After him came a non-commissioned officer, and the convicts questioned his authority over them. He soon convinced them. He had 182 prisoners under him. Of these he sentenced 169, in 1822, to 7,000 lashes, each convict receiving 400 lashes, inflicted with the utmost severity that it was possible to show.

That desperate men would strain every nerve to escape from such a spot was anticipated by the authorities, and the prospect of

such attempts governed them in its selection as a penal settlement. The absence of fish in the waters of Macquarie Harbor was held by Colonel Sorrel to be an advantage, as was also the soil being barren and unproductive. Inasmuch as the suffering wretches could not grow any vegetable food, it was argued that they could not lay up a small store of either fish or vegetables on which to attempt to escape. But there is no situation, however desperate, that encircles a man that he will not be found desperate enough to try and break through. It was so with some of the prisoners at Macquarie Harbor. Beyond the locks and bars of their island prison, above the watchfulness of their gaolers, there was Nature herself, in her most repelling mood, keeping ward over the miserable fortunes of the imprisoned.

The mountains on the mainland formed a wall, arresting any escape, compared to which the detaining lines at Sarah Island were as nothing. Nevertheless, across the mountains was the only possible means of escape, if escape from the hell was possible. During the first five years the records show, when not more than 200 convicts were confined at Macquarie Harbor, 100 of these desperate men braved everything for liberty. Convicts coming from Hobart told the prisoners at Macquarie Harbor that the escapees had been successful; that on the other side of the mountains the men had found a fine country, and that they were at large in the bush. In those stories there was no truth whatever, for though the attempts to escape had been numerous, they had ended in failure. When the convicts succeeded in making a dash into the bush, they found that they had rushed into a gloomy country, without any living thing upon which they could sustain their lives. The majority of the convicts who took to the bush died of starvation.

The first two convicts to escape from Sarah Island were John Green and Joseph Sanders. How they fared is a mystery to this day, for their fate was never cleared up. It was supposed that they were lost in the bush and died of exhaustion. A few days afterwards six other convicts, stimulated by Green and Sanders's example, succeeded in getting clear away. That was in July, 1822, and the weather was at its worst. We learn from the official records of the harbor that it was raining heavily when the six convicts escaped, and it continued to do so, without stopping, for seven weeks.

Lieutenant Cuthbertson sent two soldiers, two prisoners, and six savage hunting dogs after the prisoners. The pursuing party had a bad time in the bush—unable to light fires, with little or no shelter, day or night, from the pouring rain. After being two weeks out, the pursuing party returned to the island without having seen any sign of the fugitives. The party was half-dead from the fatigue they suffered and from the hardships they had endured. They were as miserable looking as the starved dogs that returned with them. Another party conceived the idea of utilising the Huon rafts floating in the harbor, tethered to a jetty. On one of these rafts they attempted to cross the bar of the harbor, over which the seas were rolling. The raft went to pieces, and they clung to the logs, that were soon washed ashore. The result of the little marine excursion "down the bay" to the shivering wretches was 100 lashes each "to warm them up."

In June, 1824, two parties of convicts absconded from Macquarie Harbor, and got clear away from the settlement. They were never heard of again, and in such returns it was always assumed that the convicts had perished in their venture. Three of the convicts seized the soldiers' boat, with arms and provisions, and rowed away in her for twelve miles. Then they abandoned her, and indulged in a little Macquarie Harbor humor, or what passed for such in that dismal hole. Having tied the boat to a stump, they wrote in its stern with chalk, "To be sold." No trace of these convict jokers was found, and they, too, passed out of sight for ever "somewhere in the ranges."

The escapes were skilfully contrived; but the unfortunate part, from the prisoners' view, was that Nature was too much for them. They might abscond from Sarah Island, but the inhospitable land, to them, offered only a resting-place to meet death. When a prisoner was discovered missing, signal fires were lighted at certain points along the coast. From peak to peak flew the news, as the smoke was seen by the watchers. At the penal establishment on Sarah Island burning embers were always kept ready to be fanned into flame and smoke when it was known that a prisoner was gone. The first step made by the prisoners towards a successful escape was to drench the smouldering embers with buckets of water. Dry wood and tinder were treated in the same way. In that humid climate it was difficult to procure dry wood at a moment's notice, so the signal fires remained unlit for a considerable time after the prisoners' escape, in spite of vigorous puffing, and more vigorous cursing, on the part of their rattled gaolers. One gang of five seized a boat and boldly cleared the harbor bar on June 9, 1824, yelling shouts of derision at the pilot—Lucas—who tried to catch them. They steered towards the Derwent, and landed there on June 18, and robbed the residence of a settler (Mason), as well as inflicting upon him a father of a beating. Leaving him half-dead, they passed on to the farm of one Gunn, and seized from his assigned servant a fowling-piece. Gunn cleared out, and raised a hue and cry along the country side that brought an armed party upon the five convicts, and they were captured. They professed to be glad, and when put upon their trial pleaded the hardships they had suffered at Macquarie Harbor as sufficient excuse for them absconding and taking to the bush.

The authorities at Hobart could not see things in quite the same way, and so, to prevent any further obliquity of vision on the part of the venturessome five, they hanged them out of hand. At that time there was a bit of a boom on in the hangman's quarter, and it really increased to a boom a little later. In less than three years 100 men were hanged. Seventy-six of them were strung up in Hobart, the balance being executed at Launceston. Some of the convicts created a sensation on the gallows in more ways than one. When Dunne, a bushranger, was executed, he arrayed himself in a robe of white, adorned before and behind with a large cross. On his head was a white cap, with a black cross upon it, and in his right hand he carried a rosary. On the gallows beside him was a cedar coffin his convict friends had presented him with as a last and touching token of their esteem.

The coffin-lid had devices of innocence—sweet little cherubs—

painted upon it, and also a plate telling his name and the date of "his sudden and lamentable death." Five or six men were hanged at the same time, so he did not lack the company of kindred spirits in the shades. As Dunne advanced to the gallows along the road—he made the funeral march as slow as he possibly could—he kept striking his breast in a theatrical way, as an expression of grief at his own untimely demise, and crying aloud, "O Lord deliver us!" The bodies of the others, after the execution, were tossed into a cart and buried with the clothes on them in which they were hanged. Dunne was put in his coffin of cedar, and forty couples, all wearing the crape hat-bands of mourners, marched in a procession of two and two, after the coffin, to Dunne's grave!

The authorities did not appear to worry themselves about the disposal of the hanged convicts' bodies, or how the convicts conducted themselves in dress or speech prior to being jerked away to a place almost as warm as Vandemonia itself was then. The spring of such extraordinry behavior of Dunne, and others like him, arose from vanity and a desire to create a posthumous interest. One Scotch boy, as he went to the scaffold, sang songs; while another, Child, the son of a Bristol merchant, said, as they were putting the hangman's noose about his neck, "I know I shall go to heaven!"

The burial of Dunne, and also a companion bushranger, Evans, who departed this life with him, led to a bitter religious feud among a section of the community of Hobart. Both of the malefactors were Roman Catholics, or, rather, they died professing that belief. It was Irishmen who procured the coffin for Dunne, and a less costly shell for Evans. The two were interred in the Roman Catholic burying-ground in an "orderly, sober, and quiet manner." The "Hobart Town Gazette" editor thought the Irishmen had gone too far. He asked, in a loud voice, "Is such a man as Dunne to be honored with the last marks of regret which the disconsolate living confer on their departed friends? Is such a miscreant, when detestation of his crimes should be the prevalent sentiment, to be looked upon as a martyr to the cause of bushranging?"

The Irishmen of Hobart interested in the burial jumped upon the "Gazette" editor with both feet. They pointed out to him, in case he had forgotten it, that on the occasion of ten bushrangers being executed, their bodies were taken in carts to the place of interment, with the exception of one, who, before his conviction, had walked in a genteel sphere of life, but whose crimes were proved to be of the blackest hue, being not only a robber, but a promoter of many other heinous enormities. That man's body, with the ring of scarlet round his neck, the mark of the hangman's rope, was retained for hours after the interment of those of his associates in iniquity. To pay it that regard the disconsolate show to departed worth, it was taken in a good coffin, through the debtors' apartments in the prison, and conveyed to the churchyard on men's shoulders. The coffin was preceded by one of the junior chaplains and another rev. gentleman, attended by others of respectability—thus manifesting every exterior mark of respect to the remains of a malefactor. The Irishmen, having basted the editor of the "Gazette" in that fashion, left the people of Hobart to draw their own inferences.

CHAPTER XIX.

Macquarie Harbor Continued—Alexander Pearce—"System" Kills His Soul—A Fiend Incarnate—Convict Gang Escapes—Hunger Overpowers Them—Murder the Weakest and Eat Him—Pearce's Glut of Blood and of Brains—Haunted by the Spectres of His Victims—Gives Himself Up—His Confession and Execution.

In company of the five men who were hanged at Hobart in 1824 for escaping from Macquarie Harbor was a convict, Alexander Pearce, who had also "done time" in that hell. The divine sparks of humanity had been crushed out of him by the fearful "System." He had been lashed into the sullenness of a cowed brute. Only the instincts of an animal remained. But he was not singular; there were hundreds such as he. The "System" was infallible, and its results only varied so far as to the measure of its effectiveness in killing the soul in man, and in giving him in its place the spirit of a fiend. Pearce was one of the first gang of convicts who escaped from Macquarie Harbor. The gang's intention was to capture the vessel of the pilot, and to sail away in her to South America. Amongst them was a sailor, and on him they relied for guidance across the sea. They seized a boat, and they were on their way to cut out the vessel when the tell-tale signal fires were seen issuing smoke upon the beacon peaks. They stood in to shore, abandoned the boat, and took to the bush; but they were quite unprepared for an escape by land. Not one of them had a scrap of food. Hunted animals, they pressed on further and further into the fastnesses of the barren land.

Hunger gnawed at their vitals. The stronger members of the gang looked at the weaker vessels. They began to think of killing and eating them. Two of these feeble wretches read in the wolfish eyes of their companions the desire to kill and to eat them. They contrived to escape from the gang, dragging their weakened frames back to the penal settlement. There they gave themselves up, anything, at that moment, being preferable to being murdered in the bush and eaten. Their vitality was exhausted; the balance between life and death had been overturned, and in two days after reaching Macquarie Harbor they both died from exhaustion. The remainder of the gang still went forward, yet not knowing where they went. By stealth the more able slew the weaker ones, and they gnawed at the shanks of their murdered comrades as a hungry, starving dog gnaws at a bone. At last there were only two of the convicts left, and each of them knew that the other was only waiting for an opportunity to slay and to eat him. Two days, night and day, without sleep, in the wildness of the bush, they watched each other. Each, in imagination, felt his teeth in the flesh of the other. And so the drama was played out to the bitter end. Which of the two would go to sleep first? Which of them would enter upon that sleep from which there would be no awakening?

Greenhill, the second convict, was overcome with sleep, knowing full well that his sleep was the sleep of death. He placed an axe

they had with them under his head. A rustle of the bush leaves would surely disturb him; surely Pearce could not touch the axe without awakening him. Thus thinking, he laid down, and in one moment was in a profound slumber. Was it possible that the rustling of the leaves could disturb him? He slept. "Was he asleep?" asked Pearce, or "was he shamming?" Did he not desire to lure Pearce within striking distance of the axe? And Pearce's eyes, full of fear, full of hunger, looked on Greenhill's prostrate form again, and again. Then he crept up and seized the axe. Greenhill did not move, nor did he ever move again, for the axe crashed down and split his skull in twain, and the murderer stooped down and drank the blood, and wolfed the brains of his victim. God! how the warm blood sent life into his veins; how the brain pulp satisfied his hungry stomach! The animal contentment of it all. He would stay with the body as he might stay at a pleasant inn, and he would refresh himself ere he went on his way. But the flies of Beelzebub, as well they might, came also, uninvited, to the feast, and in a day or two the body was such a mass of corruption that Pearce had to leave the spot and push on. But to where? He was alone with the past, and neither the past nor the present afforded him any peace.

The curse of Cain was weighted wondrous hard on Pearce's brow; he had not only killed men, but eaten them. Onward he went, accursed in the sight of God, and damned in his own mind for ever! He came upon a native camp, and there he found the remains of an opossum that he ate. Later, he saw some sheep, and fell, like a dog, on a lamb, tearing it to pieces as it lay. A stock-keeper saw him, and hearing his tale, being himself an assigned servant, tended to him, and restored him to his usual strength. The assigned servant was in league with bushrangers, and he put Pearce in touch with them. Pearce joined their gang, but was, with them, soon captured, and sent back to Macquarie Harbor.

One would think that, from stomach empty to stomach full, Pearce was sufficiently fed up on the horrors of the bush so as to preclude any desire on his part to take them on again. Yet a convict named Cox persuaded him to do so, though Cox must have been a bad judge of the man he was mating with. They did not go far in the bush when, again suffering the pangs of severe hunger, Pearce murdered Cox and ate him. When Cox's body became too "high" for even the strong stomach of Pearce, he went back to the coast. There, according to his own account, the spirits of the departed haunted him, as did the ghost of the departed, including Banquo and company, haunt the Thane of Cawdor! Pearce had supped upon horrors, and they had at last disagreed with him. "It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood." Pearce had dared all; but the marrowless bones and the eyes of his victims, without speculation, that glared at him were too much for even such an abandoned criminal as he was, always remembering, in charity, that he was a product—a prime one, it is true—of the "System" at Macquarie Harbor. Wandering along the seashore, this man strained his eyes for the sight of a sail.

The days passed, and each night Pearce found a lair to lie in just as a wild animal might do. There he tossed in the agony of

mind that is the fruit of superstitious dread. Alone with his guilt, his guilt mastered him. The tally of his deeds found a hundred tongues, and each tongue was clamorous for a hearing. His nervous system, dulled though it was, tottered towards insanity under the strain. He yelled at the fiends tormenting him, the pictured horrors of his imagination. But how real they were to him! The men he had murdered—

"Unsephulchred they roam'd
And shriek'd each wandering ghost."

The nights were peopled with such; the days were nightmares expecting them. Everything was unreal, horrible, unutterable. At last, as a glimpse of heaven against the blue sky, he saw the white sails of the ship "Waterloo," on her way to Hobart. He made frantic signals to her, and was at last seen. Her captain lowered a boat, and in a little while this strange man of the woods was taken on board, and the crew of the "Waterloo" listened to his tale of horrors as he unfolded them, asking, in reward for his confession, the, to him, most merciful boon of death. He believed that in his last sleep the pangs of conscience would at least cease to be active. Pearce was taken to Hobart and hanged. But before he was hanged he made a confession, and we extract the substance of it from the "Hobart Town Gazette" of July, 1824, as follows:—

"The Reverend Mr. Connoly, who attended Alexander Pearce, administering to him the consolations of religion, addressed the crowd assembled round the scaffold, a few minutes before the fatal drop was let to fall, in words to the following effect. He commenced by stating that Pearce, standing on the awful entrance into eternity on which he was placed, was desirous of making the most public acknowledgment of his guilt, in order to humble himself as much as possible in the sight of God and man. That to prevent any embarrassment which might attend Pearce in personally expressing himself, he had requested him to say that he had committed the murder of Cox under the following circumstances.

"Having been arrested here, after his escape from Macquarie Harbor, Pearce was sent back to that settlement, where the deceased (Cox) and he worked together in the same gang. Cox constantly entreated him to run away with him from that settlement, which he refused to do for a length of time. Cox having procured fish hooks, a knife, and some burnt rag for tinder, he at last agreed to go with him, to which he was powerfully induced by the apprehension of corporal punishment for the loss of a jacket that had been stolen from him. For the first and second day they strayed through the forest; on the third day made the beach, and travelled towards Port Dalrymple until the fifth, when they arrived at King's River. They remained three or four days in an adjoining wood, to avoid soldiers who were in pursuit of them, and were all the time, from the period they started, without a morsel to eat.

"Overcome by famine, Pearce determined to take Cox's life, which he effected by the stroke of an axe while Cox was asleep. Soon after the soldiers had departed, Pearce occupied the place they had been in, where he remained part of a day and a night, living on

the mutilated remains of Cox. He returned to the settlement, made signals, and was taken up by the pilot, who conveyed him to Macquarie Harbor, where he disclosed to the Commandant the deed he had done, being weary of life and willing to die for the misfortunes and atrocities into which he had fallen.

"The rev. gentleman then proceeded to state that he believed it was in the recollection of everyone present that eight men had made their escape last year from Macquarie Harbor. All these, except Pearce, who was of the party, soon perished, or were destroyed by the hands of their companions. To set the public right respecting their fate, Pearce is desirous of stating that this party, which consisted of himself, Matthew Travers, 'Bob' Greenhill, 'Bill' Cornelius, Alexander Dalton, John Mathers, and two more named Bodman and Brown, escaped from Macquarie Harbor in two boats, taking with them what provisions the coal-miners had, which afforded each man about two ounces of food per day for a week. Afterwards, they lived eight or nine days on the tops of ti-tree and peppermint, which they boiled in tin pots to extract the juice. Having ascended the hill in sight of Macquarie Harbor, they struck a light and made two fires. Cornelius, Brown, and Dalton placed themselves at one fire, the rest of the party at the other. These three separated privately from the party, on account of Greenhill having already stated that lots must be cast for someone to be put to death to save the whole from perishing. Pearce does not know, personally, what became of Cornelius, Brown, and Dalton. He heard that Cornelius and Brown reached Macquarie Harbor, where they soon died, and that Dalton perished on his return to that settlement.

"After their departure, the party, then consisting of five men, lived two or three days on wild berries and their kangaroo jackets, which they roasted. At length they arrived at Gordon's River, where it was agreed that, while Mathers and Pearce collected firewood, Greenhill and Travers should kill Bodman, which they did. It was insisted upon that everyone should partake of Bodman's remains, lest, in the event of their ultimate success to obtain their liberty, anyone might consider himself innocent of his death, and give evidence against the rest. After a day or two, they all swam the river, except Travers, whom they dragged across by means of a pole, to which he had tied himself. Having spent some days in distress and famine, it was proposed to Pearce by Greenhill and Travers that Mathers be killed, to which he agreed. Travers and Pearce held him while Greenhill killed him with an axe. Living on the remains of the deceased, which they were hardly able to taste, they spent three or four days, through weakness, without advancing beyond five or six miles, Travers being scarcely able to move through lameness and swelling in his foot. Greenhill and Pearce agreed to kill Travers, which Greenhill did while Pearce collected firewood.

"Having lived some time on the remains of Travers, they were for some days without anything to eat. Their wants were dreadful. Each strove to catch the other off his guard, and kill him. Pearce succeeded in finding Greenhill asleep, took his life, and lived on him four days. He was afterwards for three days without any sustenance, but fell in at last with the Derwent River, and found some small pieces of opossum, etc., at a place where natives had lately

made fires. More desirous to die than to live, he called out as loudly as he could, expecting the natives would hear him, and come and put an end to his existence. Having fallen in with some bushrangers, with whom he was taken, Pearce was sent back to Macquarie Harbor, from where he escaped with Cox, as was already stated, for whose death he is about to suffer."

CHAPTER XX.

Progress of Hobart—Macquarie's Visit—Launceston—Place Names—Lieutenant Sorrel's Administration and Departure, 1824—A Day in Hobart—Life in the Streets—An Hour in Court—Hobart Scandal—Baby Murdered—Illustrative Police Cases.

In 1811 Hobart consisted of a collection of wretched huts and cottages. The Lieutenant-Governor lived in a tent. Governor Macquarie came over in that year on a visit from Sydney. His second visit was paid in April, 1821. He found that the rude dwellings had been replaced by substantial buildings, and that the town was laid out in regular streets. Some of the houses were built of two stories, high and spacious. The principal public buildings were Government House, a commodious military barrack, a strong gaol, a roomy barrack for convicts, and a well-conducted hospital. There were 421 houses and 2,700 residents. On the stream that passed through the town four water mills for grinding corn had been erected. People at Port Dalrymple were still grinding their corn with hand stones and steel mills, though there was some talk of erecting two corn mills—one to be driven by the wind, and one by water. Eventually those two mills were built by J. Smith and J. Brumby, and Major McLeod erected another mill at Talisker. Lieutenant-Governor Sorrel had constructed at Mulgrave Point a "neat battery," and on Mount Nelson a signal post and telegraph had been erected. A substantial pier, or quay, was in progress in Sullivan's Cove, that was declared to be "one of the best and safest anchorages in the world."

Sorrel, at this time, was making a road across the island from Hobart to Launceston, the work having been begun in 1817. Road gangs of convicts were employed, but the work was not pushed on with despatch, notwithstanding the efforts of Major Bell, C.B., of the 48th Regiment. Convict labor was plentiful, but the men were refractory. Macquarie rode along the road to Launceston. In that town he spent a few days, and he ordered a gaol to be built, as well as a military barrack and a hospital. Then he went down the River

Tamar to the lately-erected settlement of "George Town," seated at York Cove, that was in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Cimetiere. He found the troops and convicts "most comfortably accommodated." The troops possessed a good barrack, and the convicts had neat huts, with adjoining gardens sufficiently large to supply vegetables in abundance. The necessary gaol and a guard house were also there. On his return journey from Launceston to Hobart he marked out and named "the townships Perth, 14 miles from Launceston; Campbelltown, 28 miles from Perth; Oatlands, 30 miles from Campbelltown, on the bank of Jericho Lagoon; Brighton, on Bagdad Plains, formed by the River Jordan and Strath-Allan Creek, 35 miles from Oatlands and 15 from Hobart Town." The distances were given in the official account of Macquarie's pilgrimage, so that there should be no mistake made as to which of the places received the names—a mistake quite possible when the occupation of the British was so recent, and at a time when the places were plotted in a primitive way in the almost virgin bush. Macquarie also named Staffa Ulra and Olmaig, Roseneath, and also Sorrel, after the Lieutenant-Governor.

Before Macquarie left, the bachelors of Hobart gave a public ball in his honor. One hundred and fifty men sat down to supper, and they danced together until morning. The bachelors wanted to impress upon him the necessity of sending down women from Sydney. Paradise without an Eve were a desert; Tasmania with scarcely any women was an abomination.

Sorrel's administration, at the end of his term, was regarded by the settlers as a successful one. A public meeting of "Landholders, merchants, and free inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land" was held on October 30, 1823, to express their appreciation of his patriarchal rather than despotic rule. Sorrel was always accessible. His habit was to stand at the gates of Government House and to chat there with any passers-by, whether in status they were free or bond. A banquet was tendered to him on leaving Hobart when his period of office ceased on May 14, 1824. He died in England, aged 74, in 1848, and for twenty years he drew a pension from the colony that amounted to £11,500, just twice the sum of money that he had received as salary during his government.

The current stream of everyday life in Hobart can be fairly well reproduced, so that we can gain an idea of how the world wagged there in those early days. In the morning the town was awakened by the ringing of the convict barrack's bell. The time of its ringing was governed by the seasons. In summer the bell was rung at daybreak, but in the General Muster Orders for June, 1817, we find the note, "The bell for assembling the working gangs in the morning will not ring till 9 o'clock. The men will continue to work from that time till 3 o'clock." These gangs were mustered, and then marched from the barrack, in charge of a file of soldiers and convict policemen, to various public works in progress in and about Hobart. The convicts forming these gangs were men undergoing colonial sentences. A resident of Hobart has left on record some of his impressions of the daily sights he saw. He says that "a new arrival first shudders at the sight of so many men working in irons, and a feeling

of horror creeps over him; nor does he overcome the sensation until his ear becomes habituated to the music of the chains, as they are rung by convicts at their work."

The residents of Hobart saw gangs of convicts, two hundred men wearing heavy chains, pass up and down the principal streets four and five times a day. The Governor saw gangs constantly passing the front entrance of Government House. They were yoked to carts and to rollers in the town; and yoked to ploughs, and worked like bullocks, in the country. The "System" was calculated, designedly or not, to tantalise the men, and not humanise them. To a large extent the residents of Hobart dwelt in the midst of alarms and of convict sensations. One day there would be an execution of convicts; on the next the news would be received that convicts had cut out a schooner, such as the "Seaflower," and the convicts—six of them—were off to the Straits to lead the wild and gay life of the sealers. Then word that the authorities had discovered the schooner at Waterhouse Island, and that three of the convicts had been captured, the rest escaping in the schooner, favored by a heavy sea the Government whaleboat could not face. Hobart then learns from the convicts in custody that there is no food on board the "Seaflower" beyond three mutton birds.

A new sensation follows hot on foot, and the "Seaflower" is forgotten. This time it is a town scandal, but not such a scandal that the principal sinner is deprived of the title of "Esquire" in the report of his adulterine infamy. The "Hobart Town Gazette" goes to the heart of the case; but the paper has its weaknesses. It roughly classifies, in its reports, Hobart society into three divisions: convict, "respectable resident," "most respectable gentleman and settler." In this report we meet the latter gilt-edged birds. The report of the scandal reads as fresh as it did almost 100 years ago (August 30, 1817):—

"In consequence of strong suspicions having been entertained that a young lady in Hobart, considered under respectable protection, had been secretly delivered of a child, an inquiry was a few days since set on foot, which led to the discovery that a full-grown male child had been privately interred in a box in the burial-ground under circumstances creating so much doubt as to the infant having come fairly by its death, that, after consulting the medical gentlemen, a Coroner's inquest was deemed necessary. The box containing the infant having been removed to the General Hospital, a jury of most respectable gentlemen and settlers of the colony, amongst whom were two magistrates, were called, and a strict inquiry was commenced before A. W. H. Humphrey, Esq., Coroner, in the course of which it appeared that Miss Makeller, sister to Mrs. Drummond, and living in the house of Mr. Drummond, had been delivered of the child without any medical assistance, and that it was privately buried with a trowel in the night by Mr. Drummond. The sittings continued several days, and after a most minute and laborious investigation the jury found Miss Makeller guilty of wilful murder, and John Drummond, Esq., and Mary Evers, a servant, guilty of aiding and assisting in the same. The parties are in custody, and will be sent to Sydney for trial in a few days. This transaction has caused a great sensa-

tion in the settlement—the more so from the relative situation of the parents of the child, and much feeling of commiseration for Mrs. Drummond and infant family."

What the fate of "John Drummond, Esq.," and naughty Miss Makeller, and Mary Evers was is unknown to us, since no trace of the trial in Sydney can be found in the Hobart paper. Where "Esquires" were concerned, such "little accidents," when discovered, could often be "arranged," and in such cases no more would be heard of them. Not quite on the same footing, but in the same direction, is this marriage notice:—

> On Monday, 26th ult., R. C. Burrows to Elizabeth Tucker, both late of Norfolk Island. They had cohabited together fourteen years, verifying at last the old adage—better late than never.

Even the town constables had their troubles, and they could get angry at times, as witness the following:—

"My wife, Jane Martin, having withdrawn herself from her home without any just provocation, and absconded into the woods with Benjamin Gibbs, an absentee, I do hereby caution all persons whatever against giving trust or credit to her upon my account, as I will not be responsible for any debt or debts, charge of board, or any other charge, claim, demand, or debt whatever, which she may contract hereafter, or have contracted from the period of her leaving her home.—Joseph Martin, Constable. Feb. 28, 1818."

If we step into the court where the Rev. "Bobby" Knopwood is "dealing out" scores of lashings, and listening to the complaints of settlers against their convict servants, we may see another aspect of the eternal feminine, and her lapses. An assigned servant is in the box proving a debt of £2 10s. against a butcher for five weeks' work keeping his books, during which time he resided at the butcher's house. The butcher denied the debt, swore the convict seduced his wife, and was, at that day, living with her, and he (the butcher) had been condemned to pay one pound a week for her maintenance, while she lived in adultery with his late convict servant. Knopwood, P.M., said the convict's claim was an impudent one. He had the butcher's wife; what more did he want? Verdict for defendant. Yet other cases illustrative of the times, and affording a sidelight on the ways of life in Hobart. On September 24, before a bench of magistrates whose names are not given, a fine-looking young woman, Ann Bass, a Crown servant, was charged with behaving in a riotous and disorderly manner to her mistress, and attempting to quit her place without leave, contrary to the Colonial Regulations. The charge being most clearly proved, she was sentenced to be put in the stocks for eight hours, at two different periods, with an iron collar placed upon her neck, and to be imprisoned in the county gaol for three months. "The complaint," we are told, "was peculiarly aggravating, this woman only having been released from prison a few days back on a like case."

At the same sittings of the court, John Gwynn, a free man, was fined five pounds for attempting to inveigle the above woman from her place. "We trust," said Knopwood, "this example will be a warning to all young women who are assigned as servants in this island, and cause them to remain peaceable and contented in the

situation allotted them by Government, and not to be seduced by those who, in a short time, may leave them friendless and distressed." Then the P.M. dealt with William Mason, a Crown servant, and gave him 100 lashes and 12 months in the gaol gang for stealing 7lb. of sugar from His Majesty's store; while David McCoy, a flock owner, was fined £20 for killing a sheep without a license, and his assigned servant, William Smith, two months in the gaol gang for holding the sheep while McCoy cut its throat.

CHAPTER XXI.

Captain John Thomas Williams—Sale and Abduction of a Girl—Mordecai Cohen's Tears—Fate of the Girl—Progress of the Colony—George Armytage's Land Grants—Scotch Immigrants—Seen from the Ship Inn—A Flogging in the Street.

The scallawag legion of shipmasters, who were never listed, and who prowled, in shine and in storm, along the high seas of the Southern declension, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, were of such a kidney that they may be likened unto a pack of devastating hounds. They were:—

> Sore given to revel and ungodly glee,
> Few earthly things found favor in their sight,
> Save concubines, and carnal companie,
> And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

They feared neither God nor man; they regarded neither the laws of humanity nor the ordinances of heaven. They were freebooters of the most daring nature, yet under the peaceful cloak of commerce they ravaged port after port, till even the remote harbors of the world, once visited by them, became too hot to hold them. One member of this dastardly breed of sea vermin—Captain John Thomas Williams, master of the ship "Frederick"—blew into Hobart early in November, 1817. He was not long in making himself acquainted with all the public houses licensed to the official prostitutes of the Government officials, "who were officers of His Majesty's army, and goodly gentlemen to boot." Some of these convict women were capable of any infamy so long as there was a sporting chance of escaping detection, and the dollars were forthcoming in payment for the risk they ran. The "Top dogs" in the dark days of Hobart Town were extremely jealous of any poaching upon their concubines' favors. Many a good-looking convict has received one hundred lashes for some trumped-up offence, when the real head and front of his offending has been his relations with the officers' concubines.

Captain Williams's custom of taking his ease at the inns of the officers' women was not altogether unknown to them, since they employed the most notorious "fence" Hobart ever had—Mordecai Cohen—to watch Williams. Cohen had whispered, as a result of his "shadowing," that Williams had designs on the not quite impregnable fortress of their "kept" women, or, rather, to speak by the card, of the women who kept the officers in luxury by selling the rum the officers filched from the Government stores under the pretence of using the spirit for departmental purposes. Mordecai did not, however, know everything, as he believed he did, taking place under his hooked nose in New Judee. Williams was warned off, being told that if he remained in Hobart, the air might disagree with his health. He replied that he was not in Hobart for his health's sake, but for the purposes of trade. Wherever he had been born, he certainly had not been "born in a thicket to be scared by a cricket." He told the officers to "go to hell," and then he, himself, went next door to that place—his own ship.

After the ship had sailed, and when it was too late, Mordecai began to find out things that made him shed tears and wonder whether Williams's name was not "Moses," for he never knew, old London fence and "smasher" of cronk coins as he was, such a clear case of "diamond cutting diamond." He was the more concerned at his defeat, since the chances were that his failure to detect Williams's game in Hobart would bring to him an unpleasant quarter of an hour on the triangles. He, a thief, had been set to watch a thief, and he had been bulldozed. His report to the officers had been to the effect that Williams was paying his attentions to a female publican named Mrs. Sergeant, who was notoriously one of the officer's rum-selling mediums.

In a few days the fat was in the fire, and Mordecai's back was smarting for the lack of brains in his head. The "Hobart Town Gazette" even got hold of the story, and printed the particulars, in a veiled sort of way, on November 17, 1817. The paragraph said:—

"During the beginning of the week, it was currently reported in this town that the commander of a vessel, who lately arrived here from India, had actually bartered for a fine girl of 16 years of age, and that the inhuman father, destitute of the feelings of a parent, and one of those wretched characters who confer infamy on the name of man, went on board and received the property tendered him for his child. A female publican and her servant, it was said, were active agents in this scene of disgraceful iniquity."

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor Sorrel did not awaken to Captain Williams's capers until the time when it was too late to curb them. While in Hobart, Williams did everything that he should not have done, and he left many obligations, encumbered upon him as a shipmaster, to discharge themselves. Sorrel deemed Williams of sufficient importance to launch a thunderbolt against him in the "Government Gazette." He there proclaimed aloud, for the world to see, that "John Thomas Williams, Master of the ship 'Frederick,' had committed gross and repeated violations of that part of the Colonial Laws called the 'Port Regulations'; that he had refused to pay his dues; and he had carried off from Hobart several persons

without permission." Captain John Thomas Williams was solemnly warned that until he made good all his defaults he was to be excluded from the Port of the Derwent, and notice also of his bad behavior was "to be sent to the Honorable East India Company. God Save the King!" Captain Thomas was not the man to take any proclamation of that sort to heart, even if he had been in the way of seeing it, which he was not. Sorrel might have saved the space in the "Gazette" for something within range of the Government cat-o'-nine tails. So far as Sorrel and Hobart were concerned, Williams and his ship "Frederick," and the girl he had abducted, passed out for ever.

News in those days travelled slowly, yet still it did filter along the highways of the world. Months after the "Frederick" left Hobart, news of her ultimate fate was carried to the Lieutenant-Governor. Williams directed his course to the north of Australia. He anchored in Torres Straits, lying in company with two other ships, the "Wellington" and the "Lynx." Torres Straits was not then charted with any precision. The early shipmasters, sailing through the waterway, discovered in 1606 by Luis Vacz de Torres, the "Spaniard from Peru," had to observe the greatest care in threading the straits' innumerable shoals, its hidden coral reefs, and its thickly studded islands. If possible, mariners liked to sail in company, not only on account of the dangers of the straits' navigation, but also because of the ever-present fear of sea robbers. In those waters, Sea Dyaks, Malays, and Chinese followed the calling of pirates, and many were the vessels they captured, after murdering their crews.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning the "Frederick" swung in the heavy swell on to a coral reef. Then she suddenly canted on her side. Williams fired signals of distress to attract the notice of the crews of the other ships. The captain of the "Wellington" launched his ship's boats, but the boats' crews were too late to render assistance, because, in a few minutes, the "Frederick" slid off the reef and then sank in deep water. Williams and three of the crew were able to scramble into the jolly boat. Twenty-four others of the ship's company, some of them being escaping convicts, and the girl who was sold into lechery, were in time to enter the long boat. A swift current was running. The long boat was carried away, driven with great force on a coral reef, and smashed to pieces. All in her were drowned in sight of those on the jolly boat, who were unable to save them. Captain Williams and the three men were then taken on board the "Wellington." In due course, the "Wellington" reached Batavia. From Batavia, Williams obtained a passage to the Isle of France; setting sail from there in the brig "Portsea" for India. What afterwards became of this man, who had tweaked the nose of Hobart Town officials, is not known.

It was said that when Lieutenant-Governor Sorrel arrived in Van Diemen's Land, in 1817, he found the colony little better than a wilderness, inhabited by convicts; but that when he left it, in 1824, Hobart possessed commerce, buildings, roads, bridges, private and public institutions, and a number of wealthy emigrants. This claim, as the results of Sorrel's rule, was not without some show of justi-

fication. Additions had been made to the Military Barracks, and new quarters had been erected in the Lumber Yard. Watchhouses had been built in Liverpool and Bathurst streets. Some houses had been erected, by the Government, to compensate a Mrs. Gillet for her loss in giving up her old house to form a market place. At Macquarie Point, additions had been made to the Orphan School.

At Sorrel, the chaplain's house had been completed and the foundations of St. George's Church just laid. A "handsome" gaol and courthouse had been built at Richmond, and an "excellent" stone bridge, of six arches, completed over the Coal River. The residents at New Norfolk had roofed their church, and St. John's, at Launceston, was nearly finished. Two hundred and fifty convicts, in six different gangs, had been constantly employed on the high roads; bridges had been rebuilt to replace those decayed or burnt by bush fires. At New Norfolk, 25 men were employed in clearing away the timber of the bush, and 45 convicts were engaged in erecting fences and stockyards on the Government stock run at Ross Bridge. Four hundred acres had been fenced, and 100 acres cleared, at Clarence Plains. Sorrel himself said, on his departure, that "few men could hold authority for seven years in a young and increasing colony, and witness its progress during that period from little more than a penal appendage to New South Wales, with a population under 2,000, to a free and rising colony, augmented in numbers to 11,000 people, in great part by emigration from the mother country, and diffused over a large part of the island, without imbibing an anxious interest in its success and prosperity."

Though Sorrel did not specially refer to husbandry, and the kindly fruits of the earth, they were the source of the success of the colony. Large quantities of grain were sent from Hobart to Sydney. In the draff of Britain that was exported, or which drifted, to Vandemonia, there came some good malt in the thews of honest, sturdy yeomen. Many of their descendants survive to-day, though the grit of the pioneers has not always been vouchsafed to the sons, whose heritage has been their father's wealth, shorn off his flocks, plus the unearned increment, fattened in the heart of the land. These cubs in clover to-day toot swift motor cars in swell streets, hitched on to the stars of frivol and fashion, where their Tasmanian ancestors drove teams of bullocks, yoked up to waggons, weighted with wool, and slowly shifted along bush roads to the accompaniment of whipcracks, tongued curses, and the frantic struggles of maddened beeves.

During the first year of Sorrel's governorship, George Armytage, born at Ticknall, Derbyshire, sailed in the "Hebe" for Australia. He was then (1815), in his twentieth year, an engineering student. From Sydney he went to Tasmania, and settled at Bagdad, where he was allotted 500 acres, in 1817, by Governor Sorrel, subsequently increased by Governor Arthur, in 1826, to 1,000 acres. There he built the first windmill in Tasmania, grew fat on the land, prospered, and laid the foundations of the wealth of the Armytages. In 1835, his eldest son, Thomas, crossed over to Victoria, and camped on the Werribee, and subsequently established the pastoral station, "Ingleby." He died there in 1842, and his father, in 1851, settled

at Geelong and built "The Hermitage." A great deal of the early success of the convict colony was due to Scotch immigrants, who were sent out by the Leith Immigration Society in the ships "Greenoch," "Triton," and other vessels. Those men formed an Agricultural Society that had for one of its objects the advertisement of the fertile resources of the infant colony. Their annual meetings, held in the Ship Inn, at Hobart, were among the leading social fixtures of the year. The members there gave a dinner to the civil and military authorities, and the drinking was made "very willing." One of the functions of the meeting was the presentation of a suit of clothes and four dollars to assigned servants engaged in shepherding. Thus, among others, we read: "Suit of clothes and four dollars to Robert Guard, assigned servant to James Gordon, Esquire, for good character, and five years with his master, minding 700 sheep during that time."

A striking obverse picture to this sketch of bucolic virtue being rewarded is afforded by placing ourselves, in fancy, at the window of the Ship Inn, and looking out into the street at the chain gaol gang at work. Convict constables are placing two triangles in the road, where the convicts are ordered to stand in line. Two convicts, James Reid and William Holt, are ordered each to take his place at the triangles. Reid has been condemned to 100 lashes; Holt to 50 lashes, for escaping from the chain gang. This punishment is being inflicted upon the men by virtue of a "General Order," notifying that every convict who escaped from the Road Gang in Hobart would be flogged, and then sent, ironed, to Macquarie Harbor. The hangman, an expert workman he, is in the roadway, beside the gang, with the cat-o'-nine-tails, that he sharply swishes through the air to see that the cat and the tails are in working order.

The thongs of the whip were liable to get twisted and become sticky with the blood from previous floggings. The whips varied in weight and in capacity to inflict torture. Some of the whips were cruel, even in a cruel world. Two constables were dismissed for cutting a cat-o'-nine-tails, with which some men were to be flogged, because the constables considered that the whip was too knotty for the backs of the miserable men it was intended the whip should lacerate—thus the authorities made humanity a crime!

The man Reid has been tied up to the triangles. The flogger buckles to his work. He flogs hard; he flogs harder! He not only poises the lash in the face of the Road Gang, but he glories in his devil's sport in view of the whole neighborhood. And the bloody human worm on the triangle, whose eyes, in their agony, bespeak the torture of Christ on the Cross, crucified, what says he from his world of pain? Reid is a man, or, at least, he has manhood, with a power to suffer and a courage to count the number of each lash as it falls, as it bites into his back. We can hear him counting quite distinctly, standing by the open window of the Ship Inn. A cat purrs on the window-sill, and two of her kittens are playing with her tail, even as the flogging brute—"One! Two! Three-o-oee" (that one at "three" must have gone deep!) "Four!" and so on, each stroke counted, until a faint, "Oh, God—ninety-nine!" and then a long drawn out groan that ends with "Domino!" a word that

signified in those days, in convict slang, that a man had taken the total of his lashings.

See! the convict constables are untying Reid, and Dr. Scott, that little man in the brown suit, is having a look with his gimlet eyes at Reid's back. As he does so, the flagellator is starting to give Holt the fifty lashes the Crown, in its mercy and its wisdom, has awarded to him. What a brute the flogger is! He was condemned to be hanged in Scotland, but he was reprieved, and transported, on the condition that he acted as Jack Ketch at Hobart; and there you see the vile wretch paying the ransom to the authorities for his life. The hundred lashes he has placed upon Reid's back have taken some of the sting out of Master Jack Ketch's arm. The iron-faced warder, one Lakeland, of odious memory, is urging him to greater effort. Holt is biting his lip and writhing under each stroke of the lash, but he says not a word. He has taken his fifty lashes. They are releasing him from the triangle. Look! Look! He has turned on Lakeland. Well you may put your fingers to your ears! He is cursing Lakeland as a hound who would torture a man beyond endurance. "The —— —— man was flogging fairly enough, you —— ——."

Dr. Scott is a Justice of the Peace, and, as such, is a man to be reckoned with. He at once formed himself into a Court, prosecutor, judge and jury, and he found Holt guilty of insolence, without leaving the road. Yes, they have seized Holt, and overpowered him after a desperate struggle. Their clothes are covered with the blood from Holt's wounds. But what of that? They'll wash, as the man will groan. They have tied him up once more to the triangles to receive another fifty lashes that Dr. Scott has ordered him to receive. . . . Half an hour later, Holt is lying in a faint on the road, and beside him, sullen and indifferent, sits Reid, handcuffed to him. Later still, the two men are marched through the streets of Hobart to the Government brig "Cyprus," on their way, with other prisoners, to Macquarie Harbor. And the kittens, the while, are still playing with the cat's tail! It is, you see, such rare sport, my masters!

CHAPTER XXII.

Change of Constitution—Military Jury Question—Colony Made Independent—Governor Colonel Arthur—His Political Pull—John Lewis Pedder, First Chief Justice—Arthur's Land Boodling—Discharges Old and Appoints New Magistrates—Pedder's "Bloody Assizes"—Press Appeals for Humanity and Mercy.

The Government the settlers suffered under was compounded of jobbery, favoritism, and autocratic insolence. The official group held the balance of power, and when a settler was not in the swim

with the authorities he was constantly annoyed by an unwarranted interference in his private concerns. The officials, by their manner, and also by their methods, except where the favored squirearchy was concerned, intimated that the colony was for convicts, and for their own personal and profitable advancement. Up to this time the colony was a dependency of New South Wales. Under that form of government much of its incipient importance was developed, and a great deal of its first prosperity fostered. Like the frogs in the fable, who demanded a king, the inhabitants wished for a change. What they desired was rendered possible by the British Government on July 19, 1823, enacting a law for the "better administration of justice in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, and for the better government thereof." The clauses of the new Act provided for the abolition of the old courts, with their military functions, through which the convicts and settlers obtained hot and ready-made law, but little of equity or justice. In the place of military courts, a Supreme Court was substituted, with jurisdiction extending over civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical cases. The old military jury of seven officers, on full pay, was not abolished, though the officers, for the purposes of the court, were brought under the direction of the civil tribunal. Other important powers were contained in the Act, amongst them being the palladium of British justice—the right to be tried by a jury. That boon the King was authorised to grant at his pleasure. The Bill, when before the House of Commons, was debated very fully; but no clause was more warmly contested than the one that authorised the retention of the jury of seven military officers. This military tribunal, full of the stinking pride of class and caste, virtually held the liberties of the settlers in its hands.

Sir James Mackintosh, in the debate, declared that the clause was the most obnoxious portion of the Bill, and he moved an amendment to the effect that a jury of twelve be substituted for the military seven. Mr. Wilberforce seconded the amendment, but capital and caste succeeded in defeating the amendment by eleven votes. George Canning, the author of the "Needy Knife-grinder," suggested a compromise between the opposing parties, proposing that the military jury was to be limited to a life of five years. That suggestion was agreed to by Mackintosh and his followers. Thus trial by jury, composed of twelve freemen, was shelved, to the great disappointment of the settlers.

It was in 1824 that the settlers petitioned the Home Government to make the colony independent. The petition was favorably received in England, and the prayer was granted. Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Darling, on his way to assume the Governorship of New South Wales, in 1825, called at Hobart, and proclaimed the independence of Van Diemen's Land, and he was sworn in as the first Governor of the island on December 3—a position he immediately resigned in favor of Lieutenant-Governor Arthur. On December 6, Darling embarked for Sydney. As an accompaniment to Tasmania's separation from New South Wales, the colony was given an Executive and Legislative Council. The members of both Chambers were to be named and nominated by the Crown. At the same time, the designation of "His Honor," by which title the Lieutenant-Governor

had always been known, was changed into that of "His Excellency," according to the official usage, where the Crown's executive officer has no superior at hand.

John Lewis Pedder, the first Chief Justice of Van Diemen's Land, brought from Great Britain the Charter of the Supreme Court, and it was duly proclaimed from the market-place at Hobart on May 7, 1824. On the 24th of the same month, the Supreme Court was opened. The first trial was that of a man named Tibbs for killing a negro whom he genuinely had mistaken in the darkness of night for a robber. Within a month of the coming of the Chief Justice, the new Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel George Arthur, arrived, with his family, at Hobart Town in the ship "Adrian." When he presented his commission to govern the colony to Chief Justice Pedder, he was sworn into office. Arthur owed his appointment to the political pull he had on the Home Government, stimulated by his own desire to escape, like the defaulter he was, the payment of damages awarded against him in an action for false imprisonment. The representation of the Borough of Plymouth, in the House of Commons, was almost the absolute property of two families—the Arthurs and the Lockyers. The families between them returned two members to Parliament. With the influence, the outcome of that power, Arthur, when a Lieutenant-Colonel, was able to secure the position of the Governor of Honduras.

While there, Arthur took up the cause of the nigger, and represented himself as an opponent to slavery. He figured as a champion in one notorious case, where a white mistress injured the eye and severed the ear off a negro woman. She was tried for the offence, but pleaded her rights of property, and the defence was upheld. Arthur was opposed to slave-owners stripping their female slaves of their underclothing, tying them to stakes, and so flogging them. Wilberforce, in the House of Commons, was then conducting a campaign against slavery, and Arthur, in following his lead, made himself a valuable adjutant to the cause. How far the mercy he pleaded for towards his black brother, he himself practised towards his white brother in Van Diemen's Land, shall be shown hereafter.

At Honduras, Arthur caused a Colonel Bradley to be arrested, and confined for seventy-three days, for refusing to obey his orders. Bradley declined, as a colonel, to take orders from a lieutenant-colonel. Bradley brought an action for false imprisonment against Arthur, and obtained a verdict of £100 damages. The immediate appointment of Arthur as Lieutenant-Governor to Van Diemen's Land stayed Bradley's legal process of execution, and when Bradley complained to the Government of this snide evasion on Arthur's part, Bradley was told that he could await Arthur's recall. Bradley then stated that Arthur's commission as a colonel had been antedated so as to defeat his verdict. That assertion amounted to a charge of forgery, and General Fuller, who wrote Arthur's commission of a colonel in the York Chasseurs, swore a criminal information against Bradley. He was tried, and found guilty, but he was not brought up for judgment. Popular opinion was with Colonel Bradley. The whole of the circumstances were known at Hobart. Therefore it is not surprising to learn, from contemporary reports, that

Arthur's reception, when he disembarked from the "Adrian," was "cold, but respectful."

From the outset of his rule in Hobart, Arthur acted up to the letter and spirit of Governor Macquarie's despatch to the Secretary of State, Lord Bathurst. In that despatch, Macquarie, speaking of free settlers, said that they should consider that they were going to a convict country, and that if they were too proud or too delicate to associate with convicts they ought to bend their steps elsewhere. Arthur soon showed himself to be a dispenser of patronage and of broad acres to those hanging about him. He also became a land boodler himself, and it was not long before he had property all over the island. He saw, too, that improvements in the way of roads made with Government money should enhance the value of his estates. The landed property known to belong to Arthur in the Jerusalem district alone was 12,804 acres. One of his properties, College Green, at the New Wharf, 13 acres, was supposed to be worth £20,000. He expended thousands of pounds in its vicinity to make it so. He was out in the colony to make money. With his nephews to dummy land for him, he did so. One of his official acts was to abolish the office of the old magistrates, and appoint new men to the positions.

This Arthur did, so that he might have creatures of his own choosing to do his bidding. He also increased the salaries. All the old magistrates—there were 35 of them—received £80 a year each; the five magistrates Arthur appointed had £2,000 divided between them. The men who enjoyed Arthur's favor and shared in the boodling were: W. H. Hamilton, at New Norfolk; Thomas Anstey, at Oatlands; M. C. Smith, at Campbelltown; James Simpson, at Norfolk Plains; T. A. Lascelles, at Richmond. Hamilton was well known in Hobart as Acting Naval Officer, Acting Colonial Secretary, etc., and a member of the Legislative Council. His appointment was regarded as a political job of Arthur's, and the press of the day openly stated, "Mr. Hamilton has at last, after all the finesse of going to England, etc., etc., accepted this appointment at New Norfolk (with an eye to the Treasury, and until something better turn up)." Anstey's appointment was regarded as proceeding from a powerful motive, and his appointment as a member of the Legislative Council was also challenged. As to Lascelles, a well-known name to-day, the "Colonial Times" says he is "the only old hand among the number of these new appointments, and we must say, to do him justice, he is lucky indeed in at last getting into favor, for we understand he has long been looking for the loaves and fishes." Lascelles had been in the colony about fifteen years, having arrived as a captain in the 73rd Regiment. He was afterwards secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor, "Mad Davey."

The districts these magistrates were supposed to administer justice in were the settlements of Pittwater, Clarence Plains, Muddy Plains, the Coal River, and Hollow Tree. Three old magistrates—Gordon, Butcher, and Glover—somehow got wind of Arthur's jobbery, and sent down their resignations to Hobart before Arthur could sack them. The public strongly urged that the men appointed at £400 a year should not be allowed to hold any other situation than

that of a police magistrate; that they should be at once made to clearly understand that they were not the paid instruments and political supporters of the Government, but that they represented Justice to the people. Hitherto, they had been the favorites of the Lieutenant-Governor, but they must not be so any longer. The character of a Jack in Office (Arthur) and the dignity of a Justice of the Peace were widely different attributes. In short, Hobart expected them to discharge their stewardship in the spirit of "salus populi suprema lex"—a fine tag that did not cut any ice with Arthur. Military rule was his fetish, and lashings without trial his creed. Arthur was a man of blood, and men were hanged under his governorship as if human life was of less value than a sheep's. Indeed, literally, it was not. The more humane colonists were shocked beyond expression at the wanton destruction of human life by Arthur, backed up by Judge Pedder, whose assizes were, as far as the human material was forthcoming, as cruel and heartless as the "Bloody Assizes" of that notorious judicial murderer, Judge Jeffries.

Can anything show clearer than this appeal, taken from the "Launceston Examiner," the horror Arthur inspired? "Oh, Governor Arthur, let the feelings of humanity, let the feelings of a true and devout Christian, one who must shortly give an account of the deeds done in the flesh, let these weigh on your mind to prevent you hurrying into futurity some one or more of the unfortunates now lying under the sentence of death. Is not the punishment of death (for a trifling offence) a crime against nature, even in populous countries; how much more so here? No just person (except our large farmers and graziers) can be so greedy of blood as to believe that property ought to be held as sacred and as inviolable as life. He who, out of love of gain, or dread of loss, is so greedy of blood and of vengeance as to put a fellow-creature to death for having fraudulently obtained a certain number of pounds, or carried off a sheep or horse, cannot believe in the Bible. A real humane man will let a sheep-stealer escape sooner than hang him for one sheep."

Arthur took no more notice of that appeal to his humanity than if it had never been made. Day after day he countenanced the most awful atrocities. Assigned servants were subjected to monstrous cruelty and brutality at the hands of their masters. "Will," says the "Examiner" at a later period, "the Sword of Justice slumber in its sheath for ever? Will the Government lessen the severities inflicted upon these men? The sound of the lash and the screams of the tortured are for ever ringing in our ears."

The press correspondent at Launceston wrote to the "Hobart Town Gazette," under date April 22, 1825: "On Saturday, and also to-day, a scene was exhibited in the Lumber Yard most dreadful to behold. The Commandant thinks that by a very severe mode of flogging he will repress all disorders. He has got a very strong man to flog, who occupies about twenty minutes whilst inflicting fifty lashes. But to see the deplorable state of the men. Two I saw were cut round into the throat, under the armpits, and on the belly and ribs of the right side. Oh, it was horrible to see! Our worthy pastor declared in the church on Sunday that he could not rest the night before owing to the dreadful cries of some of the sufferers. I am

afraid that this mode will drive many into the bush, for I have heard some declare that sooner than receive one hundred lashes they would do something to be hanged. Nine were tortured on Saturday, four this day, and seven are ordered for to-morrow, all for the most trifling crimes—such as being too late for muster, or for being absent from work."

The cruel maxim of the day, current in Vandemonia, "It mends their morals, never mind the pain," was, so far as flogging was concerned, never forgotten.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Colonel Arthur's Nephew, Captain Montague.—"Warming-Pan Montague"—Magistrates and Their Ways—Horrors at Macquarie Harbor—First Jew Hanged—First Woman Hanged — Military Jury Mutiny — A Grog-filled Major — Floors Court Officials with Chair—Pedder Hurries a Hanging.

Among Colonel Arthur's first official acts at Hobart was to appoint his nephew, J. Montague, then captain in the 40th Regiment, the Colonial Secretary. Every situation of profit in the bestowal of the Government that Montague could by any means be made the Poo Bah of was given to him. The settlers called Montague, in derision, "Warming-Pan Montague." Time after time the Secretary of State for the Colonies declined to confirm Montague in the positions given to him by his uncle; but such official snubs did not depress Arthur. His hide-bound cheek was as the brass of the warming-pan that his nephew was compared to by the settlers. Montague was a pliant tool in Arthur's hands, and he made a suitable instrument with which to drive home into the feelings and the flesh of the inhabitants of the convict colony the iron-shod heel of Arthur's despotism. Launceston residents had cried aloud at the numerous and merciless floggings of men within its gaol walls, whose agonised cries resounded throughout the town. Arthur was deaf to their pleadings for some touch of humanity, for some drop of mercy, in the working of prison discipline. Flog and hang were the only two resources of the man who had, when it suited him, posed as the champion of the black slaves of Honduras; who had said his "soul was cut to the quick" when he saw how the poor niggers were lashed by the slave-owners. Arthur stopped his ears and shut his eyes to what shrieked through the land.

Even within a stone's throw of his own doors men were flogged at a moment's notice. Free settlers were no more exempt from the

whip than were the convicts. Here is a thumb-nail sketch of the high-handed proceedings Arthur tolerated in the streets of Hobart. It also shows in its sequel what little importance the military attached to a flogging when the supervision of the punishment in any way conflicted with the officers' immediate desires. There had been great complaints by parties who had to deliver grain into the Government stores into the conduct of a certain shopkeeper who was acting as a middleman, and in that capacity swindling the settlers who supplied the grain. To obtain redress by law, on application to the authorities, was out of the question. In those times the outraged settler often sought to get even with the official thief by posting a paper up, describing the official's iniquities, for the world to read. At the corner of Collins and Elizabeth streets, opposite the shop of Lloyd and Lonsdale, stood the stump of a gum tree, and there on its bole usually the placards were placed, under cover of night, to be revealed and read in the morning. In this case, a respectable free settler was asked to act as the bill-poster, and he, the simple swain, agreed to actually post the placard up in the day time. He was in the act of pasting the bill to the stump when the storekeeper to whom the bill referred saw him at work. At the same time the military commandant, Captain Murray, of the 73rd Regiment, came by, and the angry storekeeper complained to him. Then and there a kind of court-martial was held in the street, the settler adjudged guilty (the whole procedure only taking a few minutes), and a sentence of 300 lashes was pronounced—the flogging to take place by the drum.

When about 200 lashes were inflicted, the officer who was seeing that the sentence was being carried out was told that a vessel was in the river from England. Then the military order of the flogging was dispensed with. The last 100 lashes were got rid of by the flagellator as fast as possible, and then away at a run went the officer, the drummer, the soldiers and the flagellator, leaving their bleeding victim on the ground, and all to hear—"What news from England?"

West cites some curious examples of magisterial doings at the time of Arthur's rule. One magistrate rose from the bench when he heard his waggon in the street, and delivered his sentence in his progress towards the door: "I can't stop; give him 50." A cattle-stealer owed his life to the same impatience of inquiry. Before the charge was half investigated, the magistrate said: "Give him 50"—an easy compromise with the hangman. Knopwood, the parson, met a party of men brought up for disobedience. He sent them back, as he "could not be bothered" sitting on the bench, with: "Ah, well; give them five-and-twenty all round." It was common enough to send a note with the man it was intended to punish. He was flogged merely on the word of a settler, and sent back to his work. A man, suspecting the contents of such a note, persuaded a fellow-servant to take it, and the innocent fellow, in spite of his protests, received the flogging the other convict should have suffered.

The vagaries, humorous and otherwise, that ensued during the administration in the lower courts were as nothing to the inhumanity displayed in the upper court—the Supreme Court—where Chief Justice Pedder sat as a man of blood, the embodiment of judicial murder

and devilish heartlessness. This estimate of the man is not made without a due sense of responsibility for the statement, nor shall it appear without the production of one of the proofs from which the premises are drawn. Soon after Arthur and Pedder arrived at Hobart, the prison discipline was made more severe; in fact, as severe as their united heads could devise. But so far as rendering the convicts more tractable, the tortures they endured increased their hellish hatred to the immediate cause of their sufferings, and accentuated their utter God-forsaken-hopelessness to any release from their physical suffering, or any anodyne from their mental distress, upon this earth.

Horrors upon horrors were reported from Macquarie Harbor. Arthur was appealed to, again and again, to abolish that abode of human misery. Bushrangers scoured the country districts; natives murdered the settlers. The land ran with the blood of the guilty. It was stained with the blood of the innocent; with the blood of woman and of man, of child and of babe. Arthur and Pedder did their full share to increase the streams of blood that cried aloud with a thousand outraged tongues to high heaven and to Jehovah for cessation. Gentile or Jew, man or woman, once before Pedder on a capital offence, was sent swinging out of this world to meet his Maker in the world to come. Pedder sentenced to death the first Jew to be hanged in Vandemonia—Abraham Aaron, who was executed for robbing his master on August 1, 1828. Aaron turned renegade on the religion of his forefathers when under the sentence of death. He expressed great remorse at his crime—his crime nowadays might have secured him 18 months' imprisonment, softened by remissions for good behavior—and before his death he embraced Christ. He was baptised a short time before he was executed.

On the scaffold the Jew addressed the spectators, among whom were several Jews, and exhorted them, in the words of Scripture, to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved." Less than two years afterwards, Pedder sent aloft the first woman to terminate her existence on the scaffold since the formation of the colony. Her name was Mary McLachland, alias Sutherland, and her crime was that of the murder of her infant. It was "a babe, ditch delivered of a drab," born into a world of suffering and of vice, and in the unfortunate woman's eyes better out of the way. To-day, Mary McLachland would receive for the crime perhaps a month's imprisonment, or may be, as sometimes happens, she would have been imprisoned until the rising of the Court.

The year after Pedder hung the Jew, he went up to Launceston and made a record there on January 29, 1829—a record even for Pedder. He sentenced four bushrangers—William Ashton, William Baker, Joseph Moulds, and John Gibson—to death; Joseph Stepnall, James Sillett, John Long, Bernard Shields, John Baker, and Daniel Mackie, for sheep stealing, to death; P. Large, for rape, to death; John Lynch and Daniel Leary, for bullock stealing, to death; Benjamin Laws, for highway robbery, to death; Thomas Rogers, for stealing from a dwelling-house, to death; J. Morrison, for arson, to death; Charles Williams and George Palmer, for stealing from a dwelling-house, to death; John Grant and Phillip Best, for sheep-stealing, the sentence of death recorded; Charles Towers and William Gullen, re-

ceiving stolen property, sentence of death recorded—a sentence that meant they would be sent to Macquarie Harbor. Three prisoners, for trivial offences, were to be whipped. The men under sentence of death were hanged, the Rev. Dr. Brown officiating as the religious comforter on the occasion.

It is reported that all the men "launched so suddenly into eternity maintained a demeanor suitable to the occasion." After Pedder had set that bunch of human miserables on the road to the hereafter he returned to Hobart, though before doing so he may, like my Lord Tomnoddy, who was so anxious to

> "See a man swing at the end of a string
> With his neck in a noose will be quite a new thing,"

have gone home to bed. To see a man "die in his shoes" at the end of a string was no new sight in either Launceston or Hobart. Rather had familiarity made horrors easy, at least easy to the curious, morbid, and unthinking crowds. Yet to others the repetition of such sights was but the surfeiting of their souls that were already full of the island's horrors. How often had they seen the man on the scaffold in pale, wan, and mute agony!

> "The glare of that wild despairing eye
> Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky
> As though 'twere scanning in doubt and in fear
> The path of the spirits' unknown career.
> Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
> Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer;
> That heaving chest—enough—'tis done!
> The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—
> For weal or for woe is known but to One!
> Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah me!
> A deed to shudder at, not to see."

Yet Pedder fed on the hanging of men. He was impatient with them if they pleaded for delay to prepare their souls for their last pilgrimage. If ever there was a hanging Judge, that Judge was John Lewis Pedder. He had no time for convicts or their trials when both interfered with his dinner. Two men, Brown and Salmon, were tried before him for a murder that had taken place at Macquarie Harbor. The usual military jury was empanelled, Major Douglas of the 63rd Regiment acting as foreman. Amongst the jury was Lieutenant Mathewson, who was in Hobart at the time (March 6, 1829), on his way to India. Being on full pay, he was eligible to serve on the jury. The case lasted from Wednesday at 4 o'clock to the following Saturday until 6 o'clock, the time consumed being accounted for by Lieutenant Mathewson refusing to bring in a verdict against his conscience and his oath.

The jury was locked up by Pedder, who after some demur agreed to allow them have during that period "moderate refreshment." The jury room was tyled by convict constables, and the military jury were very indignant at being held prisoners by convict police. Employed about the inns of court they were known as javelin men. Usually they were obtained by public advertisement in the "Government Gazette," one of which, as a sample of them all, we quote:—

WANTED.

Several prisoners of the Crown, either for life or 14 years, to fill the situation of javelin men; their police characters must be good, and they must have been several years in the colony. Applications to be made to the Sheriff by letter, stating ship, date of arrival, etc., and also the recommendation of their master must accompany it.

How "good" the characters of many of these men were is best shown from a short extract of the evidence of one given in a case in court, where the fellow, one Scandlebury, was charged with conspiracy to convict an innocent man of murder, a settler named R. Bryan, the conviction being obtained and Bryan sentenced to death through his evidence, and that of another dismissed convict constable, "without indulgence." Scandlebury, in his cross-examination, swore: "I am a prisoner; my sentence was seven years; my sentence has been extended three years. I was at Port Arthur till May 12 months, since which I have been a constable. I was tried for absconding, and am either dismissed or suspended." From the ranks of such men Pedder selected the men whom he placed as custodians over the military jury.

During Saturday night, led by Major Douglas, some of the jurymen broke the chairs in the jury room, armed themselves with pieces of them, and then by united efforts forced open the door of the jury-room. Chief Constable Capon, stationed behind the door, endeavored to bar their passage. He received a crack on the head from a leg of the chair that put him out of the fight. Then with a wild whoop the major, leading his followers, charged down on the remaining convict constables. One glance at the furious major, who was said to be fully primed with rum he had bribed one of his guardians to procure, was more than sufficient to convince them that if they remained, the honors of war would certainly remain with the major, and the leg of the chair he brandished in such a wild, threatening way. Off the constables ran, almost tumbling over one another in the determination to get beyond the reach of his arm. In a moment or two the building was deserted by all except Lieutenant Mathewson and Dr. Bohew.

The news of the jury's escape was spread over Hobart in a very short time, and small detachments of the soldiers, at the instance of Pedder, turned out to arrest the missing jurymen. After half a night's search the missing members of the jury were rounded up; all of them, including the rum-charged major, who was furious enough to eat fire, were found in most unlikely places. Mathewson held out until Saturday afternoon, when he said he was sick of the whole thing, and he would consent to a verdict of guilty. The man charged with and found guilty of the actual murder did not commit that offence. The man who was charged as an accessory was the murderer.

These facts were disclosed in their confessions before being hanged. Both men were so wearied of existence at Macquarie Harbor that they determined to commit murder in order that they might be sent to Hobart to die. Salmon procured an axe, and Brown agreed to murder a man—any man—of those there confined with them.

Salmon fixed upon Stopford, the deceased, for no particular reason, but that he was supposed to be some sort of favorite with the Commandant. Brown did not even know him by sight. He got up, however, in the night, Salmon having made him acquainted with the spot where Stopford slept, and severing his skull with an axe, he left it embedded in Stopford's brains, and returned silently to his companions. Little of that information was given at the trial. Where Stopford was murdered on Sarah Island, 16 men slept in a small room. Every night they were locked up there without a glimmer of light. Without Brown and Salmon had confessed, the murder could not have been sheeted home to them or to any of the 16 men, so swiftly and silently had the axe been cleft into the sleeping convict's skull. The murder was unknown to the convicts until the grey dawning light of the early hours of the morning showed to their startled gaze the deed of blood. Salmon earnestly implored Judge Pedder to give him a little time to prepare for the end, but Pedder would not do so. Pedder said, "It could not be; they should hang at 8 o'clock on Monday morning." Pedder added that he was "so exhausted that he could not make any observations on the case." That has been left for posterity to do.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bushranger McCabe Captured—Remarkable Scenes—A Wild Human Beast—Landing of Convict Women and Free Emigrants — Fearful Reception — Insulting and Obscene Liberties—A Howling Mob—Contamination and Ruin—Men Branded with Hot Irons—Convict Constables.

During Arthur's years of office some strange and wild scenes took place in the streets of Hobart. The capture and subsequent arrival of the bushranger McCabe plunged the town into a high state of excitement and of intense expectation, in which all ranks—high and low, rich and poor, free and bond—equally participated. The day of his arrival was a wet October morning, the roads being very dirty. Nevertheless, the way towards New Town was crowded with people impatient to see, personally, the appearance of the criminal whose heartless murders had spread terror along the countryside. Till half-past 2 the crowd waited in the drizzling rain, and the multitude was so great that it was scarcely credited that so many people lived in the town. The whole of Elizabeth-street, up to Government House, was one continuous crowd, and when the party with the prisoner reached Wellington-bridge the crowd was so dense that they could scarcely find room to pass. McCabe walked with a soldier, to whom he was handcuffed, with soldiers marching along-

side and at the back of him. The jeers and taunts of the crowd were deafening. Then they would gradually cease, to be followed by an absolute silence that was mysterious in its intensity.

On three or four occasions McCabe endeavored to address the crowd, but the soldiers, in no light fashion, prodded the doomed man on with their bayonets. As he felt the pricks of the steel, he would turn half-round, snarling, a wild human beast, at the men in whose cold, determined eyes he could see no mercy. On reaching the gaol, the doors were opened to receive him, then as suddenly they were shut in the face of the crowd that howled its execrations in one long, hoarse roar, horrible to listen to. Once inside the gaol, irons were rivetted on his ankles, and the shadow of the gallows tree began to cast his figure into gloom. He was a tall, athletic man, with a face strongly marked with smallpox. He bore the effects of a shot in the face, where the gunpowder was conspicuous over the nose. He made a boast in the gaol that he cared no more for the life of a man than he did for the life of a bird, and that he shot either the one or the other without compunction or any subsequent remorse. Like Death itself—

> "He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
> Like a butcher that kills his own."

But, when the last day of reckoning came, the laugh that once had laughed at murdered men's skulls, as he offered them part of his fare, froze in his throat, and he went to his Maker in fear and trembling at what he conceived was waiting for him, if he got his deserts, in Kingdom Come.

Another notable scene in the streets of Hobart took place when the ship "Strathfieldsay," 476 tons, arrived with some convict women aboard, as well as having also some free immigrant women. Under Governor Arthur's "Muster Orders," convicts were supposed to be employed until the dinner-hour on Saturday, when they were free for the afternoon, if they devoted the time to the washing and mending of their clothes. This regulation enabled the convicts to avoid their usual labor, and also to neglect their washing on the occasion of the arrival of the ship. The free females were landed from the "Strathfieldsay" on a Saturday afternoon. All the convict element, male and female, that could possibly be present to give them a warm reception did not fail to greet them. The scene attending the landing was one of the most disgusting and abominable sights ever witnessed in Hobart. For the occasion the "Strathfieldsay" was decorated with the flags and the bunting that could be found on board the ship. About 11 o'clock some of the women were stowed in one of the ship's boats, and then another boat went alongside and was filled—and others followed in succession.

Those women who had first left the vessel had to remain in the boat they entered upwards of an hour. When the boats were filled with women, and ready, they were towed together towards the New Jetty. By this time the convict mob waiting to witness the landing of the women was not less in number than 2,000 persons. As soon as the first boat reached the shore there was a mad rush towards the spot. The half-dozen constables present could not force a passage through the crowd to let the women pass through. The most disgusting conduct ensued. Each female, as she struggled through the

crowd, was jeered at by the convict throng. The most vile and brutal language was addressed to every woman, and many of the most daring blackguards took insulting and obscene liberties with them. Every woman was crying most bitterly. The crowd laughed, the crowd jeered, as its members perceived the great mental distress of the unfortunate females. After the women had struggled through the crowd, the ordeal was not over, for men singled out the girls they fancied, and went in pursuit of them, making to them, openly and aloud, the most insulting proposals. One poor creature fainted, but there was no hand to assist her—no one present with any power to prevent the convicts handling her. The greater portion of the men offering the insults were convicts, but it appeared as if the whole town had been picked to select the lowest ruffians expressly to insult those helpless females.

On arrival at Bellevue, the house that the Governor's officers were supposed to have had prepared for the women's reception, the mob gathered, yelling, in front of the place. The landing was effected between 11 and noon, yet the women had nothing to eat until 6.30, and while waiting for it the women were set to fill bed ticks with straw, in order that they might not lie on the bare boards. During the whole of the night, around the house, scenes of wild disorder took place. Ugly convict faces were flattened against the windows in the endeavor to look at the women, who were huddled together in a frenzy of fear. Throughout the night the women heard this mob shouting the most obscene propositions to them. Sunday evening and Sunday night were both passed in a similar manner, with, if possible, additional increase of noise and of disorder. Arthur did not move the powers at his command to disperse the howling mob, but his wife, Mrs. Arthur, and three more ladies tried to do so, but their efforts were not of much effect.

On the same morning 320 female convicts were landed at 7 o'clock, and they were received with cheers, marched in order up to the prisoners' barracks, and supplied with rations. Colonel Arthur addressed them, and extolled the benefits of virtue and the drawbacks of vice. It was asked at the time, "Where were the scrupulous, conscientious psalm-singers (meaning Arthur's push), that none of them could stand forth and protect innocent females from insult, contamination, and ruin?" About 100 free females were landed from the "Strathfieldsay." It was said to be a somewhat mixed cargo, so far as virtue was concerned. The purveyors found a difficulty in persuading a sufficient number of "respectable" females to undertake the voyage, so the workhouses and the London streets were scoured in order to make up the number, and to enable the traders in human flesh to obtain the money proffered by the Government upon their despatching 100 young women, free immigrants to Hobart. Thus in the struggling, hunted line that suffered so much on that Saturday morning, November 16, 1882, there were to be found the offspring of the once wealthy and the most destitute prostitute of London streets; and as these were mingled together, with the convict women, too, before the voyage was completed virtue was effectually lost in the gulf of vice.

Dr. Llotsky, in his "Pamphlet on Female Emigration," wrote that "the conveying of shiploads of young women to a distance of

16,000 miles under the command of, and surrounded by, a crew of (to say the least) rough sailors; the innocent, tender, and childish girl to be mingled up in the same berth with the consummate wretches of London; these are things we would call, at least, unnatural; neither does whole antiquity (with all her Paphos and Lesbos) exhibit any spectacle of this kind."

Among the great undertakings by convict labor promoted by Arthur were the New Wharf and what was called the grand Bridgewater work. The former consisted in moving a large portion of a hill into the Derwent at Hobart Town so that a space might be made alongside of which vessels of burden could discharge. It was admitted that this undertaking was highly beneficial to the commercial interests, and also to the private interests, of Arthur and his nephews, they having large and valuable properties in the immediate vicinity. For several years hundreds of convicts were employed in cutting a new line of road between Hobart Town and Launceston, called, after the property of Colonel Arthur, "Carrington Cut." The general opinion was that this road was formed for the purpose of increasing the value of Arthur's property at Coal River.

While Arthur boodled on as extensive a scale as was possible, his underlings followed his example in a small way. From the beginning, it was the custom of the country. In Collins's time the men in power had thieved property, real and personal, and even Collins himself did not stay his hand at appropriating another man's wife, and he committed the theft in the outraged husband's sight. In a private log that was kept on board H.M.S. "Calcutta," on her voyage to Port Phillip and Van Diemen's Land, that breach of morality is recorded against Collins, who has been extolled as "a man of some piety!" The log was published in Launceston by J. P. Fawkner, and the unknown author of the log says, "One great fault was that Governor Collins left his wife behind, and long before the voyage was at an end he had secured the affections of a fair young wife by displaying before her his high situation and the absolute power he was destined to possess. Thus he drew her from the youthful lieutenant who had before revelled in her favor—she exchanging youth for age. I believe she generally slept in the cabin which one of the officers had given up for her and her husband's accommodation. All this passed directly under the eyes of the chaplain, the Rev. R. Knopwood. Perhaps he reproved it; but of that I am not certain, for he never publicly reproved them."

Arthur's cupidity was as great as Collins's immorality, and one cannot resist the conclusion, on closely studying their acts as revealed in the broad public channels of information, and the more rare and less accessible paths of private and contemporary comment of the times, that they were men not only destitute of honor, but men who sometimes went the lengths of doing things that, had the wheel of fate swung in a different direction, might have made them the convicts and the convicts their masters. If we all got our deserts, who should escape unwhipped? The little men who followed Arthur's lead did not—Arthur took care of that—escape unwhipped, but such little men, nevertheless, exercised their petty tyranny, and they made the settlers pay them in tips for anything the settlers

required. It was of little consequence if the settler had an equitable claim to any indulgence from the Government unless he greased the palm of those in power with a substantial sum. Some of those very men were not too anxious to show their palms, the reason being that their palms had been branded, by order of Judge Pedder, with red-hot irons.

A man could not secure a permit without a "tip"—a ticket-of-leave man could get no pass until he tipped—an individual who wanted to take up land had to "tip," or he would not get a grant. No class of the community was so venial as that of the convict police, and they were, at night, ever on the watch to catch any man they could, and to drag him to the watchhouse on a charge of drunkenness, in order to cause him, as the price of his liberty, to proffer a "tip." On the contrary, the most notorious thieves were suffered to parade Hobart streets, and to exercise their calling, from picking pockets to sandbagging a man, because they tipped the convict policemen. One of these guardians of the peace took a young man to the watchhouse from the man's own front gate, while he was standing one night listening to the roll call as it was beaten up Macquarie-street. He was charged in the morning, having spent the night in a cell with felons, with being "improperly in the streets," reprimanded by the magistrates, and then discharged. The police received as pay £10 a year, and they shared in the proceeds of fines, due to their arrests, with the Crown. Arthur really countenanced this custom of a felon suing for a penalty on behalf of the King, and afterwards sharing that penalty with the King.

At times Arthur had an access of virtuous indignation at the presence of thieves in the streets after nightfall. Then he would have 30 or 40 of the most abandoned "policed," and if they were unable to account for the way they lived they received a month's hard labor in the chain gang. No sooner were they released than they were pounced upon again, until after a time the new order of things reverted to the old, and thieving was as bad as ever.

Awful jobs were put up on men by these convict constables. It must have been plain to Arthur, if he ever gave it a thought, that the sanctity of an oath could have no weight with such men. Also, he must have known that the British authorities could not have ever intended that felons should be given the power and office of a constable; that they were to have the power to apprehend a free subject upon his own authority, and without warrant, to place him in a watchhouse upon suspicion of a breach of one of Arthur's rules or a Colonial Act; to appear as an informer, and to sue for a moiety of a penalty, and, in order to get that money, to be a witness in his own cause. It appears almost impossible to conceive anything approaching such a state of Government administration to-day; but such was the ordinary departmental routine of legal procedure during the time of Arthur's term of office, and the boodling Governor did not see anything to amend in his government.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Great Newspaper War—Colonel Arthur Attempts to Muzzle the Press—His Newspaper License Law—Bent Refused a License—Persecutions of Pressmen—Arthur Gets a Set-Back—License Law "Repugnant to British Law and Destructive of British Liberty"—Triumph of the Press.

Wheresoever a tyrant has sway, sooner or later there also will be heard the voice of Freedom, shrieking, may be, as she shrieked when Kosciusko fell, or else stirring the craven hearts of halting serfs with the sting:—

> "Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
> Who would be free themselves must strike no blow?"

The man who sets out to muzzle the spirit of that freedom, as Governor Arthur did when he tried to prevent the press from criticising his acts of government, will always find that he has picked a hard furrow to hoe. Let the fight be what it may, the press in the end will triumph, even when a convict colony is the field of warfare. Arthur's love of power, and the vanity that puffed out his nostrils, bloated his judgment. In his love of place, blown out with the pride of "imperium in imperio," he did not see far enough to know what would be the ultimate end of his restrictive measures against the press. While he was top dog on the Government House kennel, he barked loud enough to be heard over Hobart. When he did so, like Sir Oracle, he demanded that no other dog should open his jaws. Everything the Government did was, according to the gospel of Arthur, pleasing in the sight of the Lord, whatever mere man thought about it. Arthur made a great pretence of religion, and his followers followed him to church and to chapel, to gospel and to bible meetings. There they prayed, according to a contemporary authority (who did not sign his name), for the "strayed sheep penned in a place considered by Arthur and his crowd to be a worldly hell, wherein those suffering are not worthy to advance to the same heaven as themselves. In gaol a man had to be a convicted felon before Arthur would allow him to attend divine worship, and then only for half an hour's service once a fortnight—a drop of religious comfort likely to be swamped by other matters in the sea of the convict's troubles."

Arthur posed as the "Father of the People;" but he had a difficulty in persuading the people to accept him at his own estimation. The early free settlers were not men who had come down by the last shower, while the convict element, in its component parts, was almost, if not quite, as snide as Colonel George Arthur himself. Arthur's great stunt was to nominate a Board of Consideration when he desired to carry out some autocratic action, or some measure that was likely to be obnoxious to the people. The persons whom Arthur appointed to the Board were that tame that they would eat out of his hand, and crumbs of his favor were always dropping into their wallets. Such men, constituting such a Board, would go through the farce of sitting, the comedy of talking, and the tragedy of doing—

doing the dirty behests of Arthur's will to the woe of their own manhood. Their conclusions were foregone ones, since they were Arthur's. Thus he passed local acts to execute public works, mostly improvements in the vicinity of his properties, or near to those of his nephews'. He took care that the carrying out of these contracts fell to his personal friends, so that they could filch the treasury under the cover of a legal payment. The labor of convicts in gangs were thus, in a measure, done away with. Arthur also levied a tax on convict labor—that is, the settlers had to pay for it—and he also had passed a law making it legal for him to keep, during his pleasure, convicts in chains up to seven years! He tried to bluff the public with the gag that he was the mediator between the Boards of Consideration and themselves. The public was not bulldozed, and the puppets who danced to Arthur's strings were despised. When any of them found he had a mind of his own he ceased to be a puppet, and Arthur had no further use for him.

For a while Arthur's bosom warmed the Chief Justice Pedder. That "hot-tempered and most prejudiced man in the colony" figured on the boards to give the flavor of legality to the proceedings, just as Arthur would have desired that the common herd should realise something of the divinity he endeavored to persuade himself hedged him. Pedder's presence on the boards was a great blind to conceal great official boodling; but it gave rise to continual suspicion and complaint that Pedder was under Arthur's thumb, that Pedder was prostituting his office to further the peculative schemes of Arthur. At the best of times the font of justice in Hobart was not above suspicion; but this brazen and open dovetailing by Pedder with Arthur's views was too much for the gall of the residents of Hobart. Complaints were sent home to the Secretary of the Colonies, and word was sent back that Pedder, as Arthur's king-pin on the Boards of Consideration, must cease—that his duties as Chief Justice were inconsistent with those of a law-maker. He was there to administer laws, not to make them. In the meanwhile, Arthur tried to bend the press to his will.

Tasmania was not independent of Sydney control until the year 1825. Up to that time the local press was therefore subject to the same liberty, rights, and restrictive safeguards as the press of New South Wales. Governor Brisbane had conferred upon the early Australian pressmen the freedom from censorship. Colonel Arthur, however, when the colony was independent of New South Wales, with the aid of Pedder, determined to exercise censorship over the "Hobart Town Gazette," and to use that paper to further his views when advisable, and to silence opposition when necessary.

Arthur, however, reckoned without taking into consideration Andrew Bent, the printer and owner of the "Hobart Town Gazette." Because the Government had advanced £379 12s. 6d. to Bent (which he had repaid) for press, type, etc., Arthur assumed he had purchased Bent's freedom of thought and silenced his right to criticism. Bent had been longer in the colony than Arthur. It was in 1815 that he was appointed Government Printer by His Honor Colonel Thomas Davey ("Mad Davey," of rum fame), which appointment was subsequently confirmed by his successor in office, Governor Sorrel. When

Arthur arrived at Hobart in May, 1824, Bent was publishing the only paper in the island, and in it the "Muster Orders" issued by Arthur were published. From the outset, Arthur endeavored to control the policy of the paper, which unwarranted attempt to interfere with the Liberties of the Press Bent, to his eternal credit, strongly resisted. Bent was thereupon dismissed from the office of Government Printer. But that did not satisfy the spleen of Arthur. He was determined to ruin Bent, and, quite regardless of the moral and legal rights appertaining to copyright, he sought to do so by filching the title of Bent's paper, and by calling the Government newspaper, that he desired to bask in his favor, the "Hobart Gazette." Bent appealed to the authorities in Sydney to protect him from Arthur's arrogant assumption of the title of his newspaper.

The Sydney authorities supported Bent, and ruled that Bent had a right to the title of his own paper. Checked in this insolent literary piracy, Colonel Arthur and his council passed an act, which came into force on October 19, 1827, imposing a stamp duty of twopence on every newspaper, and also prohibiting any person, under exorbitant penalties, from printing or publishing a newspaper without having first obtained a license for that purpose from Arthur. Bent repeatedly applied to him for a license, but that autocrat refused to grant him one on every occasion; nor was Arthur swayed in Bent's favor by a petition presented to him by fifty leading residents of Hobart, led by such men as Anthony Fenn Kemp, W. Kermode, George Meredith, C. McLachlan, and D. Lord. These men declared that Arthur's License Law was "no less repugnant to British law and destructive to British Liberty than impolitic and inexpedient, as well as being degrading and oppressive to the colonists." The memorialists added: "We neither identify ourselves or this address with any particular newspaper or political views, the Freedom of the Press being our sole aim and object."

Colonel Arthur's reply was that he "could give no hope of the law's repeal under the existing circumstances and conditions of the colony." Arthur then determined to have Bent prosecuted for libel, having first secured Pedder, who would have to try the case. The files of Bent's paper were searched, and something that would serve was found, dated nearly a year previously. The military jury was rounded up, and with Pedder in the box to do the riding Bent was dished before he had got to court. The English "New Monthly," April, 1826, says: "The printer of the 'Hobart Town Gazette,' Andrew Bent, which the Governor seems anxious to suppress, has been found guilty, generally, of libel. The list of the special jury is amusing in a colony where there are men to be found in civil life equal to any that sat upon the occasion. A full-pay major, two chaplains, a lieutenant, an ensign, a cornet, and a half-pay major tried a citizen for libel on the Government of a Lieutenant-Colonel. The matter charged as libellous would not have been thought so in the Mother Country."

Addressing Bent in court, Pedder said: "You urge in your defence that you did not compose any of those libels. I confess I can discern but a very slight difference between the person who composes the poison and he who disseminates it."

Realising that Arthur was determined to refuse him a license under any circumstances, Bent sold the copyright of his journal to James Austin, who was also refused a license when Arthur discovered he intended to employ Bent in the printing department. Bent then released Austin from his purchase, and re-sold the paper to Joseph Tiec Gellibrand, a leading practitioner in the Supreme Court, and at one time Attorney-General for the colony. Because Gellibrand proposed to engage Bent as a printer, Arthur refused to give Gellibrand a license. Bent then published a sheet of advertisements under the title of his suppressed journal, the "Hobart Town Gazette," and he also issued a monthly periodical called the "Colonial Advocate." After Bent had issued eight numbers of the "Advocate," Arthur fulminated an order that any convict writing an article in a newspaper would be sent to a penal settlement. Bent's editor was a "young man under the sentence of the law." He was so described in the petition Bent sent to the British Parliament, dated October 20, 1836.

This "young man" was probably Henry Savery, a merchant of Bristol, who had in 1825 been transported for forgery. He signed his letters in the press the "Hermit of Van Diemen's Land," and the letters, in their day, made a considerable stir. Eventually Savery was sent to the penal settlement of Port Arthur, where he destroyed his life by cutting his throat, since the horrors of that hell were too much for his nerves. He was the author of a story, "Quintus Servinton," of which he himself is the hero. Arthur continued to wrack the law to ruin Bent, and he was kept dreary months in prison. Worn out with conflict, Bent was about to sell his type and presses when the glorious news arrived that the British Ministry had repealed the License Act of Arthur, and that autocratic boodler received a very decided public snub. Again, therefore, Bent's paper, then the "Colonial Times," assumed its old appearance, after being issued only for advertisements since October 12, 1829. And the editor, in joyful mood, exclaimed: "Thus may the Freedom of the Press be considered once more restored to the colonists of Tasmania."

In the meanwhile, Arthur was championed by Dr. Ross, printer of the "Government Gazette," in a paper Arthur had licensed to him, the "Hobart Town Courier." Ross was the son of a Scotch advocate, and before coming to Vandemonia he had been a nigger driver and a coffee planter at Grenada. Whatever Arthur disliked, Ross opposed, and as a crawler to Arthur and as a spineless mockery of a man Ross was hated in Hobart. A handbill is still extant (and one can still warm one's hands at the fires of its caustic bitterness) that was distributed in the streets of Hobart. It reads:—"Here lieth the body of James Ross, printer, formerly a negro driver, who spent the remainder of his days in advocating the cause of torture, triangle, and the gallows." Then follow couplets, amongst which are these:—

"Beneath this sod, mark, reader, as you pass,
The carcase buried of a great jackass;
Perfidious, smiling, fawning, cringing slave,
Hell holds his spirit and his flesh this grave;
Corruption revels in a kindred soil,
A carcase fatted on an island's spoil."

The press war against Arthur was carried on with spirit. Gilbert Robertson, first of the "Colonial Times" and later of the "True Colonist," was fined and sent to prison. There was no gagging Robertson while he was free. He charged Arthur with felony, and the members of his administration with misdemeanors. He made speeches in the police court, denouncing the whole "Government gang" as not less deserving than others of a capital conviction. Arthur's two nephews, Captain Forster and Captain Montagu, were specially, after Arthur himself, the objects of Robertson's bold indictments. Here is an extract from the "True Colonist," February 26, 1835, that will give the reader an idea of how Robertson let himself go:—

"I charge Mr. Fitzpatrick, late overseer of the Government farm, with stealing or embezzling a quantity of hay, the property of the Crown, and one John Compton, the overseer of Colonel Arthur's farm at the Marsh, with receiving the hay. I also charge Mr. Davidson, late superintendent of the Government garden, with embezzling, and Captain Forster with receiving, four Norfolk Island pines, value £20, the property of the Crown. I have another distinct charge against Captain Forster and one against Captain Montagu for stealing or receiving certain building materials, the property of the Crown."

For that paragraph Robertson was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of £50. Judge Montague, an eccentric and most irritable personality, pitched into the unfortunate editor in order to placate Arthur. Among other things Montague said to Robertson in court was: "It is, I think, impossible to conceive any publication more infamous, more monstrous, more atrocious than the libel you have published against Captain Montagu. Good God! In England what would be thought of a man who would openly come forward and charge the Governor of a colony or the Secretary of State with a felony?"

Notwithstanding this judicial hot air, blown off in public, the large majority of the residents of Hobart believed that Robertson had written what was the truth.

John Pascoe Fawkner was publishing in Launceston the "Advertiser," and he made some remarks that were not well received by Arthur in Hobart. The official whip was cracked over Fawkner's head, and he climbed down with a most abject apology, removing himself at once by his disgraceful subjection to official censure in the matter of a press public discussion from any claim to respect of honor from modern militant journalists. Indeed, he swung, like the press crawler he was, the other way, and became the defender of officialdom and abusive of the assertors of press freedom. Fawkner could not sneer enough at Henry Melville, a man of superior education and undoubted courage. He bought the "Colonial Times" from Bent, and in common with the journalists in opposition he had no time for Arthur or his boodling nephews. He fell foul of Pedder, who was persecuting a settler, William Bryan, who had charged Governor Arthur before the House of Commons with misappropriation of Crown Lands. That was fatal to Bryan's prospects in the

colony. His assigned servants were recalled in addition less open and more covert methods were devised to ruin him.

Melville resented all this dirty work of Pedder's, who at once sat as prosecutor, jury, and Judge, and fined Melville £200, and sent him to gaol for twelve months for contempt of court. Melville was locked up with Robertson in a condemned cell from which a score of malefactors had been taken to execution, including the man-eater Pearce. The vermin and the confined space rendered the imprisonment the description of torture Pedder and Arthur desired it should be to a man of refinement and of education. As Melville himself wrote: "Editors and such like are condemned by Colonel Arthur as fit companions of twice and thrice convicted felons." In Melville's "Memorial to the British Parliament: A Voice from Van Diemen's Land," he described himself as "now imprisoned in His Majesty's gaol at Hobart Town, under a sentence of the Supreme Court, for an alleged contempt upon the said Court in the person of one of the Judges." Besides his own heavy fine, his two sureties were condemned in £150 each. The Memorial asked the British House of Commons for that justice to which, as a British subject, he is entitled.

Broken in fortune, Melville eventually returned to England, where he died. On his widow's tomb, in a Jersey graveyard, is recorded the claim "that she was the wife of the Father of the Tasmania Press." The same claim is made on behalf of Bent; but it would be invidious to single out any of the press martyrs of the day as the one who upheld the liberty of the press more than another. It was while in prison that Bent started the "Colonial Advocate;" it was while in prison that Melville wrote his scathing indictment of "The Administration of the Government by Colonel George Arthur;" it was while in prison that Henry Savery wrote his most caustic letters of the "Hermit." A companion of his was a man named Thomas Wells, who was "in the jug" for debt. Wells copied Savery's letters for the press, since, had Savery's handwriting been found, he would have been flogged at the triangles.

It was when released from prison that Bent wrote to Joseph Hume, M.P.: "Dreading perpetual imprisonment under a Chancery suit, and broken down in spirit and in pocket by the persecutions I had suffered, I discontinued the 'Colonial Advocate,' and was thereupon released. The Press Licensing Act was disallowed by Sir George Murray, Secretary for the Colonies, the announcement of which disallowance reached the colony soon after my release from prison. But the unremitting persecution, which I had suffered from Colonel Arthur, and the determination on his part to put down all free discussion by prosecutions for alleged libels, and the certainty of conviction before a Military Tribunal convinced me that to follow my occupation as a newspaper proprietor and printer would be attended with certain ruin to myself and family." Bent was ruined, losing estate to the value of £3,000; Melville was ruined, as well as others in the press world. But the spirit of Liberty, the Freedom of the Press, sprung from the ashes of their ruin, phoenix like, and we know to-day that their fight was not made in vain. Any good that Arthur may have done is interred with his bones; the obloquy of his

acts still blazes throughout the land he battened upon, and with that equitable irony. Fate sometimes pleases to use, the means whereby his infamy is spread is a branch of the tree of the selfsame press he sought in his arrogance and his ignorance to suppress.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Convicts' Mental Delirium"—Some of Arthur's "Notions"—Seven Years in Chains—"Mild and Consistent Supervision"—McLeods of Tallisker—Hobart and Launceston Gaols—The Treadmill—Female Convicts Charged with Immorality—"Holy Willie Bedford"—The Women Outrage Him.

On the subject of convict discipline Governor Arthur had a fad that he rode to death. The fad is best explained in his own words, taken from his "Regulations Issued to the Roads' Department." Arthur asserts in those Regulations, "It can be scarcely doubted that the main body of the convicts are under a mental delirium—they see and appreciate everything through a false medium; and as, from long experience and close observation, the Lieutenant-Governor is confident that a firm and determined, but mild and consistent, supervision, is the very best to be followed in order to remove the infirmity under which they labor, it is the treatment he enjoins shall be uniformly observed." Dr. Ross, Arthur's press champion, is supposed to have put these notions into Arthur's head, and as they had a quasi-scientific sound he swallowed Ross's conclusions as readily as a hungry pigeon swallows peas. He regarded the police, mostly convicts, as the pivot of his system, and he required them to spy on the masters. In practice, the masters of assigned servants were more on their trial than their probationer servants. At the same time, the servants were lashed freely when Arthur thought their "delirium" was causing them to kick over the traces a little more than the "delirium" warranted them in doing. One magistrate could authorise fifty lashes; two magistrates one hundred lashes; and these magistrates, it may be remembered, were Arthur's "selected pets." Arthur, too, had seized the power to give a convict seven years in chains; that was a part of the "mild and consistent supervision" he advocated.

Arthur was quite proud of his system, and he addressed a despatch on the subject to Viscount Goderich, afterwards Earl of Ripon, and who was head of the seven months' Goderich administration, and subsequently Secretary of the Colonies. Arthur depicted the assigned servant under his system as "deprived of indulgence, living

in the interior, employed in clearing and cultivating forest land, allowed no wages, idleness, even looks betraying an insurgent spirit, exposing him to the chain gang or the triangle, deprived of liberty, subject to the caprice of a family, and to the most summary laws."

Such, indeed, was the condition of the convict when assigned to one of Arthur's "pet families;" and how those families abused the power in their hands, and how that abuse of power was winked at by Arthur, can best be illustrated by one case out of many others that could be quoted. It concerns the McLeod family, a member of which, Donald McLeod, had in 1827 succeeded in some way or other, so devious as to be hidden, to secure an "immense grant" of land from Arthur. This McLeod posed as a major, but he was not any higher in rank than a lieutenant, and the act of grasping at a rank higher than he was entitled to shows at once that he was not above false pretences. Arthur allowed the McLeods—there was a precious brood of them—assigned servants, and the inhuman way that they treated these servants was well known. In June, 1829, a man tottered into the police office at Launceston, a human wreck. His face was battered out of recognition, his body bent with pain. He explained he was an assigned servant of the family of Magnus McLeod, of Tallisker, and that he had been almost beaten to death by his master's brother, Alexander McLeod, because he laughed! Doubtless, laughing, according to Arthur's code, betrayed an "insurgent spirit." He had asked for a pass to go into Launceston to complain about the assault, but the McLeods had refused him one, and he had come without it. He found that McLeod had ridden into Launceston and told his (McLeod's) version of the story. In court, McLeod admitted he had given the convict a father of a beating, but he said the convict had laughed, and the man who laughs must see who laughs last. The complaint was dismissed, and the man sent back to enjoy life under the tender mercies of the McLeods of Tallisker. But the wales on the convict's body were sore; his spirit was bitter with the murderous hate of injustice and the inhumanity of man to man.

Not long after, five convicts absconded from the pinchbeck "Major" (Lieutenant) McLeod's farm at Tallisker. When captured they one and all declared that "starvation and ill-usage" had driven them into the bush, and that when McLeod hired some of his land to the Stuarts, they went with the bargain, like so many slaves or so many oxen. Perhaps it was oxen! Anyway, the captured men were given fifty lashes each, after which they were left to chew the cud and to ruminate on the cursed spite of existence in a convict colony as assigned servants of the McLeods of Tallisker!

Arthur's platitudes about humanitarianism, and his gag of "mild and consistent supervision" were so much guff, designed to hoodwink the home authorities, and any local simple folk who believed him, to his wholesale scheme of boodling on the lands of the colony and his shuffling of the accounts of the Government exchequer. In practice, Arthur turned a deaf ear to any complaints of the inhuman cruelty of the warders. If "the system" had a soul into which the iron could enter, it is not unfair to Arthur to assert that the iron entered the soul of the penal cruelty in Vandemonia

during his term of office. One convict, known as "Scrummy" Williams, and who had at different times received 500 lashes, was sentenced to 100 lashes for robbing the stores. He at first received 75, when Surgeon Barnes gave it as his opinion that Williams could not bear any more. Williams was taken to the hospital, but while lying there expostulating at the severity of his flogging, because he would not hold his tongue he was taken out to the triangles and given the remainder of his sentence. It might be supposed that Arthur's views on penal servitude would have included the proper and sanitary housing of the convicts. The truth is that the Hobart Town Gaol, in Arthur's time, was a disgrace to humanity. It was contained in a square of about 40 yards, and was encircled by a wall. At the time the gaol was built there were about 600 people in the colony. Then the gaol was the pride of the place—the rose, so to speak, of the penal garden.

In Arthur's day there were 35,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom were convicts, or with the convict taint in their veins, so that the gaol's accommodation was quite inadequate for present necessities. The building was divided into two parts—the one portioned off for the debtors, and the other was termed the felons' side. In the latter portion were to be found free immigrants waiting for trial, mixed up with the twice and thrice convicted felons who were waiting to be sent to some penal settlement. Arthur never appears to have done anything towards sorting out hardened felons from first offenders. He sent men whose offences were of a minor grade to road parties and chain gangs, and in those parties were to be often found free immigrants and twice and thrice convicted felons.

In Hobart Gaol, on the felons' side, were four rooms, in which the prisoners were usually confined. In addition, there was one compartment apportioned for women, besides five small condemned cells. In the four rooms and condemned cells allotted to male prisoners, no less than 250 prisoners had been confined, during Arthur's governorship, at one time. Two of the rooms were 17 feet by 11 feet 6 inches, and the other two rooms about 25 feet by 15 feet. The prisoners were allowed to exercise in a small confined courtyard, where the stench was terrible. As to the women, the apartment in which both the free and the convicts were kept before trial was, before being applied to that purpose, two condemned cells that had been knocked into one room, the two cells together measuring about 6 feet in width and about 12 feet in length.

Once a woman was put in Hobart Gaol she was absolutely locked up till the day of her trial. She was not allowed to exercise, and the light of heaven was scarcely permitted to enter her cell. A score of women were often entombed in that narrow space for three, six, and even 12 months awaiting their trial, awaiting Judge Pedder's pleasure. Innocent children pigged with their mothers in this fearful den, and there they remained until their mothers were convicted or discharged. Hobart Gaol was as bad in Arthur's time as the worst English prisons of that date.

Though the British Parliament was encouraging reform and improvements in prison management and in prison construction, Arthur contented himself with theoretical speculation on mental criminal delirium, while the vermin swarmed up the walls of Hobart

Gaol. From one cell alone 25 human beings were marched to the scaffold in three successive days, a striking example of the effects of Arthur's "mild and consistent supervision." He had a treadmill erected in 1827, adjoining the Prisoners' Barracks, and he anticipated it would be of "great benefit in correcting a certain portion of male offenders." It was hoped, fond delusion! that the mill would obviate the cat-o'-nine-tails "always administered to assigned servants." How far it accomplished these charitable expectations that Arthur gave forth as feeling in his pious Wesleyan wowser soul the reader must ere this have judged.

Penal arrangements were not any better at Launceston. The gaol wall was finished in December, 1829. It was described as being 12 to 16 feet high, according to the declivity of the ground, and was composed of iron stone of great thickness. It had three gates, or doors—one for the gaolers, one for the debtors, and one for the felons. On the wall was a sentry box, and a walk along the top of the wall for the sentry of about 30 feet. The exercise yard for the prisoners was not used by them, as the gaoler kept his fowls and a cow in the yard, therefore the convicts and prisoners in the gaol were confined to their cells. The happy-go-lucky, free, and immoral way in which the gaol and watchhouse discipline was discharged may be judged from this paragraph, taken from the "Launceston Examiner," December 7, 1829: "Is it true that a few nights back two of the constables of this town were found in different cells in the watchhouse in bed with the women confined there? That one was a single man, who was dismissed by Mr. Gordon, and the other, a married man, was passed by without comment?" Later, we learn that it was "quite true that Mr. John Daniel, a district constable and a married man, was found by Constables Rogers, Burton, and Anderson in a cell with a woman, his boatcoat was thrown over the bed. At the same time the watchhouse-keeper was found in bed with another woman, for which he was dismissed, but the district constable still holds his office."

In theory, ticket-of-leave women were not allowed to cohabit with anyone. Such acts were regarded as immoral, and were liable to bring punishment on the offenders. Arthur was severe on such women. Many Tasmanian gaol records remain of women punished for immorality. One notable case was that of Phillis Jones, who had acted as midwife to the best families in Hobart. Arthur heard that she had cohabited with a convict from the convict himself, who desired to be revenged upon her for her refusal to resume relations after he had half-murdered her. Arthur was mean and paltry enough to set the Rev. William Bedford on her track, and the parson was despicable enough to hunt the woman down. At the Hobart Court he charged her (Mrs. Phillis Jones) with immoral conduct in cohabiting with one R. Woodrow. The evidence showed that Mrs. Jones was formerly the assigned servant of Dr. Scott, on whose recommendation, and that of Mrs. Sorrel, wife of the late Lieutenant Sorrel, Mrs. Jones had been granted her ticket of leave. All the leading ladies of Hobart whom she had attended at the birth of their children had affixed their signatures to a petition to Arthur for her conditional pardon. Woodrow said he had tried to marry the

woman, but she would not marry him. He had tried to shoot her since cohabitation ceased four months ago.

The case occupied the whole day, and was considerably enlivened by Dr. Scott telling Bedford that in such cases he did more harm than good. Bedford told Scott that if he said such a thing again he would report him to the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Arthur. Scott repeated the words slowly, as he said, in order that Bedford might have them fresh in his memory. Scott said it was unfair to hound the woman, and he pointed out the lapse of time that had taken place since she had any connection with the miserable convict hound who had betrayed her. Arthur's influence, and the looming shadow in the courts of his will, were too great for the spineless justices to resist, and the woman was once more reduced to the status of a female convict.

How the convict women loved "Holy Willie Bedford" may be judged by an experience he had at the Female Barracks a few days after he had cast a stone and bore witness against Phillis Jones. He went to the barracks to exhort them to lead virtuous lives and to shun fornication and adultery as they should the devil and all his wiles. The women were not taking any of that sort of tinned Christianity from Bedford, and with one accord, led by the most desperate characters, they set upon him, and had him down on the floor of the prison before he could defend himself. The women made a determined attempt to permanently maim or injure him. Bedford howled as loud as a stuck pig squeals, and had it not been for the prompt assistance of Chief Constable Pitt and his assistants the women would have succeeded in ruining Bedford if they had stopped at murdering him. It was with great difficulty he was rescued out of their hands, and he afterwards presented a very sick and sorry appearance, natural to a man who had come through such a very trying ordeal.

What Arthur thought of this outbreak is not known; but it is not difficult to guess that Dr. Scott was not losing any sleep over it. The persecution of a poor woman like Phillis Jones for doing what her betters did with impunity was one of the signs of the times. However rotten to the core Hobart was, Arthur was desirous that in outward aspects the town should bear the appearance of order if the odor of sanctity was unobtainable. He professed to be greatly concerned at the amount of drunkenness that was to be seen in the streets, and more especially at the number of drunken women who fought in the highways on Sundays, to the great scandal of those attending houses of worship. He appointed "Street-keepers," charged with the duty of apprehending such people, and particularly the women who created disturbances opposite the chapel in Melville-street during divine service. Hobart at that time was consuming 1,000 gallons of rum per week, bringing in a revenue of £300 to the Crown each week. In six months there had been landed at the Derwent 45,000 gallons of spirits, and the people had spent over £50,000 in drink, porter and beer running into £10,000 of that sum, the balance being spent principally in rum. Well might a poet of the day, suffering from a sore head, write:—

Let the devotee extol thee.
And thy wondrous virtues sum.
By the worst of names I'll call thee—
O thou hydra-monster Rum!

CHAPTER XXVII.

Major Honner and His Convict Mistress, Anne Pope—Arthur's Convict Constable, George Madden — Marries George Austin's Woman—The Austins and Armytages—Madden Seduces Ikey Solomon's Wife—Arthur Indifferent —His Autocratic Power Tottering.

The Governor, Colonel Arthur, showed in his daily administration of the affairs of Van Diemen's Land a marked favoritism towards the arm of his police, composed of convict constables. He encouraged them in a system of espionage upon the settlers, who naturally resented the intrusion of "Arthur's watchdogs from gaol" into their affairs. Indeed, the employment of spies by Arthur was regarded as one of the chief vices of his government. One police magistrate, Humphrey, was denounced for corruption. The charge was launched against him by Major Honner because Humphrey would not assign to Honner's service Anne Pope, a prisoner of the Crown, with whom he (Honner) was cohabiting. Honner made the offer to Arthur that he would produce evidence sufficient to convict Humphrey if Arthur would undertake to give free pardons to his witnesses. Arthur declined to pledge his word, but he sent a promise through one of his executive officers to Honner that if the results were satisfactory Anne Pope, Honner's mistress, would obtain her pardon. When Honner drew up his case against Humphrey, Arthur saw the charges made were malicious and incapable of proof, whereupon he directed that the proceedings should be stayed, and Honner prosecuted for formulating false charges against a police magistrate, who, after all, was more useful to Arthur than a hot major seeking to obtain possession of such a woman as Anne Pope.

The case shows clearly how secret informers were tolerated, and how Arthur was capable of making conditions with them for information intended to stab a man in the back. When the officers themselves were meshed in the perilous world of espionage, when they employed Arthur's methods to gain their ends, it is not hard to realise the reign of terror set up by Arthur's convict constables. When the settlers complained of the way they were harassed, Arthur, in a mocking spirit, enlarged the powers he had already conferred upon the constables in his "Muster Orders." Arthur actually authorised them to break into any dwelling-house, to even invade a chaste and free woman's bedroom at night, if they pretended that they suspected a runaway convict was on the premises. They could arrest any person they met in the street whom they chose to fancy was a convict at large. These powers the convict constables abused in a most arbitrary manner. As a writer of the times remarks: "The feelings of the community were not carefully consulted, and the laws, in the main useful, were too often pertinaciously encumbered with provisions both irritating and needless. The motives of the law-givers were canvassed without reserve. They were supposed to employ their powers to facilitate extortion, in the profits of which they were said to share."

Throughout Arthur's term of office he exercised a very marked patronage towards those convicts or free men who basked in the light of his eyes. If necessary, he could secretly oppress a person distasteful to him through a chosen convict constable. One of his favored felon police was George Madden. His name and doings are interesting to recall, since he was the "bete noir" of the squatter families so well known to-day in Tasmania and Victoria as the Austins and the Armytages. Madden was transported to Van Diemen's Land for robbing the betting-rooms at Doncaster. He must have had some influential friends who interested themselves in his welfare, since, when he landed at Hobart, Arthur made his path easy. Arthur appointed Madden to guard the Treasury, but he left the guardian unguarded. The Treasury, while in Madden's care, was robbed of £1,400. The robbery took place at night, and the rifled chest was found hidden under a tomb in an adjacent burial-ground. The methods of the robbery were on all fours with the theft in the Doncaster betting-rooms. That Madden had "cracked the crib" was street rumor and pothouse talk. Madden and three bond men were tried before Pedder for the offence. On the second day of hearing the Crown Prosecutor threw up his brief, or, rather, he did not appear to prosecute. While the Court sat and waited for him, he was enjoying his breakfast. Nor did he hurry his meal. Pedder grew impatient, or pretended to be, for he directed a verdict of "Not guilty" to be entered, and ordered Madden and his fellows in the dock to be discharged. Hobart asked, "Why?" but Arthur did not enlighten the townspeople, who only learnt that Arthur had relieved the Treasurer from his responsibility for the loss. Where did the money go?—into the poke of a convict, the purse of an official, or the chest of a satrap?

To the astonishment of Hobart, Arthur declared that the Treasury would still have nightwatchmen to ward the treasure from thieves, and that "George Madden, convict constable," would be in charge of the policemen who were to go to and fro on sentry-go. In that way Madden was employed for some months, with his tongue in his cheek, since the thief, or thieves, who looted the chest remained unpunished. As to the Court that built a bridge for the flying rogue, it made the Roman axioms clear to Hobart that "a corrupt Judge does not carefully search for the truth," and "the more corrupt the State, the more laws."

Madden was sent by Arthur to take up duty at Roseneath Ferry, about eight miles from Hobart, where, assisted by another convict constable, he was to detect runaway convicts at the crossing. Keepers of ferries in the days of early colonisation earned large sums of money. Many well-known colonists were ferrymen. The Austins are the descendants of such stock. The man who laid the foundation for the fortunes of their house was James Austin. Amongst other things James stretched out his hand for, besides fat grants of land, was the ownership of Roseneath Ferry. Austin, by the way, employed a convict as an assigned servant, Samuel Davis. In a rare book, published in 1832, Charles Medyett Goodridge, who writes of his "Eight Years' Residence in Van Diemen's Land," says that he "occasionally stopped at the ferry to await the tide, and he

became acquainted with Austin through a man named Samuel Davis, a native of Paignton. This man had been convicted of robbing the dwelling-house of Mr. Tapley, shopkeeper at Tor, near Torquay, in the year 1818, and sentenced to death, which sentence I believed had been carried into execution. I did not recognise him, but on his seeing me he inquired if I was not called Goodridge, and then made himself known. He had obtained a ticket of leave from the Government, in consequence of good behavior, within three months of his arrival. After he obtained his emancipation he acquired property."

Davis was not singular in that respect, nor were those convicts, such as he, who paid the penalty for their crimes, and afterwards worked out their redemption, any the worse before the Gates of Heaven than the land boodlers who, with Arthur's consent, robbed the Treasury by paying peppercorn rentals for land they only awaited the opportunity to filch absolutely from the Crown, and which, in the majority of cases, they succeeded in doing.

James Austin was one of those early men filled with "land hunger" who had the good luck to exploit, as far as he was able, the rich pastures of Van Diemen's Land. So well did he find the new world wag with him that before 1824 he had blown the family bugle call that brought his nephews Josiah and Solomon out to him from Baltonborough, Somersetshire. Josiah returned to England, carrying with him the same news that Joseph of old took unto his own father, that there was "the best of land . . . in the land of Goshen," and, like Joseph also, Josiah brought more of his clan to Tasmania, even as Joseph called his father and brethren unto him in Egypt. While Josiah was doing so, James Austin died, and his corpse had been buried five months when Josiah arrived in Tasmania with John Austin, his wife, three sons, and a daughter. James Austin, in his will, divided his property between his two nephews, but he also made provision for a convict woman who had been his housekeeper for many years, when women were few in the island. When Austin died she was between 70 and 80 years of age, and to ease her declining years he bequeathed to her a life interest in his property that brought her in about £600 a year—a bequest that was the source of much chagrin to Austin's nephews.

The Austins were still further annoyed when they learnt that Madden, a man of 30 years, had persuaded the old woman to marry him, and they were astounded when Arthur gave his assent to the marriage. As a general rule, no female convict was allowed to marry before undergoing a certain period of probation. In this case the settlers considered that Arthur had enabled a convict constable, known to be in his favor, to violate every principle of moral decency. Madden's object in marrying the woman was, of course, to obtain control and possession of the annuity left to her by Austin, and he succeeded in doing so. He lived in Austin's residence, and played the part of a country squire.

Madden set his shrewd wits to work to obtain his ticket of leave, and in doing so he caused the Armytages a heap of trouble. Madden was riding behind a soldier who was conveying Government despatches, when the soldier dropped a bag of letters near Madden's,

or, rather, the late George Austin's, residence. Madden picked the bag up, and, taking upon himself the role of the Governor's courier, he pressed horses from the settlers so that he might ride in hot galloping haste with the bag to Hobart. Amongst the settlers he passed in his wild ride was the house of Armytage, whose gates he flung open, demanding: "In the King's name, a horse!" Armytage, who knew Madden, resented the insolence of this privileged pet of Arthur's, and refused to lend him a horse. In great wrath, Madden blustered and stormed at Armytage, telling him, as he rode away, that he would report Armytage to Arthur as "a settler obnoxious to the Government." Madden kept his word, and Armytage had great difficulty in convincing Arthur that his refusal to supply a horse for the purposes of the official post, when demanded from him by a convict constable, did not place him within the ring of "settlers obnoxious to the Government." Had Armytage failed in the end to get the ear of Arthur the world might not go quite so easy with the family to-day. Few doubted that Madden had bribed the soldier to drop the mailbag, so that he might be given the opportunity to make a great splash as to his zeal in the interest of the Government.

The accumulations of such overt acts by the hated henchmen of Arthur treating the settlers as if they were a body of helots hastened the dissolution of the autocratic power he wielded. In many ways the freemen's interests clashed with those of the penal government, and the freemen, galled by the yoke, began to grow restive under the weight of their wrongs. The freemen talked, the press echoed their discontent, and Arthur had enough prescience to see that he had reached in his government a new order of things, and, also, that his exercise of autocratic power was on the eve of being restricted by a daily growing vigorous public opinion. But such signs of the times did not concern Madden, who was not satisfied until he got a mistress on the approved aristocratic principle of adultery with his friend's wife, and that friend happened to be Ikey Solomon.

Ikey was a noted London receiver, or "fence," and he having been gaoled in Newgate, while awaiting his trial, escaped. His wife, who had also been laid by the heels over the same transaction that jugged her husband, was found guilty and transported to Vandemonia. Solomon became a wandering Jew, and followed her, under the name of Sloman, and settling in Hobart he applied to Arthur for his wife as an assigned servant. Arthur consented to the Jew's request, and Rachel once more graced Solomon's bed and board. Arthur also sent word to England that Solomon, the absconder from Newgate, was in Hobart. The Secretary of State directed Arthur to arrest Solomon, and Arthur issued a warrant and lodged him in Hobart Gaol.

The action of the Governor was challenged by lawyer Gellibrand, who declared that the instruments forwarded were insufficient to transmit a person, on a presumption of guilt, over half the globe. Arthur would have no argument, having no doubt of Solomon's guilt, and the man, in the custody of Chief Constable Capon, was put on board a ship and sent to England. On his trial Solomon was acquitted on the greater part of the indictments. He was then sent back to Hobart, and from there on to Port Arthur penal settlement. His wife was assigned to her own family as a servant during Ikey's

sojourn at Port Arthur. Madden, as soon as Ikey was under lock and key, openly kept Rachel as his mistress, and gained possession of Solomon's property, worth £360, with a rent roll of between £3 and £4 a week. That was the unkindest cut in the misfortunes that had befallen Solomon. After a time Ikey was removed from Port Arthur and sent to the interior of the island. His wife remained in Hobart with Madden. Solomon presented a petition to Arthur, complaining of the conduct of his convict constable Madden, who had, so it had been ascertained, a wife in England. Arthur did not take any notice of the petition, and both the convicts pass out of sight, though as pawns in the final overthrow of Arthur they played their parts.

What small popularity Arthur ever had was spent. Even those who had fawned for favors could see that the sun of his autocratic power was setting. The people were tired of military rule, of military juries, of convict constables, and of secret executives without representation. Government House was as Belshazzar's palace—the writing was on the wall; the settlers had determined to secure their rights as Englishmen by constitutional methods, if possible. If not, then in red ruin! The spirit of revolution stirred the whole world. The struggle for Parliamentary reform was in its throes in Great Britain. Some of the more ardent Tasmanian reformers at this time actually waved the tricolor in the streets of Hobart. To their minds a revolution and the deposition of Colonel George Arthur were not outside the pale of practical colonial politics.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Colonists' Growing Dissatisfaction—Government House Despotism—Petition for People's House of Assembly and Trial by Jury—An Historic Advertisement—Arthur's Insult to the People—Lord Bathurst's Tory Prejudices—Lord Goderich and Lawyer Gellibrand—Petition Before House of Commons: Refused—Satan or the Angel Gabriel?

Colonel Arthur, as Governor, was almost an autocrat. He corresponded directly with the Secretary of State. While his despatches were occupying about 18 months' time to travel round the world, he was his own master. The hostility of the colonists towards him, fanned by his vindictive temper, and his gross displays of favoritism, as well as the settlers' hatred of the military juries Arthur supported, may be surmised. The colonists had groaned too long, for their liking, under the thumbs of the military governors. They had submitted to too many affronts from the Governor's henchmen, "the

half-marines, half-soldiers, whose pay was supplemented by the sale of spirits sold by convict women, their mistresses," not to be rotten ripe for a change.

To the settlers, the form of the Executive Council, composed of the heads of different departments, under the control and corrupt influence of Arthur, stiffened by a backing of the military, was most unsatisfactory. Nor was the council's personnel rendered more palatable by the introduction of certain "pet" settlers to sit in conclave with Arthur's favored merchants—such as Edward Abbott, W. H. Hamilton, A. W. H. Humphrey, Thomas Anstey, Thomas Archer, and from time to time of other members of the "upper" ilk. Arthur's intention in leavening his Executive with such civil dummies was to give an appearance of fairness to the proceedings of the Government House party.

The settlers were not deceived. In vain did Arthur spread the snare in sight of the birds! Beyond those grievances was the ever constant irritation caused by "The System." Both being suffered together rendered the colonists restive to such an extent that their discontent approached to the border-line of a smouldering rebellion. Wheresoever two or three of them were gathered together, there they communed on their legislative troubles; on the rights they wanted, and on the freedom that they did not enjoy. All formed the subject of bitter comment. Talking led to action, and to a determination to amend affairs, or to perish in the attempt.

With that intention the colonists decided to petition the Home Government for a people's House of Assembly, and for "Trial by Jury." Their discontent was given wings by an advertisement in the Hobart newspapers that has a colonial historical interest. It reads:—

PUBLIC MEETING.

To Dudley Fereday, Esq., Sheriff of Van Diemen's Land.

We, the undersigned, request that you will be pleased to convene a Public Meeting of the Free Inhabitants of the Colony for the purpose of petitioning the King and both Houses of Parliament for

TRIAL BY JURY
And a
HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

We have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servants,
Edward Lord, William Gellibrand, Anthony Fenn Kemp, John Briggs, Walter A. Bethune, John A. Eddie, James Grant, and 18 other colonists.

Hobart Town, March 2, 1827.

Two hundred persons attended the meeting. Gellibrand, who was openly hostile to Arthur, moved the forwarding of the petition from "the gentry, merchants, landholders, housekeepers, and other free inhabitants of His Majesty's Colony of Van Diemen's Land in

public meeting assembled by the Sheriff." Gellibrand, in the course of his address, said, "They were Englishmen—their birthrights were liberty and independence. It was true they were said to enjoy them, but what were they without a Trial by Jury?"

The meeting appointed a committee to wait on Arthur for the purpose of requesting him to forward the petition to the Home authorities. Arthur declined to see the committee, sending word that as he was engaged with Mr. Curr, the agent of the Van Diemen's Land Company, they must wait for an hour, until his interview with him was finished. The committee considered such a message an affront upon the free colonists as a body, whose representatives for the purposes of the petition they were. They resolved to send the petition to England without transmitting it through Arthur's hands.

A ship, the "Hugh Crawford," was sailing on Sunday, March 18, and the petition was posted in her mailbag. The "Hugh Crawford," one of the crack boats of her day, was the first ship, after the settlement of Hobart took place, to sail direct from England to Sydney without touching at Hobart Town. When she sailed past Hobart, in 1825, she carried 57 emigrants for Sydney and five settlers for Tasmania.

When Arthur learnt that the petition was on board the "Hugh Crawford," he published a vindication of his attitude, the pith of which was that he was sorry the hot-headed action of the committee had deprived the colonists of his friendly offices in the furtherance of their prayers.

Arthur's explanation fell into the hands of the committee a few hours after the "Hugh Crawford" had sailed with the petition to the Secretary of State. The committee considered that Arthur's explanation was penned with the object to save his face with the authorities, so they countered by sending a swift sailing whaleboat after the homeward bound ship with a letter for the Secretary of State, Lord Bathurst, explaining the reason why the colonists had approached him direct instead of through Governor Arthur. When, after many days, their bread came back over the waters, the colonists found it was bitter. The answer was, as might have been anticipated, a snub. In consequence of that attempt on the part of the colonists to go behind the Governor's authority, Lord Bathurst issued a State direction that is still in force, which predicated that any complaints the colonists had must pass through the Governor's hands, who would forward them on to the Secretary of State.

Bathurst was the third earl of the line that sprang from a Tory politician, Allen Bathurst. The latter's claim to memory appears to be that he was a friend of Pope, Sterne, and Swift. The Secretary of State's father was described as "one of the weakest, though one of the worthiest," Lord Chancellors who ever sat on the woolsack. With such a Tory pedigree behind him, Bathurst was not likely to have much in common with free settlers, fighting in a convict colony for the boon of "Trial by Jury," and for a people's House of Assembly. It has been observed that in the days of a Castlereagh or a Bathurst England possessed far less practical freedom than her colonies now enjoy. When the settlers gave Bathurst the opening

to snub them, his birth and breeding inclined him to take advantage of the opportunity.

Bathurst was instrumental in inducing naval and military officers to settle in the colonies by giving them bribes of "free lands." The conditions upon which grants were made were easy, depending as to area on the extent of the officers' capital. They gave bonds for residence and non-alienation for seven years, or until, upon a grant of 500 acres, valued to them at 5s., the sum of £25 had been expended in improvements. In four years, ending 1831, more than 500 grants, exceeding in each case 500 acres, had been allotted. In that wholesale manner the fertile lands of Vandemonia were parcelled out amongst the privileged classes—mostly military men.

To grip the times one must realise that the whole civil administration was in tone military. The Governors were military gaolers, "choleric," of course, impatient of criticism, and zealous to discipline everybody except themselves. Not one stands forth from the pages of the past as a capable administrator. Their brains never rose superior to issuing "Muster Orders," nor their ideas beyond scheming to spend public moneys on works that would improve their own land grabs, their dummies' lands, or the lands of their friends.

They guided the destinies of the island, when the destinies were not drifting, according to the training they had received, after learning the "goose step," in drilling their companies. No attempt was made to grapple with the new conditions surrounding them. The old world methods were applied to the new world wants. Aboriginals in Tasmania were to be driven across a whole island as easily as beaters controlled a "drive" of pheasants at an English shooting-box! Arthur, with his fellows, were too busy forwarding their own class interests to attend to the wants of a few scattered freemen.

Bad, no doubt, as the majority of the convicts were, it is beyond dispute that they were a most unfortunate body of wretched men who, being captives, were physically experimented upon by men, their masters, who were ill-equipped by education or by previous training for such important duties. Their gaolers knew only the rule of force—"vi et armis"—and even in applying force they more often than not misused the power that lay in their hands. They frequently departed from the terms of their commissions, and they forgot, in their pride, common mortality, that made them kin to the victim they flogged and crushed. Under these cruel bunglers, if they are not more fittingly described as knaves, the colony staggered along somehow.

Where public utilities were concerned, the official executive was, at its best, a supine body. Its restricted constitution formed a ripe soil for rank jobbery, more especially so since its meetings were held with closed doors, and its individual members were pledged by Arthur to secrecy as to the determinations arrived at in this cave, that was in no sense a cave of Adullam. The beggarly Adullamites were kept at a distance, since they would have disturbed the mem-

bers of the Executive Council in their pose of "colony builders." Their policy, springing from Arthur, was the law of strength:—

"The simple plan
That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can."

They were the men who put the break down hard on the wheel of Liberty; the men who, fattening themselves, left the settlers to starve sooner than assist them to obtain the constitutional rights of a Britisher. They even went further, actively banning and hobbling where possible the aspirations of the settlers towards more liberal government. Gellibrand, as the spokesman of the agitation for Trial by Jury, was punished for his labors in the sacred cause of public rights by having his name expunged from the roll of the magistrates of the colony. That did not mean much to Gellibrand, since he had a good practice, and he was quite independent of any spoon-feeding by Arthur. The removal of Gellibrand from the bench was done on Lord Goderich's orders, that were the covert fruit of Arthur's representations, arising from Arthur's personal malice towards Gellibrand.

Lord Goderich, himself in British politics, was not anything more than a peddling politician. He never rose above mediocrity, yet he served as a drag-net for a time on the aspirations of the party of progress in Van Diemen's Land. Goderich identified liberty with infidelity, profligacy, rebellion, and democratic tyranny! Wanting liberty, the whole of the convict colony could have been filled with blood and horrors for aught the noble lord cared, nor could Goderich have been suspected of caring, since he is described as a man who, to keep in office, "violated every received principle of honor and consistency."

Eventually the colonists' petition was presented to the House of Commons by Sir John Owen, who did not say a word either in its favor or in its damnation. The hostility of Arthur towards the petition, its untoward start, both conduced to its frigid reception in the House of Commons. Some of the Ministry said the Government was quite willing to grant free institutions, when the colony was ripe to enjoy them, whereupon Alexander Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton, a man of liberal views, observed that the colonies were never ripe for free institutions until they got them. With that remark the petition went the way of the "slaughtered innocents."

Innumerable instances of the indifference the Home authorities had towards the true interests of the colonists might be cited. The idea that the place was the abode of convicts, and that the colonists were deserving of no consideration was firmly rooted in the succeeding Ministries of the time. As a newspaper writer of the day stated: "There can be no doubt that the colonists have hitherto been considered as inmates of a place subject to prison discipline—and, as such, been allowed to reside within the rules of the gaol. On the one hand, the inhabitants have been striving for freedom, over and over again demanding to be considered as British subjects. They possessed the British statute laws, and they claimed those other rights which are the boast of all Englishmen."

Arthur took care that they should not obtain those "rights," or any free institution, so far as he could withhold them. A deputation waited on Arthur, requesting his intercession with the Crown on behalf of free institutions. He replied that "if the grant of free institutions and the discontinuance of penal coercion were connected by one common advocacy the interests of the colony, of the Crown, and of philanthropy would demand the most serious precaution." Arthur maintained that all British rights were conceded excepting the electors' franchise, and then pointed out that since the colonists admitted that they themselves and the colony had prospered there could be little justification for their prayers.

That sort of "talk back," with a sting in its tail, served no purpose with the colonists but that of increasing their bitterness against Arthur, and provoking strong public denunciations of him by the Hornes, the Gellibrands, and the Gregsons. Thomas Horne said at one meeting that they would make a dissatisfied and turbulent people, ready to use their power and assert their rights, if necessary, by force of arms. He suggested to the gathering to discard minute grievances. As to himself, he said, "If the angel Gabriel were to propose one measure and Satan another, if he considered Satan's the most politic he should have the honor of adopting it."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Political Unrest in England Reacts on Van Diemen's Land—Another Petition for Liberal Institutions—George Stuart Rex and "Mr. Sams of Hobarton"—First Racing "Sports"—Colonel Arthur's Recall—Scathing Press Send-Off—Hobart Illuminated—Liberals Get Drunk Through Joy.

Judging the position in Tasmania by the light of political events happening in England, the colonists, seeking the right of a People's House of Assembly and Trial by Jury, had not any chance of having adequate attention paid to their prayers, or to their complaints of military despotism, as distilled by Colonel Arthur. During the time the colonists agitated, great factional unrest in England filled the whole of the British horizon. The Reform Bill was in the act of passage; the country was ringing with "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!" When the Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords the country rose in riot. For three days lawlessness prevailed. Mansion House was set on fire; Bristol city was in the hands of the mob; prisoners were released from gaol; Nottingham Castle was fired, as well as the Bishop's Palace; and that fight for Reform and the riots went on until the Lords surrendered

in June, 1832. Neither the Lords nor the Commons were troubling about Vandemonia during those red days, when they were defending their roof-trees.

Then there was the Irish Church question, and the constant change of Ministries—Lord Grey to Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel to Lord Melbourne, Whigs and Tories in political bitterness, the whole arena of thought and action complicated with the question of Catholic Emancipation, the Coercion of Ireland, and the Irish Franchise. In view of that medley of turmoil and argument, what hope had the resolutions of a meeting held in the convict town of Hobart of receiving any consideration from the members of the autocracy of Downing-street, fighting for their political lives and to retain their political pay?

The spirit of the people in England was reflected in the spirit of the affairs in Van Diemen's Land. The settlers desired Whig administrations, believing that under Whig Ministries the social and the political conditions of colonial life would be liberalised. They had no faith in the Tories. When Lord Goderich, the political "Jump Jim Crow," who had turned the settlers down, formed what he intended should be a progressive Tory-Whig Ministry—a coalition that did not coalesce—the colonists hoped, damning Goderich, that they were within sight of their desires. Since the first petition for Liberal institutions had failed, they sent yet another by a Mr. Sams, who was to see that the petition was presented to the King himself.

The amount of "divinity" that hedged that particular king did not promise that he would perform any overlord acts on behalf of Vandemonia. His troubles about Hobart and its people! About as much as he troubled while his wife lay on her death-bed in London, and he went away on one of his girlie-gadding expeditions to Ireland. As Byron put the position in the "Irish Avator": "George the triumphant 'speeding' to the long-cherished isle he loved like his—bride." The Royal waster loved Van Diemen's Land less, if possible, than his bride. How men like Gellibrand and his companions could suppose that George Stuart Rex would assist them is not easily seen.

However, Sams went to England with his petition to George IV. to bring under his Royal nose the fact that the free residents of Van Diemen's Land were praying, as they prayed for their daily bread, for Trial by Jury and a Legislative Assembly. Whether the petition ever reached George, or whether he was too busy playing the flute, and too much engaged in dangling with Mrs. Fitzherbert, when "Mr. Sams of Hobarton" arrived; or whether, as some suspected, Mr. Sams "never arrived"; or, again, as others declared, Sams was never intended to arrive, it is at least clear that not anything, officially, was heard of the petition.

Some fun was extracted from the incident, for it was dramatised in this fashion. The ambassador is admitted to the King:—

"Ho! ho! Mr. Ambassador," said the King, "the people of Van Diemen's Land want an Assembly, do they; what do they want it for?"

Sams replies: "Because they do! your Majesty."

The King: "Is that all the reason they gave?"

Sams: "Please, your Majesty, I am not certain they gave that reason."

The King: "What do you think of that, Goderich?"

Goderich: "Oh, all nonsense!"

The ambassador, on retiring, requested an answer, and was informed "there was none." The ambassador, in his turn, asked the reason. "Why, because we won't, that's all!"

They were not altogether watering barren ground, these pioneers of Van Diemen's Land, when seeking their constitutional freedom, nor beating the wind in asserting their rights, even if they did not obtain them. They showed that there was a spirit of unrest abroad, notwithstanding Arthur's representations to the Government that the contrary was the case, and that only a small party was dissatisfied with his Government of the colony.

Colonel Arthur held the position of Governor for twelve years. He was on the grab six days out of seven. On the seventh he thanked the Lord for His manifold mercies to Arthur. Arthur, a predatory wowser, was a staunch supporter of Bible parties, tea meetings, and benevolent societies, where the ladies were pious and the prayers were long. He set his face against manly sports, and he would not become a patron of the turf clubs.

The "sports" managed to "get on" without him or his patronage. The annual races were held in March of each year over a course at New Town. The first turf committee were:—Messrs. Kemp, Hewitt, Lucas, Gatehouse, William Kearney, James Lord, R. Stodart, J. T. Collicott, John Murdoch, T. Gregson, and Edward Abbott. The treasurer was T. Y. Lowes, and the stewards of the New Town meeting of 1832 were Thomas George Gregson and John M. Murdoch, the clerk of the course being John Hays. A racecourse was also formed at Cornwall, with a committee of management consisting of Thomas Dulton, Thomas Landale, Alexander Paterson, James Rankin, J. W. Gleadow, and Mr. Burrus.

For months before the word actually came, rumors were current in Hobart that Arthur had been recalled. The usual term of office of Governorship was six years, but Arthur, with his "political pull," managed to hang on to the loaves and fishes of Tasmania until he, with a heavy purse and a light heart, was ready to depart. When the "good news" was brought by the ship "Elphinstone" that Arthur was recalled, the joy of the Liberal Party and of the colonists knew no bounds of delight. Both at Launceston and at Hobart the newspapers gave Arthur a "send-off" that must have scored his hide, even in view that half a dozen or so of the men whom he had so shamefully enriched with the lands of the colony took up, in good wowser style, a collection for him that is supposed, or was alleged, to have exceeded £1,000 in value.

It needed some such sum to render the two following press opinions easy of digestion. The first from the "True Colonist" of May 27, 1836:—

". . . We will teach our little ones to remember, while they live, and to teach their children to know the name of the ship ("Elphinstone") that gladdened the heart of many a despondent

parent with the tidings that the cause of their misery and sufferings, the evil genius of the colony (Arthur), was at length ordered to repair to the presence of his Sovereign to answer the load of charges preferred against him by some of the unhappy victims of his oppression. He will be wafted from these shores by the curses . . . He was the father of usury, the patron of falsehood, hypocrisy and deceit, the protector of perjury, and the rewarder of perjurers."

The "Cornwall Chronicle" said:—

"Governor Arthur is Ordered Home!!! . . . To-morrow ought to be a day of General Thanksgiving! for deliverance from the Iron Hand of Colonel Arthur! We have now a prospect of breathing. The accursed gang of bloodsuckers will be destroyed. Boys will be seen no more on Police Benches to insult respectable Men. Perjury will cease to be countenanced, and a Gang of Felons will be no longer permitted to violate the laws of Civilised Society. Colonists! Rejoice!! For the Day of Retribution has arrived!"

On leaving, Arthur received the customary official addresses. Justice Pedder was chief among the snobbish throng presenting them. Arthur was escorted to the Beach on October 31, 1836, by the chief officers, civil and military. The 21st Fusileers formed a guard of honor. A few of the spectators cheered; others hissed and groaned. At night, many Hobart townspeople illuminated their houses in token of joy at his departure. Some Liberal souls, it is recorded, were so overjoyed that they became drunk in drinking:—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy b anners wait!"

and, becoming drunk, fell into the hands of Arthur's convict police, who were filled with the spirit of plunder and the itch to blackmail since the Colonel no longer tarried amongst them. Perhaps the only ones who regretted his departure were the boodling knights Arthur had gathered round his table. On Arthur's return to England he was created a Baronet and appointed Governor of Canada; afterwards, the East India Company made him Governor of the Presidency of Bombay. He died at Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, in 1854, leaving behind him, of the boodle he had gathered in Tasmania, £70,000.

The sentence in the Launceston paper, the "Cornwall Chronicle," appearing in the article rejoicing at Arthur's departure, "Boys will be seen no more on Police Benches to insult respectable Men," referred to a glaring piece of patronage on the part of the Governor. General Colville was the Governor of the Isle of France, and a young lieutenant married one of his upper servants, a Miss Mason. Colville made favor for him with Collins, and the lieutenant was appointed Surveyor-General of Van Diemen's Land. Mason, the lieutenant's brother-in-law, followed the happy pair out to their new home, and he was introduced to Arthur.

Mason's experience of life was derived as a boy in a mercantile house in Old Jewry, London. Hobart was astounded when Arthur made him Assistant Police Magistrate of the town, for the youngster did not know anything of law, and his age was such that he was quite unable to judge of the actions of his superiors to him in age and specially in education. His conduct during the case of a runaway

convict named Greenwood earned him the detestation of all in Van Diemen's Land.

Greenwood was apprehended on the New Town racecourse, after a desperate struggle with a convict constable, whom Greenwood cut with a knife in a severe manner. Greenwood was brought before Mason and another magistrate. He was sentenced to one hundred lashes. Mason said, "You will first receive a hundred lashes, then be handed over to the Supreme Court, where you will be found guilty, and, I have no doubt, hanged."

Greenwood was found guilty in the Supreme Court, and though a petition by the residents of Hobart was presented to Arthur, begging for the man's life, Greenwood was hanged while his back was still unhealed from the effects of the lash. The indignation in Hobart was very great, and numerous reports of the affair were forwarded to the Secretary of State. He called for a report from Arthur, who sent an affidavit, made by Mason, in which he swore he never used the words. Some magistrates, after that perjury, refused to sit with him, demanding an investigation, with a view to Mason's removal from the Bench. That Arthur would not permit. Eventually Arthur had to order Mason to bring an action in the Supreme Court to rehabilitate his character. The jury found Mason morally guilty of perjury; but Arthur stood by him, for he appointed him to the New Norfolk Magistracy.

If we contrast this retention of a corrupt magistrate in office with the dismissal of Joseph Tice Gellibrand for leading the Liberal section of the community in its prayers for a House of Assembly and Trial by Jury, an estimate may be formed of the state of maladministration prevailing at Hobart in Arthur's time. The moral atmosphere, so far as public administration was concerned, was purer after Arthur's departure.

CHAPTER XXX.

Sir John Franklin Appointed Governor—His Mistaken Ideas—The "Arthur Faction" Cause Trouble—Norman Blood, and the "True Coat Tails"—Colonial Secretary Montagu Insults Lady Franklin—Says "She Wears the Breeches"—Dismissal of Montagu—The Chartist Prisoners.

Between Arthur's going and the coming of his successor, Sir John Franklin, two months elapsed. During that time, Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth Snodgrass, C.B., as Senior Military Officer of the Colonies, went from Sydney to Hobart to fill the position of

Lieutenant-Governor until Franklin arrived. The latter came in the ship "Fairlie," bringing with him as private secretary Captain Maconochie, who had been secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. The Rev. William Hutchins was also on board the ship, and it was in Hutchins's favor that Van Diemen's Land was erected into an archdeaconery.

Franklin's appointment was a popular one. As a midshipman he had been with Flinders when Flinders circumnavigated Van Diemen's Land. That association with the first historic days of the island made him very acceptable to the colonists. Beyond that, he was known as a successful arctic explorer, and he loomed favorably as a Master Jack Tar in John Bull's eyes. He was "hall-marked," as a personal friend of William IV., who had made the political interest with Sir George Grey for Franklin that was necessary to secure the appointment.

Franklin, on grasping the reins of office, found that he had a difficult team to drive. Though Colonel Arthur had gone to Dowling-street to secure a more aristocratic (but by no chance a more lucrative) position, "The System," as he administered it, still blossomed as rank as any noxious weed in the swamps of the Styx. The official ring was a powerful one to combat, and Franklin was more than disappointed with his environment. Franklin, when accepting the billet, believed the Governorship of Van Diemen's Land was a "soft snap." He expected to have an easy time; to enjoy the dignity of office without its toils; to live a sort of official "otuim cum dignitate." Like the snow (he was so well acquainted with) melting in the sunshine, so, too, his hopes disappeared in the winter of his discontent at Hobart. He found the chief officers ready to oppose him wheresoever he tended to encroach on what they, in their autocratic insolence, regarded as their "acquired rights" to do as they pleased.

Franklin was soon in difficulties, brought upon him by Arthur's two nephews. Captain John Montagu had been made Colonial Secretary; Captain Matthew Foster held the office of Chief Police Magistrate. These two men believed, in the absence of their uncle, that they ruled Hobart. In every way they sought to sway Franklin, and to color his administration to suit their devious designs. Like Chactau Indians they were ever prepared to fight for scalps.

The press said that Franklin was a "Tool in the hands of the Arthur faction." To conciliate public opinion, Franklin appointed as magistrates some of the settlers of substance and of intelligence, they having been ignored in the past through the malice of Arthur. These men were known as "coat tails," to distinguish them from the "rabble" who wore "jumpers." The elevation of Franklin's "coat tails" incensed the "Arthur faction," who were the only true "coat tails" in the island, and "coat tails," too, that had never yet been trodden upon until the coming of Franklin.

John Montagu, "Warming Pan Montagu," claimed to trace a clear blood line to the Norman conquest; Franklin was the son of a tradesman at Spilsby, and one in a family of twelve. Montagu's ancestors appear to have "done the State some service" since 1539 in the capacity of Judges, admirals, and soldiers. His father, Edward Montagu, was a Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery of the Honorable East

India Company. He was wounded at Sezingapatam in 1799. A cannon ball shattered his arm, and the limb was amputated within an inch of the shoulder. After the operation, he remained for three days in the trenches directing his battery. On the eighth day he died from the effects of the wound. From this it may be assumed that John Montagu came of fighting stock, and from forbears filled with the pride of race that may have made John Montagu impatient under correction by a tradesman's son.

John Montagu, on February 10, 1814, then seventeen years of age, was appointed to an ensigncy, without purchase, in the 52nd Regiment, and he was present at the battle of Waterloo, in 1815. After Waterloo, he was promoted to a lieutenancy, by purchase, on November 9, 1815; he also purchased his company in the 64th Foot, November, 1822, after which he exchanged into the 40th Regiment. In 1823 he married Jessy, the daughter of Major-General Edward Vaughan Worseley, R.A., and then went, with his bride, to Colonel Arthur as the latter's private secretary.

When leaving Van Diemen's Land in 1836, on relinquishing the Government to Sir John Franklin, Arthur made a confidential report to Franklin of the good qualities that were to be found in his nephew, and specially eulogising his value in colonial affairs after thirteen years' experience.

Under Franklin, Montagu, in his position of Colonial Secretary, dismissed Dr. Coverdale, the District Assistant Surgeon of Richmond, for not attending a sick man, who afterwards became the subject of an inquest. On the doctor making an appeal to Franklin, the Governor reinstated him in his office. Montagu's proud Norman blood would not allow him to "eat the leek," and he began to "bite his thumb" at the Governor, and say in his wrath ill-considered things. He charged Franklin with weakness. He alleged that Lady Franklin wore the breeches, and also that it was due to her influence that Dr. Coverdale was restored to his position.

Montagu disputed with the Governor on a question of fact, and said, "I trust your Excellency will also pardon me for submitting to you—and I beg to assure you that I do so under a deep conviction of the necessity of supporting my statement—that while your Excellency and all members of your Government have had such frequent opportunities of testing my memory as to have acquired for it the reputation of a remarkably accurate one, your officers have not been without the opportunity of learning that your Excellency could not always place implicit reliance on your own."

This impudence on the part of Montagu was resented by Franklin, and he removed Montagu from the office of Chief Secretary. Montagu then climbed down. He sought the services of Dr. Turnbull to persuade Lady Franklin to plead with her husband to "forget and forgive." Lady Franklin, ignoring Montagu's insult to herself, did attempt to sway Sir John, but he would not give way for all the Montagus or Capulets in existence, though he relented so far as to promise to represent Montagu as worthy of the favor of the Colonial Office in some place other than Van Diemen's Land.

In Montagu's ungallant remark concerning Lady Franklin there was just enough of the spice of truth to make the taunt sting. Sir John's good lady, Jane, was his second wife, and her mind was one of masculine vigor, that possibly swayed her husband's views. Sir John would not kill a fly. He always let them escape. He felt, with Uncle Toby in "Tristram Shandy," that the world was large enough for him and they. Franklin was like Uncle Toby, too, full of kindness of heart, simplicity, courage, and generosity; the last man for a convict settlement riven to its core with faction fights!

Immediately after his dismissal, Montagu returned in the "Calcutta" on February 8, 1842. The settlers, the "Arthur faction," wanted to present him with £2,000 for a piece of plate, but Montagu thought its acceptance would prejudice the case he had against Franklin, and therefore he declined it. The result of his appeal to Lord Stanley was that he was acquitted of any "intentional disrespect" towards the Governor. Lord Stanley did not deem it expedient for Montagu to return to his former office in Van Diemen's Land, but he sent him to act as Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope, where Montagu eventually became a civil servant of some consequence.

Franklin was censured for dismissing Montagu. Lord Stanley told Franklin that Montagu had the master mind. The affair led to Franklin's recall. Montagu had lands and sheep in Van Diemen's Land of the estimated value of £21,000. The whole of this property he lost when the colony, after he left the place, fell on bad times through unfavorable seasons. He had also speculated at Port Phillip with disastrous results. Montagu claimed that if he had not left Van Diemen's Land he would not have lost the whole of his fortune. Because he had done so, he based an appeal to the Government for an increase of salary, as Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope, from £1,000 a year to £1,500 a year. The claim was allowed. The £21,000 showed how the "Arthur faction" feathered their nests while in power.

Montagu's claims to be descended from a line of gentlemen did not prevent him acting somewhat like a blackguard where Lady Franklin was concerned. In a biographical memoir, published in 1855, concerning him, written by the Dean of Cape Town, W. A. Newman, an attempt is made to whitewash him as a man with a "heavenly mind." Franklin, as he promised he would, spoke well of Montagu's work to Lord Stanley, and though they had had their differences, Franklin treated Montagu generously, acknowledging his merits. Montagu, on the other hand, preserved minutes of his interviews with Lord Stanley, and recorded his own severe reflections on the character of Lady Franklin.

Montagu had those memoranda bound together, and sent to the colony for private circulation, but they became, in time, public property. Franklin complained bitterly of this covert detraction, and especially of the attack on the character of his wife. Lord Stanley himself told Montagu that he had no justification for attacking the lady, and that there was not any warrant for him saying that she interfered with public affairs.

Lady Franklin lived to be the admiration of nations for her heroic efforts to learn the fate of her husband and that of his companions, who sailed in May, 1845, with the "Erebus" and "Terror," to discover the North-West Passage. Empress Eugenie wrote to the woman Montagu had slighted: "It is, above all, as a woman and a wife, that I should like to see France associated with England in those generous expeditions, the first object of which is to rescue a man whose private virtues are surely equal to his talent and his courage, since he has inspired in you such an admirable devotion." . . .

Lord Stanley's conduct towards Franklin was adversely commented upon. It was generally held that he should have protected the reputation of a Governor whom he did not instantly recall. Stanley's despatch of recall was in print some considerable time before it reached the hands of Franklin, who only received the despatch when his successor, Sir John Eardley Eardley-Wilmot, arrived at Hobart on August 21, 1843.

Governor Sir John Franklin supported the colonists in another appeal they made to the Home Parliament to obtain a House of Assembly and Trial by Jury. They might as well have appealed to the devil for holy water as to ask the Tories for anything in the shape of Liberal legislation. Yet the aspirations for wider political freedom were becoming, among the masses of England, a very real force that the hidebound Conservatives were too purblind to see. The masses of Britain felt a bitter disappointment with the results of the Reform Bill of 1832. The workers were in guise for the People's Charter. The "torch of Chartism" was lighted in England even at the same time as the hopes of the settlers for free institutions in Van Diemen's Land wilted almost to dry leaves.

During Franklin's tenure of office in Tasmania, the Chartist movement in England gathered strength. The voices of the people were heard in one prolonged roar for greater freedom and for more equitable dealing between man and man. The House of Commons, as it refused to grant Tasmania its free institutions, so, too, it refused to name a day to consider the People's Charter. The lordly legislators shut their eyes, and they closed their ears, to the signs and the sounds of the times, so much out of joint that it required a bloody, or a bloodless, revolution, as chance might happen, to set them right.

Blood flowed at last, as it always does, when the drones of Mammonism seek to ignore the rights of the bees of industry to live. Mob law began its misrule. Wild excesses were committed in town and in country. At Newport, in Monmouthshire, in Chartist riots, ten persons were killed and many others were wounded. The spirit of Chartism was seething in anger. It meant to do things, even if it hurled itself against the British Constitution, that is, after all, no stronger than the will of the people.

Murder men for the Rights of Man! The men who fought where murder was done had to suffer for the crimes. Three of the Chartist leaders, who led the mob at Newport—a mob of souls full of liberty, and a crowd with their pockets full of stones—were captured, tried for sedition, and sentenced to death. They were Frost, Jones, and Williams. In the temper of public opinion, the Government did not

dare to execute them, so the Chartists were transported to Van Diemen's Land, and they arrived in Hobart while the settlers were still agitating for the liberty they, too, like the Chartists, could not then obtain.

Chartists transported, settlers ignored, convicts confined, everything in Van Diemen's Land showed that the plant of Liberty was not yet acclimatised in the colony. Frost, who had been a country magistrate in England, took up his residence in the Sorrel district, but he left there and went to the United States, after the Chartists received a "pardon" in 1854. Jones started as a trader in Launceston, and Williams, a man of learning and of scientific attainments, discovered coal deposits at New Town, in the south, and at Tarleton in the north of the island. Both men died in Launceston, Williams in the year 1874.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Attorney-General, Alfred Stephen, and Judge Algernon Montagu—Montagu Arrested for Debt—Convict Cook Clapperton—Captain Maconochie's "Penal Reformation"—Port Arthur—Convicts Guarded by Dogs—Lord Stanley's System of Probation.

The Attorney-General, Alfred Stephen, was the man who drew up the petition to the House of Commons, supported by Sir John Franklin, praying for free institutions in Van Diemen's Land. One day, quite innocent of any intention to offend, Attorney-General Stephen was unfortunate enough to come into collision with the Puisne Judge, Algernon Montagu, through eating some sandwiches in the Judge's presence. Montagu would listen to no excuse from Stephen, but started to abuse him in a gross manner. He ended his remarks with: "No, sir; in your official capacity I shall always treat you with the courtesy and respect due to you. Were you elsewhere, I should treat you, after your conduct, with less courtesy than a dog."

How justice was dispensed to the felon by such a fellow as Judge Montagu may be imagined! He was in debt to certain ex-convicts who lent money. Some years afterwards he was dismissed from office. When going on board a ship bound for England he was arrested by his butcher for a debt of £60 due for meat. The Government officials subscribed the money so that the colony could be quit of him. Montagu was rather amusing in his ways. He defied his creditors to sue him in the court he presided over, and he maintained it was illegal

for any other Judge to hear a suit against him. Algernon's weaknesses that involved him in financial troubles were yachting and boat-racing. He landed in the colony in debt, glad to be quit of his English creditors, anxious to jug him in the Fleet.

Stephen was the son of John Stephen, Puisne Judge of New South Wales. Besides being a gentleman, he was also a man of great ability, and quite equal to dealing with Montagu and his rudeness. Stephen took the dignified course of resigning his position of Attorney-General—a step that greatly increased the difficulties of Franklin's position. The resignation robbed the Governor of an able adviser, who, in the past, had kept him off several shoals threatening to wreck his official life. Stephen was too good a man to be allowed to vegetate. Sir George Gipps, Governor of New South Wales, appointed him a Judge of that colony.

In the employment of the Attorney-General was an assigned convict named Clapperton, who had an extended reputation as a clever cook. He was the Soyer of Hobart. Trusted by Stephen with the payment of moneys, Clapperton could not resist embezzling them. Tried, and found guilty, he was sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment. Instead of being sent to a penal settlement, he was transferred to Captain Montagu. Stephen heard of the affair, and he determined that the loss of his money and the loss of his cook should not be made advantageous to one of the "Arthur faction." He appealed to Franklin, and the Governor ordered the man out of Montagu's service on to labor on the roads. The affair caused considerable discussion, and the case was quoted as a typical instance of the dangers of favoritism in the assignment system.

It was that system that Captain Maconochie, in a report on "the whole convict system of the colony, and its effects on the moral and social state of the community," attacked in such a way that Franklin had to dismiss him from the post of Governor's secretary. Maconochie's report was commissioned by Sir George Grey, and when it came out, after Maconochie's three months' study of Vandemonia, its contents surprised Grey himself. Van Diemen's Land was swept by a storm of indignation. Maconochie said "assigned servants were slaves, subject to coercion, strangers to moral impulses, save only the distant hope of liberty. They were lodged in huts with stable roofs, damp floors, and rude furniture. They slept on truckle bedsteads, often undressed; their food was cooked in the roughest manner; without wages, they robbed; miserable, they were drunken. Their better qualities were unrequited; the artful escaped, while the careless fellow, otherwise good, was involved in a long train of penalties."

To remedy these evils Maconochie demanded the abolition of the system of assignment, and suggested in its place the system of Port Arthur as an admirable example of what prison discipline should be. That penal settlement was settled as a result of a survey in March, 1828. The survey embraced Stewart's Harbor and Wedge Bay, then called for the first time Port Arthur. The survey was made for the purpose of ascertaining what timber was to be procured there. Captain Welsh, who led the expedition, reported favorably on the timber, and a current note says: "It is supposed that Birch's Bay sawing

gangs will be removed there." Birch's Bay was a portion of Macquarie Harbor, and the intimation meant the abandonment of that "hell on earth," a step that was taken in 1832.

Governor Arthur selected Port Arthur as a penal settlement wherein the traditions of "The System" could be most conveniently carried out. The area of the place is about 100,000 acres, covered with scrub growing on poor land. Tasman's Peninsula, where the penal establishment was placed, is an irregularly formed piece of land about 25 miles long and 12 broad. A neck of land 450 yards wide, called Eagle Hawk Neck, joins the peninsula to the island. The place is a natural stronghold, and a suitable situation for a prison. On the Eagle Hawk Neck were placed 15 dogs, chained along its length so as to act as sentinels. The intention was that their barking, by day or by night, should give the alarm when any convict tried to escape by swimming across the narrow arm of the sea that divided the two lands. In addition to the dogs on the land, some hounds were kennelled on a floating platform in a spot that enabled them to see any convict swimming in the water. The dogs received a regular scale of rations—one pound of meat and one pound of flour a day per dog. Other precautions taken to prevent escapes from Port Arthur were sentinels, guard-boats, and telegraphs. At night Eagle Hawk Neck was lighted up by lanterns. Many attempts to escape were made, and some successfully. The convicts usually constructed canoes of wicker-work, and trusted their futures in the frail coracles, covered with bullock's hide. They have been known to navigate Storm Bay, 25 miles across, in one of these wicker-work vessels, so little did the convicts value their lives when deprived of liberty.

In England political affairs progressed apace. The Melbourne Ministry was dismissed. Lord Stanley declined to join the Peel administration, but he nevertheless accepted the colonial seals in 1841, and in that position influenced the destinies of Van Diemen's Land, while he tinkered, as Nero played while Rome burned, with the convict system. He had no time for the colonies—he asserted that they were not entitled to consideration—and that the Mother Country was the one land alone to be safeguarded. It was at this time that Captain John Montagu arrived in England, burning hot with his grievances against Governor Franklin. Together with the Attorney-General of New South Wales, who also called at Downing-street at the same time as Montagu, the two threshed the question of prison reform out with Stanley. The result of the sucking of their brains was that Stanley launched his ill-starred "System of Probation"—a phase of "penal reformation" wherein Port Arthur, with its barking dogs and cursing men, was designed to play its part.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Assignment System—Agitation For and Against It—Penal System to be Reformed—Norfolk Island—Murders and Mutinies—Dr. Ullathorne's Dreadful Story—Official Reports to Lord Glenelg—Cargoes of Felonry for Van Diemen's Land.

In a despatch to Lord Glenelg in October, 1837, Sir John Franklin made one last effort to persuade the Home authorities to retain the assignment system—if not in towns, at least in the country, where the convicts' labor was valuable to the settlers, especially those who had flocks and herds. A convict was said to be "assigned" when the right of the Government to the labor of the convict was made over to some private individual, who became his master.

The master determined the nature and amount of labor to be exacted from his convict servant. Therefore, the condition of an assigned convict depended entirely upon the character, temper, position in society, and occupation of his master, and was as uncertain as those circumstances were uncertain. Flogging was the favorite punishment, because it did not deprive the master of his servant's services; but when sent to the chain gangs, the offender endured a punishment that Arthur, in a Government despatch, described as "severe as could be inflicted on man."

The convicts who formed the units of the chain gangs were locked up from sunset to sunrise in prison vans that held from 20 to 28 men, but in which the whole party could neither stand upright nor sit down at the same time, except with their legs at right angles to their bodies. In some instances that did not allow more than 18 inches in width for each individual to lie down upon the bare boards. The convicts were kept to work under a strict military guard during the day, and liable to suffer flagellation for trifling offences, such as exhibitions of laziness, of insolence, and the like—always a very elastic code, stretched as the warders thought fit.

In opposition to the views held by Franklin and the settlers, it was held by the Home Government that the necessity of employing convicts as servants was a shocking evil. Sir William Molesworth told the House of Commons of a horrible case that occurred in the family of a wealthy and respectable settler in Van Diemen's Land. It was, said Sir William Molesworth, discovered that the settler's two daughters—one an infant of five years old, the other a girl of 13—had been repeatedly molested by all the convicts in their father's establishment, which was a large one. Three of the offenders were hung for the offences on the infant, and all of them would have been executed had their master brought them to trial.

Captain Maconochie's suggestions of penal reform, and not Sir John Franklin's request to let "The System" remain as it was, were the ideas that, amongst a number of others submitted by philanthropic bodies and penological cranks, pleased the House of Commons, and therefore Franklin's protests and those of the colonists

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were not regarded by the special Parliamentary committee engaged at the time in taking evidence and in considering the system of "Secondary Punishments and Transportation."

The recommendations of this committee, though not all of them were carried into effect, were important, since they did cause a change in convict administration in Van Diemen's Land to take place. The committee recommended that transportation to Van Diemen's Land, so far as the settled districts were concerned, should cease—that the convicts were to be sent to such places as Port Arthur, to which the free settlers had no access, and, further, that the system of assignment should be abolished.

Thus Lord John Russell began to crop the ears of "The System" as the hangman cropped the ears of a felon. An attempt was made by the Archbishop of Dublin, with others interested in penology, to secure the total abolition of transportation to Van Diemen's Land. As a substitute to that course, insular penitentiaries were advocated. After the holding of many public meetings and the presentations of innumerable petitions the Ministers of the Crown decided to restrict transportation, and also that colonisation by convicts was to be abolished. Van Diemen's Land was to be no longer termed a "penal colony," but it was to be placed on the same footing as the other colonies. Convicts were still to be transported, but they were not to be in any way mixed as convicts with the inhabitants. They were to be confined by themselves in such places as Tasman's Peninsula and Norfolk Island. When their term of punishment had expired, they were to be let loose to go where they pleased.

Captain Cook, finishing his voyage around the world in 1775, recommended to the English Government the island of Norfolk, discovered by him in 1774, as a suitable place to form a settlement or colony of Britishers. Governor Phillip, after he had established himself in Sydney, sent Philip Gidley King, second lieutenant of the "Sirius," with 25 men, to Norfolk Island in 1788 to spy out the country. King's report was so favorable that Phillip forwarded 69 colonists to form a settlement. From that time the island was utilised as a penal settlement of New South Wales, where twice-convicted felons were transported.

For a time the penal establishment was one of the "deepest deeps" set in an earthly paradise. The island became literally an isle of the damned. The worst convicts were sent there from Sydney, and they, with their crimes, made the place a hell on earth, where no man's life was safe. In 1834 Sir Richard Bourke, Governor of New South Wales, was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament to establish a Criminal Court at Norfolk Island, and he did so, only on the express grounds that if criminals were tried and executed on the spot it might tend to prevent the commission of crimes. That was at a time when the convicts were committing murders so that they might be sent to Sydney for trial, and hanged out of their life of lashings and cruel bondage.

Driven to desperation as the Norfolk Island convicts often were, they not unfrequently attempted to mutiny. In 1834 an attempt of that description was nearly successful; nine convicts were killed in

the struggle which took place, 29 were condemned to death, and 11 of them were hanged. Justice Burton was sent from Sydney to try them, and he, on his return, said "it was painful to see the convicts in this place herding together without any chance of improvement." Dr. Ullathorne, a Roman Catholic priest, went there on the occasion to afford religious consolation to those convicts who were condemned to death.

Dr. Ullathorne gave the following account of his mission. He said: "I said a few words to induce them to resignation, and I then stated the names of those who were to die; and it is a remarkable fact that as I mentioned the names of those men who were to die, they one after the other, as their names were pronounced, dropped on their knees and thanked God that they were to be delivered from that horrible place, whilst the others remained standing mute. It was the most horrible scene I ever witnessed. Those who were condemned to death appeared to be rejoiced."

Norfolk Island had not its parallel in the world, with the exception of the kindred settlement of Port Arthur. In an official report on Norfolk Island, drawn up by the officers there at the order of Lord Glenelg, the resident chaplain, R. Stiles, said that "blasphemy, rage, mutual hatred, and the unrestrained indulgence of unnaturalness are the things with which a short residence in the prison wards of Norfolk Island must necessarily familiarise the convict." The Deputy Assistant Commissary-General, Arnold, said that it is "much to be feared that that horrible crime which brought down the fire from Heaven on those devoted cities of Scripture exists and is practised here to a great extent."

Sir William Molesworth, in bringing a petition, numerously signed by the inhabitants of London, praying for the total abolition of the punishment of transportation, before the House of Commons on May 5, 1840, said that "he would not disgust the House by reporting the horrible details."

When Judge Burton returned from Norfolk Island, after acting in his judicial capacity at the trial of the convict mutineers, he said that the island was "full of crimes against God and man, murders and blasphemies, and all uncleanness." The Sydney authorities abandoned the island as a convict settlement in 1805, and began to send their cargoes of felony to Vandemonia. Shiploads after shiploads were despatched. Indeed, for years, from one source or another, Van Diemen's Land had convicts poured upon it.

The following extract, that we have compiled from the Hobart shipping record, as late as 1831, will give the reader an idea of the wholesale way in which Tasmania was flooded with convict blood: January 2, H.M. schooner "Isabella" arrived in Hobart from Sydney, military baggage; ship "John," 464 tons, from London, 200 male prisoners. The small tonnage and the number of prisoners carried by each vessel is noteworthy. How crowded the ships were; how the prisoners suffered in their close and unhealthy holds, resulting in many deaths from typhus, is only too well authenticated. March, "Red Rover," 372 tons, 166 males; May 9, "America," 391 tons, 186 females; May 29, "Eliza," 538 tons, 200 males; "John Groves," 183

males; August, "Argyle," 597 tons, 244 males; "Portius," 254 tons, 112 males; October 19, "Mary," 368 tons, 149 females; "Lackins," 700 tons, 280 males; November, "William Glen Anderson," 389 tons, 177 males; "Strathfieldsay," 476 tons, 221 males; "Lord Lyndoch," 638 tons, 166 males; and so the motley pilgrimage to the shores of Van Diemen's Land continued year after year. The influx of free settlers almost ceased at the time when the convict cargoes were in full delivery. When Norfolk Island was abandoned, as we have shown in Chapter VI., the free islanders there were deported, by Bligh's orders, to Van Diemen's Land.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Convicts at Port Arthur—Boys at Point Puer—Awful Severity—Gaoler Chokes a Convict—Maconochie Makes Trouble for Franklin—God's Law and Human Enactments—Sink of Immorality—Crime in Van Diemen's Land—Archbishop of Dublin's Chaplain—The Monster Routley—Game Laws.

When he was Governor, Colonel Arthur took a paternal interest in the penal hell, Port Arthur, he was instrumental in calling into existence. He appointed as his first commandant Surgeon John Russell. Russell was followed by Captain O'Hara Booth, who embodied "The System" in his personality with its cruel traits. He made the convicts work hard, and their punishments were severe and equally certain. Booth was not, however, capricious. In that way he differed from the average run of military gaolers. To some extent the convict knew where he stood, what he had to do, and what would certainly happen if he did not do his work. Booth carried the law to the utmost limit of human endurance. He lashed; but he had the reputation of being, according to his lights, "inexorably just."

If the Newgate calendar had been picked of its most infamous characters and remarkable criminals, a list of felons quite as remarkable and equally infamous as those of Newgate could have been prepared at Port Arthur. Eight hundred convicts of all grades and classes of crimes were often imprisoned there at the same time. Some of them scarcely knew the God-given gift freedom. One, an Irishman named Doherty, had not been a free man for an hour for 42 years! He had, during that time, received nearly 3,000 lashes. A rebel when placed in his cradle, he remained, when a man, still a rebel. He had been transported for mutiny, and in prison he was still, in fulfilment of his natal destiny, fighting against authority. He

protested against everything in the establishment, and even made the prison garments worn by the convicts, consisting of jackets and trousers, of which one side was yellow and the other brown, a source of complaint.

On a point to the east of the settlement was an establishment for the reclamation of boy convicts, called Point Puer. The place was designed to be, like Port Arthur, and the penal establishment at Maria Island, one of Lord Stanley's probation stations. The boys were sent to the colony, in convict transports, with the hardened convicts of English gaols. The result of the companionship on the voyage was that they learnt all possible crimes and graduated in all the vices.

Even children of tender years were transported to Point Puer. From Preston a child seven years old was transported for life. Two boys and a girl were sent out for stealing some wood valued at twopence! When the juvenile convicts were landed at Point Puer, they were drafted into barracks, and it is recorded that they had scarcely been under the control of Booth for a week before boys ten years of age were tied to the triangles and lashed with the cat for the most trivial offences. What a hell the bright world must have seemed to them in the bloom of their youth!.

Arthur approved of such severity. He ordered that "punishment should be 'certain and sure;' that the due portion of labor from each convict should be exacted, and no remission or indulgence be permitted except specially authorised." That was his published command on February 14, 1833, issued possibly with Arthur's sardonic humor as a valentine to the unfortunate men whom it concerned! The warders needed no reminders to make their blows effective, or their rule as harsh and cruel as possible. The majority of these gaolers were of the temper of one, named Nottman, who, when assailed, seized a convict by the throat, gripped the man's windpipe, and held on to it, as a bulldog to the nose of a bull, until the convict was choked to death! Nottman was one of the fruits of "The System" of Port Arthur, and of the type of man that Maconochie, with his ideas of reform, would have to employ as instruments of his work.

Franklin was overweighted with the legacy of crime and criminals that Colonel Arthur had left him, and apparently, had he been allowed, he would have been content to let the penal establishments remain as they were when he came into office. Maconochie's report had set up acrimonious discussions both in Britain and Vandemonia, and Franklin was involved in the storm.

Port Arthur did not, as a penal reformatory for adult criminals, prove a success, any more than did Point Puer justify its existence as a probationary station for juvenile convicts. Reformatories for those who had been steeped in vice and crime were somewhat in the nature of an official joke. The question whether convicts were imprisoned for punishment or reformation was debated in philanthropic circles in England; but a Point Puer warder or a Port Arthur gaoler harrying up a chain gang did not worry about any philanthropists' suggestions as to the methods they should use to win the sinner to the throne of grace. Whatever mercy there might be in

God's law, there was none in their eyes in human enactments. The latter were made to punish, to cause real and efficient suffering, and gaolmen, the servants of "The System," were there to see that the convicts did suffer. So far as repentance was concerned, repentance might be credited in heaven; but heaven had not anything to do with the reformatories and probation stations of Vandemonia.

Convicts who had served their time at Port Arthur, when they returned to Hobart told tales of how Port Arthur was "a place of horror, a sink of immorality, but no place of reformation." Residents of Hobart declared that men who had once resided in the cesspool of iniquity at Port Arthur were no longer fit to live in civilised society; that the presence of them in Van Diemen's Land defiled the place.

The conversion of a transported Newgate gaol-bird into a Rufus Dawes in Vandemonia would have been certainly evidence of one of those miracles that cannot

> "Overcome us like a summer's cloud
> Without our special wonder."

Yet human nature is not always beyond redemption, and there is some warrant for believing, with Charles Reade, that "it's never too late to mend," even in the region of the scene where Marcus Clarke located the action of his novel, "For the Term of His Natural Life."

Popular opinion in Britain in 1837, so far as Van Diemen's Land was concerned, would not concede to the colony any possible hope of its inhabitants "mending" in the terms of their "natural lives." The chaplain of the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Dickenson, stated at a meeting held in the Mansion House that "it was unjust to induce intending emigrants to take up their abode in the midst of vice and immorality that notoriously prevailed in the penal colonies. Van Diemen's Land could never become respectable!"

What claim Van Diemen's Land had to "respectability," in the congress of colonies, may be gleaned perhaps from a group of interesting figures compiled just three years before Sir John Franklin took up his office as Governor. In 1837 the population of Van Diemen's Land did not exceed 40,000, of whom 16,000 were convicts, 1,000 soldiers, and 23,000 free inhabitants. What proportion of the latter had been convicts it was impossible to say. In that small community the summary convictions amounted to about 15,000 in one year; amongst them were about 2,000 for felony, 1,200 for misdemeanor, 700 for assaults, and 3,000 for drunkenness; 11,000 of these convicts were summarily punished for all offences to which the penalty of death was not attached.

Some of the convicts' punishments were very severe, as about 260 convicts received extension of sentence; about 100 were condemned to the penal settlements, 1,000 to the chain gangs, 900 to the road parties, 900 to solitary confinement or the treadmill, and 1,500 were flogged and received about 15,000 lashes. Amongst the 23,000 free inhabitants the summary convictions were between 3,000 and 4,000; about 2,200 (that was nearly one-tenth of the free population) were in one year fined for drunkenness, 200 were fined for assaults, and 800 for offences under Colonial Acts.

In Hobart, Dickenson's statement was read with indignation, and a public meeting was called to resent the alleged slander. Governor Franklin denied the clerical imputation in "The Times," but the "young lions" on "The Thunderer" roared back that the settlers' and Franklin's assertions were only the words of individuals, who had every reason to represent a den of vice as a place wherein to look for virtue.

The truth lay between the two statements. In the extreme, such men as the convict Routley could be found whose methods of crime differed from that of his fellows only in the methods of them, and not in the degrees of their iniquity. When Routley murdered a man he sewed the body up in a bullock's hide, placed it on a pile of dry wood, set fire to the fuel, and burnt the body to ashes. In that way he disposed of six settlers. A terrible brute he was, too, to look at! His left hand and a part of the arm were wanting, which deficiencies he had, in part, supplied with a piece of wood, neatly fitted with an iron hook. With the hook's help he supported his gun, and was so enabled to take sure and unerring aim at the men he designed to murder. Such men as Routley might have been reasonably regarded as beyond the hope of redemption!

But as against such congenital criminals as Routley, there were numbers of law-breakers who were sent out to Vandemonia for shooting, say, a bird, worth about sixpence, the inhabitant of a wild heath, the absolute property of no one, who were ripe for reformation. Such men were classed as criminals. At that time, under what were called the "Game Laws," 1,300 convictions took place every year in Britain. A large percentage of such offenders were torn away from their families and transported, probably with a view as much to populating the colonies as to punishing the thief. They were sent to live and sup with criminals, and that they were "green" in crime was made the subject of derision by their "graduated" companions. Few of these "Game Law" victims were as hardened as a lad, passing under the name of James Heyland, who was convicted of duck-stealing at the Berkshire Sessions in May, 1829, and who was sentenced to transportation to Van Diemen's Land. James said to the Chairman of the Sessions, "I hope you'll sit there, you old ——, till I come back," and, pulling out of his pocket a halfpenny, he said, "Now, old boy, I'll toss you whether it is seven years or 14?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Convicts at Norfolk Island—Captain Maconochie Made Commandant—Abolishes the Gallows, Triangle, and Lash—Moral Pollution Continues—Disorganised State of Settlement—Maconochie's "Madness"—The Great Celebration—Gaol Doors Flung Open—Great Penal Spree—Historical Lie Nailed.

At the time Norfolk Island was abandoned by the Government of New South Wales, the buildings on the island were destroyed by fire to prevent their being of any use to pirates who might be inclined to turn the place into an Alsatia. When the island was revisited in 1825, the clearings of the settlers, who were deported to Van Diemen's Land, had reverted to their virgin state of tropical luxuriance. Pigs that had been left behind in the woods had multiplied into herds of swine. The old roads were covered with young trees. Such the place was when it was resumed as a convict settlement, the outcome of the agitation for new methods in penal arrangement. Captain Maconochie, who was appointed Commandant at £800 a year, was directed "to test the ideas he had propounded, and to seek the success he had foretold."

Norfolk Island, for convict purposes, was divided into three stations, called, respectively, "the Settlement," "Longridge," and "Cascade." The Settlement was the head-quarters of the entire establishment. There were the Commandant's residence, the officers' quarters, the military and convict barracks, commissariat stores, gaol, and a variety of buildings. Longridge was the head-quarters of the agricultural establishment, distant about a mile and a half from the Settlement. At the Cascade, two miles from Longridge, about 350 convicts were housed in huts, 20 to 24 convicts in each hut.

When Maconochie arrived at Norfolk Island, he made changes that astonished the convicts, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the gallows tree removed, the gaol doors thrown open, and the gaolers with no work to do. When the convicts had recovered from their surprise, Maconochie told them that he was going to treat them like rational beings. He explained his system of marks. Marks were to be awarded for good behavior and diligence, and a convict was to work out his sentence on a stated number of marks. Thus 6,000 marks discharged a seven years' sentence; 7,000, a ten years' sentence; and 8,000 had to be earned before a convict could be quit of a sentence for life.

The lash and triangles were done away with. The convicts were permitted to roam about after their day's work, and to carry knives. Under this treatment the convicts, on the surface, appeared to become orderly, and the "old hands" seemed to develop lamblike qualities.

The "Colonial Times," in describing the place, said that crime of the most revolting nature had become a settled habit—no longer the exception, but the rule. It has even its assigned nomenclature,

so that within the wretched circle of its votaries it is a current topic of conversation. No language of civilised man being provided with fit terms and phrases, a vocabulary had been invented by the denizens of the place, and the foulest passions that can force an entrance into the human heart; the foulest images with which guilt can pollute the imagination were embodied in eccentricities of speech peculiar to themselves. . . . That the rulers of a nation calling itself Christian, and professing as a nation to have a conscience, could stand the cool spectacle of that scene of crime was enough to make the stones of the street cry out and devils blush to witness.

Maconochie had succeeded in destroying the assignment system, greatly to the annoyance of the colonists who wanted labor, and he had substituted a sort of opera bouffe that, when it did not annoy, created laughter and merriment throughout the colonies. The press said that he treated the convicts like gentlemen in distress, and to them he was a liberal patron and generous benefactor. As might have been suspected, the convicts "gammoned" him to the top of his bent. The "Sydney Herald" of July 26, 1841, says:—"The whole island (Norfolk), we understand, is in a disorganised state, and thefts are of everyday occurrence. A few weeks since, a boat (the second) was ran away with by nine convicts—one named Barratt, who, a few days before he left the island, had been charged with making a picklock for the purpose of robbing the store, of which he was acquitted; and Captain Maconochie actually begged his pardon for allowing him to be locked up."

The officers under Maconochie regarded his system with contempt. They strongly objected to giving the convicts any latitude, or to permit a twice or thrice convicted "lag" strutting before them with the airs of a free man. They foretold that there would be a convict outbreak, and that the British authorities would realise, when too late, that Maconochie was a "crank," who was subverting prison discipline and destroying "The System." They believed that a man who could assert, as Maconochie did assert in his "Management of Prisoners in the Australian Colonies," "the absolute rights of prisoner jurors, and thereby their power of directly controlling the course of justice," was capable of any folly. And they had not long to wait until their anticipations were realised.

Maconochie's dream of kneading criminals into the substance of honest men was "such stuff as dreams are made on." Evidently the weird Sisters of Fate were in a humor for a frolic with the mortals. They filled the brains of penal reformers such as Maconochie with a wild delirium of a wonderment at the marvellous success of the penal Elysium at Norfolk Island. But the success was more apparent than real, though Maconochie's intoxication in his wild cat scheme of reformation for criminals was in itself real enough.

The discontented criminals, after coming under Maconochie's influence, were held up as changed to amiable, generous, repentant, and reformed prodigals! It was asserted that half the men convicted of secondary offences were driven to crime by bad usage, the unfeeling conduct of their masters and overseers, or by debasing punishment inflicted often for slight offences. Those who opposed Maconochie's methods suggested to him that he should send his "reformed

criminals" back to London, where philanthropists would surely be glad to receive them, and to place the "reformed specials" in the London banking establishments, and to find places for the "thirsty dragsmen" as watchmen on Ludgate Hill, and billets for the reformed drunkards as water-carriers at Aldgate Pump.

But Maconochie "cared for none of those things." As if in defiance, or as a challenge to the hostile criticisms made upon him and his system by the colonial press, Maconochie determined, on Monday, May 25, 1840, to give the British penal world of reformers something to talk about. The occasion was the Norfolk Island celebration in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday. From that day penal tyranny was to pass away; convicts were to be flogged no more; their irons were to be cast upon the scrap heaps; and there was to be no more shutting up of men in gaol cells.

Maconochie drew up an order in which he announced his intention of setting the convicts free on the Monday, and he also foreshadowed the festivities proposed to be held on the occasion; not forgetting to mention a "ration of fresh pork." At daylight a new code of signal flags, upwards of 20 in number, were displayed on the rigging of the new signal staff, crowned with the Royal George standard. The prison gates were thrown open to the whole 1,800 prisoners, who proceeded, cheering, to the cricket ground, where, in addition to playing cricket, they commenced various other amusements. Captain Maconochie, with laugh and jest, mingled amongst the curious throng. At 12 o'clock a Royal salute of 21 guns was fired from the top of the hill towards Longridge; the two guns from Government House and other guns from a vessel in port having been previously carried to that position.

The salute was answered by the discharge of three rounds of blank cartridges from the military. After that the prisoners sat down to dinner in a long line in the centre of a road extending from the Salt House to almost as far as the Lime Kiln—a quarter of a mile. After dinner every convict was supplied with a glass of grog. When their pannikins were charged, Captain Maconochie called upon them to drink the Queen's health. That they did, shouting "Three times three for Queen Victoria." "Three times three for Captain Maconochie!"

Afterwards the convicts resumed their sports. For the amusement of those who did not take part in the games, dramatic performances were given in the large Mess Room in the prison. Maconochie provided new scenery and the necessary dresses for the actors. And he was an interested spectator of plays. The idea of the dramatic performance by convicts was not then carried out for the first time. As far back as 1789, in Sydney, on the birthday of George III., the comedy of "The Recruiting Officer" had been played by a party of convicts in a large hut. Later, on January 16, 1796, convicts gave a performance of Young's tragedy, "The Revenge," in a specially built theatre (costing £100!) in Sydney, and again, in March, 1800, by permission of Governor Captain Hunter, R.N., they played the

comedy of "The Recruiting Officer." The well-known prologue, commencing:—

"From distant climes, o'er widespread seas we come,
But not with much eclat or beat of drum;
True patriots all, for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good."

was read on the occasion. The authorship of the prologue has been frequently attributed to George Barrington, the notorious pickpocket, but there is not the slightest warrant for doing so. Barrington was not only an illiterate man, and incapable of writing the lines, but the authorship of the lines are known to students of Australian history. The lines were written by "A Gentleman" in Manchester, about the year 1788, and printed on a slip of paper slightly larger than a handbill. "A Gentleman" wrote several prologues for plays, that were distributed in the same way. One, at least, is in the Commonwealth Library.

The lines had reference to convicts transported to the West Indies, or to "His Majesty's Colonies and Plantations in America," quite as much as to any felons sent out to Australia. Such lines were not unusual when convicts were being transported from England to America. Churchill, the poet, wrote in 1764:—

"Happy, thrice happy, now the savage race,
Since Europe took their gold and gave them grace!
And on sure grounds the gospel pile to rear,
Sends missionary felons once a year."

In Burke's "Annual Register," 1766, is a description of an embarkation of convicts:—"Last week, as the convicts were passing to the waterside in order to be shipped to America, with fifes playing before them, "Through the Wood, Laddie," a gentleman observed to another that they were very joyous, to which a droll convict replied, "Joyous, aye; so we are, master, and if you will but go along with us you will be quite transported!"

In the same way that Edmund Burke reported this anecdote, he reproduced "A Gentleman's" prologue in his "Annual Register" in 1788. From there the lines found their way to Sydney, to be selected and to be used at the performance of "The Recruiting Officer." Barrington is not to blame for his posthumous "literary" fame, any more than he is to be charged with the authorship of Barrington's "History of New South Wales." That is a bold literary piracy, produced and written in London, almost wholly filched from Collins' work on the same subject.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Convict-Made King—Convicts' Playbill Used at Royal Victoria Theatre, Norfolk Island—Bishop of Dublin Fooled by Convicts—He Administers to Them the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—The Cancer of Lagdom—Convicts Seize the Government Transport "Governor Phillip"—A Deadly Fight and Dramatic Incidents—Transport Recaptured—Convicts Hanged.

We have been fortunate in securing a copy of the playbill that was used on the notable occasion when Maconochie's convict mummers strutted their brief hour on the stage erected in the Norfolk Island penal mess room. The bill gives the names of the convicts acting, and it also mentions the parts they played. On reading the bill, one may fancy with what "professional" zest the Richard of the occasion, Convict H. Whitton, gave tongue to the lines:—

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
Throng to the bar, crying all—'Guilty! Guilty!'"

Since Convict Whitton was a student of Shakespeare, he may have thought with the melancholy Dane:—

"The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

for on Maconochie's gala day the Convict was King. The playbill reads:—

ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE,
Norfolk Island,
On MONDAY, 25th MAY, in honor of Her Majesty's Birthday,
Will be performed, by permission,
Two Acts of the admired Comic Opera of the
"CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA."

Don Caesar	John Lawrence
Scipio	George Rolfe
Fernando	James Walker
Alphonso	Henry Whitton
Spado	James King
Pedrillo	James Monds
Sanguino	James Cranston
Rapino	James Porter
Calvette	William Smith
Vasquez	R. Sanderson
Lorenza	———

Banditti, etc.

After which, a Musical Melange.

Glee ("Prithee, Brothers, Speed to the Boat"), Whitton, Walker, Porter, Sanderson, Smith; Song ("Old England for

Ever"), H. Whitton; Comic Song ("Walker, the Twopenny Postman"), J. Monds; Song ("Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman"), J. Lawrence; Glee, Fishermen's Glee, same as first; Song ("Paddy from Cork"), J. Walker; Song ("Powder Monkey Peter"), J. Lawrence; Glee, as before; Song ("Spirit of the Storm"), H. Whitton; Song ("The Tight Irishman"), J. Porter; Glee ("Some Love to Roam"), as before; Song ("The Bed Commodore"), J. Lawrence.

The Tent Scene in "Richard III." by H. Whitton.

A CELEBRATED NAVAL HORNPIPE,
By Michael Burns.

DANCE, TYROLESE WALTZ, by Thomas Barry.

After which the Musical Entertainment of
"THE PURSE; or, THE BENEVOLENT TAR."

The Baron	James Cranston
Theodore	G. Rolfe
Edmund	W. Yelverton
Will Steady	John Lawrence
Sally	James Monds
Page	John Rae

After which, PADDY CAREY, in character, by John Lawrence.

Song ("Banner of War"), H. Whitton.

The whole to conclude with the National Anthem of
"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

In the evening a "grand display of fireworks" took place, the prisoners setting light to the squibs and rockets. At 8 o'clock at night another salute of 21 guns was fired, and that was the sign that terminated the day's amusement, and the signal for the convicts to return to their cells. Not a single case of theft, disorder, or accident occurred during the day, nor was there one solitary instance of a man being in gaol that day or the following morning for misconduct.

Such a remarkable sight might well make the gaolers trained under "The System" rub their eyes and examine the priming of their guns. Maconochie's views appear to have infected some men with a species of mid-summer madness, the Archbishop of Dublin being one of the dupes of his own sentiment. To 30 men on board ship, transported to Norfolk Island, the Archbishop administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in the belief that their repentance was sincere!

When reports of this convict jollification promoted by Captain Maconochie reached Hobart and Sydney, and from those places went to England, it caused widespread laughter. A land where rum and song and music had their home was apparently the true dwelling-place for those poor unfortunate mortals cursed with the heavy legacy of hereditary criminal instincts. The methods of repression, the gaol, the whip, the gallows tree, that had been directed against them, or their acts, since Cain slew Abel, were quite uncalled for, if not actually wicked. Maconochie had saved the social fabric of the

world, and he had found, "mirabile dictu!" a cure for the Cancer of Lagdom!

Such was the belief of the visionaries who saw merit in Maconochie's system. They would not admit that the reform of criminals of the class sent to Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk Island was hopeless. That the task of reformation was not easy was admitted in a clever pamphlet written by Frederick Maitland Innes on "Secondary Punishments," and dated 1841; but Innes contended, in support of Maconochie, "Is it really so very much more difficult to reclaim a criminal than any other man given to vice?" Criminals, in his opinion, would be found more accesible to religious influences, sympathisingly applied, than those whose errors have had a less equivocal stamp. Innes held:—

"The tainted branches of the tree
If lopped with care, a strength may give,
By which the rest shall bloom and live."

On the other hand, the convict subjected to harsh treatment, like a tree struck with lightning:—

"The massive trunk the ruin feels
And never more a leaf reveals."

That class of writing possessed a certain literary grace that was above the subject; but the argument was not without acumen from a Maconochie point of view. What, however, were the hard facts? Of what character were the gaolers? Apparently the gaolers wanted reformation quite as much within the line of their delinquencies as the prisoners did in the highways of their crimes. The officers kept shops wherein to traffic with the prisoners, and a vessel was freighted in Sydney to supply the officers in Norfolk Island with goods. They laughed at Maconochie's mark system, and instead of forfeiting marks for bad behavior—blasphemy at thirty, insolence at fifty, and other more serious offences up to three or four hundred marks—they would have preferred sending the convicts to the triangles. The triangles had also their advantages, as they saved book-keeping! The moral reformation of the convict was the last consideration of the gaolers. They believed it hopeless. Even a Maconochie could not change the nature of a convict. At the first opportunity the "reformed character" returned to his vomit.

A Government transport, the "Governor Phillip," was employed in carrying stores from Sydney to the penal settlement at Norfolk Island. This ship was the one and only link between civilisation and freedom with degradation and bondage. When the "Governor Phillip" arrived at Norfolk Island, a small gang of 12 or 14 convicts, under a military guard, boarded the vessel for the purpose of discharging her cargo. Such as the chance was, the "Governor Phillip" was the only means of escape offering to the convicts in the island prison.

On June, 1842, a convict sitting on a rock, gazing out to sea, heard firing on board the "Governor Phillip," anchored some distance off shore. The day previously, 12 convicts had been put on board, and they had been engaged filling the barges alongside her with Government stores. In addition to the convicts on board the

ship, her crew numbered 18, and the military guard consisted of 12 soldiers. Out of the company of guards, two sentries were placed over the hatchway; the rest of the soldiers lolled over the taffrail, dreaming, as they looked in a half-doze at the shimmering tropical sea, of home and of mother.

The convicts, passing up and down through the hatchway, noticed that the guard was indulging in day dreams. In the darkness of the hold they plotted to seize the vessel by one bold rush upward for liberty. Delay would have been fatal to the success of their desperate enterprise. Without any hesitation they came up from below with a determined charge, seized the pistols of one of the sentries, and then tossed him overboard. The other sentry at once handed over his gun in lieu of being tossed into a sea swarming with sharks. Two of the dreamers on the taffrail, so unceremoniously brought back to the realities of life, engaged the convicts in a hand to hand struggle. They were badly mauled—one of them, to save his life, jumped into the launch; the other was thrown overboard. He attempted to swim ashore; but he had not gone many yards when the black fin of a large shark cut the water, the shark's white belly was seen, and with an awful shriek the soldier disappeared, to dream at his post no longer.

In the meanwhile, the sergeant of the company, who was in the ship's cabin, heard the row on deck. He rushed up, and meeting one of the convicts, shot him dead, to be himself at the same time knocked insensible with a marlingspike. The sailors, in a panic of fear, ran to the forecastle, and the hatches were fastened down. Though the convicts were in command of the vessel, they were unable to work her, so they made two sailors come up on deck to assist them. The rest of the soldiers were secured, as the convicts believed, in the captain's cabin.

The soldiers found a grating in the captain's cabin through which they could see a portion of the ship's deck. Whenever a convict came within the arc of their vision they fired through the grating at him. In that way they wounded several of the convicts. The convicts proposed to send the sailors ashore, and demanded that the soldiers should surrender the captain. The latter told the convicts to "come and take me."

The leader of the convicts stepped forward, and the captain, having a good sight of him, fired at him. The bullet struck the convict's mouth and went through his brain. This dramatic episode frightened the remainder of the convicts. They turned tail, ran below, and the soldiers, led by the captain, hurried from the cabin, and once more gained command of the "Governor Phillip." In the meantime, the soldier who had been tossed overboard at the beginning of the mutiny was pulled on board by one of the convicts. The convict, when ascending the side of the vessel after rescuing the soldier, was himself shot dead, in mistake, by the sergeant, who had recovered his senses.

The balance of the convicts sued for mercy, which was promised. Coming on deck in trust of the promise of quarter, one convict was shot in the thigh by the infuriated soldiers. Seeing that, one convict

threw up his hands over his head, crying to the soldiers, "Oh, spare me!" Without hesitation, and apparently with one impulse, the soldiers fired together and blew off his head. The convict on the rock had given the alarm to the authorities, and boats with armed men put off the shore to the ship. When the soldiers boarded her, they found the deck was a shambles. The wounded were landed, and the bodies of the slain buried at midnight. Those of the convicts who survived were sent in the "Governor Phillip" to Sydney, and hanged. This outbreak was regarded as one of the bitter fruits of Maconochie's system, since it was said that the criminal negligence of the soldiers suggested the attempt; that they displayed cowardice towards the unarmed men, and afterwards the cruelty of cowards when they had the convicts mastered.

Under Maconochie, the convicts had all their wants provided for, and they had just enough exertion to keep them in health enjoyed in the finest climate in the world. It was their boast that they could go for a spree in the bush for months, if they wished! Yet they were not satisfied to serve their time and to obtain their freedom. That, Maconochie could not understand. He never seemed to grasp the law of nature, that the seed will breed true to its type.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Lord Stanley's Despatch to Franklin—Norfolk Island Attached to Van Diemen's Land—Major Childs and the Convicts—A Rebellion—Thirteen Convicts Hanged—A Convict's Last Letter—Commandant John Price—Examples of Inhuman Cruelty—Convict Commits Suicide.

Lord Stanley sent a Despatch on November 25, 1842, to Sir John Franklin, in which he said (as if Franklin did not know) that Norfolk Island was under the charge of an officer engaged in a trial of experiments suggested by the officer. For certain reasons, it was proposed to relieve him (Captain Maconochie) of that charge, and to appoint an officer to be called the Superintendent or Commandant of Norfolk Island. That officer was to be placed under the immediate authority of the Governor of Van Diemen's Land. For that purpose Norfolk Island was to be detached from the control of the New South Wales Government, and attached to that of Van Diemen's Land. A large proportion of the prisoners were to be removed to Van Diemen's Land, and sent to Port Arthur, to make room for the newcomers from England. A proper military force was to be established at Norfolk Island, that was, for the future, to be regarded exclu-

sively as a place of confinement. The number of convicts proposed to be sent from England was not to exceed a thousand annually. After undergoing a certain probation at Norfolk Island, the convicts were to be drafted in "probation gangs" to Van Diemen's Land and to New South Wales, where they were to be employed upon works of public utility. After behaving themselves well in the "probation gangs," they were to receive, as a reward, a "probation pass." They could then, with the consent of the Government, work in private service for wages. Such was Lord Stanley's solution of the penal problem. When his proposals were made known, they caused, both in Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, a great outcry. One of the details of the scheme was that settlers who employed the convicts should be responsible for their behavior, and also be liable to be fined if any misconduct by the convict took place!

If the clank of the felon's chains has been heard throughout this half-century's record of Vandemonia; if the recital of the horrors of crime has been deemed repulsive; if the days whereon we have seen the criminal eating the bread of sorrows and drinking the waters of affliction, have appeared to be many, and the years of his martyrdom have been covered only by the span of his life, then, and then only, is the truth told within these pages. If it has been shown that not only does "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," but that inhumanity may entirely disappear, and be replaced by a "monster of such hideous mien" that the fiends of hell might well be proud to greet him as "Brother!" then has the story been impressed with the fair stamp of truth, though every line is blotted with the tears, every paragraph punctuated with the groans, of the despairing outcasts of the human race. Yet in much that has been written a great deal has been broadly sketched in; and while such outlines enable the reader to more easily grasp the whole picture, the effect is not wholly realised without some human documents of suffering are presented that tell the tales of the agony borne by convicts in simple language that, in its echoes through time, conveys the pure ring of truth.

The records were made contemporaneously with the sufferings, and they were used to show to the world what a monster Commandant John Price was in his dealings with the convicts, and, further, as an argument that the whole penal system might be reformed, and that such fiends in human shape as Price should have it placed beyond their power to inflict such unmerited torture on human beings. The contrast is the more striking since Price's reign of terror followed soon upon the footsteps of Maconochie's period of pleasant fooling with the convicts.

Maconochie was succeeded at Norfolk Island by Major Childs, who was not fitted for the post. The convicts were filled with insubordination, and in the end they rebelled. Four constables were murdered. Thirteen men were hanged on account of the outbreak. The leader, a convict named William Westwood, wrote the following letter, on the eve of his execution, to the Rev. Thomas Rogers:—

> Sir,—The strong ties of earth will be soon terminated, and the burning fever will soon be quenched. My grave will be a heaven—a resting-place for me, Wm. Westwood. Sir, out of

the bitter cup of misery I have drunk from my sixteenth year—ten long years—and the sweetest thought is that which takes away my living death. It is the friend which deceives no man; all will then be quiet; no tyrant will disturb my repose, I hope.

WM. WESTWOOD.

Maconochie was blamed for this outbreak, for it was said that "when the reins of discipline were tightened the rage of the prisoners was unbounded." John Price, when a Hobart police magistrate, was appointed on August 3, 1845, to replace Major Childs, and Price, taking command, soon made Norfolk Island known as "The Hell of the Pacific."

One cannot read of Price's methods without a thrill of horror at the callousness John Price displayed towards the suffering convicts. A feeling of loathing springs against him as one reads of how he confined men in underground cells, and left them there in darkness, and with sore backs, to doubt if there was a God in the world, and, if so, how such an inhuman brute as Price could be permitted to live?

Price's declared mission was to reform the convicts, and to place them, when reformed, in gangs for export to Van Diemen's Land. How he reformed them, how he dealt with them, we shall show. The first lot of cases, duly authenticated, are taken from the record of everyday discipline in the gaol books. In the next chapter we shall see what took place behind the gaol walls, where Price believed himself safe from criticism or exposure.

The first case we shall quote is that of W. Searle, a man of quiet, sedate, and sensitive disposition, very silent and submissive in his deportment, who was charged by Commandant Price, in June, 1847, with telling him a lie about a pass. The Commandant was driving in his carriage with two ladies, and overtaking Searle he asked him where he was going? He replied, "To Cascade—that he was the Commissariat prisoner clerk." Searle said he was to have had one, but as he was known to be the Commissariat clerk he thought he might go across without one. The Commandant then demanded to see the pass. The man, confused and frightened, was silent, wondering in fear what Price meant to do. He was not long in doubt. Price called out to him that he was in for "a —— good flogging," and ordered him back to the settlement.

Searle obeyed Price's order. He was brought up—charged with telling a lie—and sentenced to receive 36 lashes. Searle's screams were heard at a considerable distance from the gaol by several persons. Searle was an English convict, transported on a seven years' probation. At one time he had been a wealthy and respectable woolstapler at Tavistock, where he was a member of the Plymouth Brethren Society. He was one of the most inoffensive men ever landed in Norfolk Island. At the time, it was considered to have been the most cruel refinement of punishment to flog this man.

Edward Kelly was charged on September 2, 1847, with having tobacco improperly in his possession. One man replied that he had only a small piece of tobacco, about half the length of the first joint of his little finger. But before he got it, he read a notice on the bar-

rack gate, signed by Commandant Price, giving the men leave to use tobacco if they got it honestly. What he had was given to him by an officer. Notwithstanding that the notice had been put up by Price's orders, Price sentenced the man to receive 36 lashes.

John Rankin, an old man, upwards of 80 years of age, for several years physically incapable of work, and allowed daily, in consequence of his infirmities, a pint of milk, was charged with "misconduct in having two shillings in his possession." He admitted the charge, stating that the two shillings were sent to him by Mrs. Hiney's daughter, living in Sydney. He was very sorry; he promised never more to offend, and wept like a child. He held up his hands in the most imploring manner to Price, and begged Price to forgive him. He pleaded it was his first offence. He was upwards of 80 years of age, feeble and helpless, hardly able to walk, and afflicted with inguinal hernia—rupture of the groin. Commandant Price passed sentence, observing that as the old man had "two shillings" he sentenced him to wear chains for "two" months. The chains were immediately attached to the shrivelled limbs of this old man, already advanced in his second childhood, and he served the sentence.

John Higson was a stockman at Longridge, and he was charged in September, 1847, with "misconduct" in being absent from the stock run, and with bringing fire improperly on the run. Upon being asked what he had to say to the charge, he replied that he was not more than a minute absent off the run. His absence was accounted for by his going in his hut close by to fetch a fire-stick to light a fire, as the night was cold and showery. Stockmen had been permitted the privilege of lighting a fire to keep themselves warm during the chilly and wet nights to which the Norfolk Island climate is subject. This man had therefore merely acted as others employed in the same manner had been accustomed to do. Price sentenced Higson to receive 36 lashes on his back for being off his run, and 36 lashes on his breech for bringing a fire-stick out of his hut to kindle a fire. This sentence was carried into effect.

The man was described as being of a very nervous temperament, with a tender skin, and, it is said, screamed horribly during the infliction of the punishment. On October 5, the sixth day after his flogging, while the man's back was yet raw and livid, he was brought up on a charge of "misconduct" in having tobacco improperly in his possession. Higson's explanation was that he had only as much as would fill half a pipe. For the "misconduct" in having this tobacco he was sentenced by the Commandant to receive 36 lashes. They were inflicted with the utmost severity; his yells of agony were shocking to hear. Three or four days later he was again reported for not having driven the bullocks in by bell-ring, although the fences, being broken, had caused the delay. Fearful of another lashing, the unfortunate wretch fled into the bush, and was not heard of any more. It was supposed that he had become insane through terror, and committed suicide by leaping down the cliffs. Now it so happened that an order had been received from Hobart, per the "Franklin," to issue tobacco rations to the men. This order was published, but rescinded by Commandant Price in consequence of Higson ab-

sconding. The effect of the order being cancelled was to punish every prisoner in the settlement.

Price had a sniggering sense that he had considerable humor, and he was ever trying to find a vent for it. A convict, W. Graham, at Longridge, rested his head on his hand in church, appearing to be in a sleepy condition. Price ordered him to receive 36 lashes, "to keep you awake."

Two men were lifting a plank. It was so heavy they could not carry the plank to the proper place. Four men were working close by. The two men requested the other four to give them a hand with the plank. The whole time occupied in the removal of the timber was about two minutes. Price heard of it, and he investigated the occurrence. He ordered the two men 36 lashes each for misconduct in neglecting their work; and he commanded that the four men should be given 36 lashes for misconduct in leaving their work!

These cases are fair samples of the continual round of punishment, day after day, that John Price inflicted on the unhappy convicts. Was it any wonder that the men were brutalised into a worse condition than the beasts of the field?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Governor Wilmot Succeeds Sir John Franklin—Falls Foul of Judge Montagu—The Murderer, Kavanagh—The Rev. T. Rogers Defies John Price—Deported from Norfolk Island—He Publishes the Secrets of the Prison House—Price Murdered at Williamstown—Earl Grey's Order—Convicts to be Shipped to Port Arthur.

Sir John Franklin must, when his recall came, have, in one sense, welcomed it. The administration of a convict colony, being the man he was, could not have been to his liking. The method of his recall was another matter. When he received notice to quit, he secured, in haste, private lodgings, and shook the dust of the official residence off his feet. The Legislative Council was sitting at the time, and its members expressed their admiration for his character, and for his many private virtues. Of his administration they spoke with reserved praise. Nevertheless, the memory of Franklin has been honored, but rather as an explorer than as a Governor, by the bronze statue that has been erected on the spot where he resided at the Old Government House, Hobart Town, called, after him, Franklin-square.

Sir John Eardley Eardley-Wilmot, Bart., who succeeded Franklin, also discovered, like Franklin, that he was overtasked in administering a convict colony. When his appointment was announced in London, "The Times" made a sharp attack upon his capacity to fill

his engagement. Wilmot had represented Warwickshire for several years in the House of Commons, and he had acted, for 20 years, as the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions in that county. During his chairmanship, he indulged in jokes at the expense of the prisoners before him, and that ill-placed humor did not tend to consolidate his reputation as a man of sense. "The Times" described him as a mere joking justice, destitute alike of talents and dignity. "The Times" article was reprinted in Van Diemen's Land, and its publication did not tend to make his path any easier to tread. However, when he was sworn in, Hobart Town was illuminated, and the townspeople, "as in duty bound," welcomed him as an accredited representative of the Crown.

Wilmot considered he was an authority on penal problems. He had written several papers on prison discipline, and initiated in the House of Commons a Bill for the summary trial of juvenile offenders. When he arrived in Hobart, he displayed a dogmatic stubbornness regarding local penal business that soon brought him into collision with the Bench. Judge Montagu sentenced a notorious murderer, Kavanagh, to be hanged. Kavanagh had fired at a settler, but missed him, while robbing his house. Few convicts on the island were more blackened with vice and stained with crime than Kavanagh, but in some way he repeatedly escaped the hangman's noose. And he was destined to do so again, since, ten minutes before his execution, Wilmot granted him a reprieve, on the ground that he would never inflict death in consideration of offences not on the records of the court, and that in Kavanagh's case only robbery had been proved.

Judge Montagu tried four men afterwards for like offences to Kavanagh's crime. When, as Judge, he pronounced their punishments, Montagu directed that the death sentence "be recorded" against them. He said it was useless to do more in view of how Kavanagh had been spared by Governor Wilmot. Such a proceeding, Judge Montagu said, on the part of the Governor could only be justified by the total abolition of capital punishment. Public opinion agreed with Judge Montagu, especially in the country districts, where the settlers lived in terror of Kavanagh and of other bushrangers, such as Martin Cash and Jones. Convicts taking to the bush were, at this time, increasing in numbers. Kavanagh, the press said, was, through vice-regal favor, most unwisely spared to murder someone. The press considered that such a man as Kavanagh should be swung out of existence at the first opportunity. Kavanagh should be killed as a dangerous reptile, just as a settler would kill a snake he found on the doorstep of his home. The press's fears that Kavanagh was only spared to commit murder were realised, for, after being sent to Norfolk Island, Kavanagh was concerned in an uprising of convicts, involving murder, and his luck having at last deserted him, he was hanged in the year 1846.

While Governor Wilmot at Hobart was giving his fads on penal administration an airing; while he was judging the Judges, Commandant Price, at Norfolk Island, was exercising his merciless authority. The cries of his victims were heard in Dowling-street. The Rev. T. Rogers, who was chaplain at Norfolk Island, remonstrated with Price for his awful cruelty to prisoners. Price ordered

Rogers to leave the island, telling Rogers it was Rogers's business to look after the convicts' souls, and his, Commandant Price's, to concern himself about the welfare of their bodies. Rogers, though forced to leave Norfolk Island, was not silenced, as the following extracts from his diary will show:—

August 6.—Visited the general hospital; found a man named Lemon dreadfully beaten, and having his arm broken. It appears that Constable Baldock was taking a man to gaol, charged with either having or using a towel irregularly. He threw his shirt to Lemon, and asked him to get it washed. Baldock would not allow him (Lemon) to have it. Upon this the man Lemon gave Baldock either a blow or, as he says, a push, when a number of constables fell upon him and beat him with their clubs. It was just as divine service was commencing yesterday evening. All the officers and constables left the church, except Mr. Duncan, and the "old hands" made a general rush towards the windows to see what was going on. Mr. Bott told me he interfered to cause the constables to desist after the man was down, but Baldock said, "Lay it into him—lay it into him," while he was handcuffed with his hands behind him; after this he was taken to gaol and gagged two hours, with his hands chained behind him to the lamp-post, having all this time his arm broken! He was then taken to the new gaol, and Stephens sent for the doctor, who received him into the hospital.

April 16 (Friday).—Had a long chat with Dytton. He was chained down to the floor by Mr. Price's order, and had been gagged. I asked the reason. He said for getting up to the window to get some air in the hospital cell, as the doctor had ordered him to have air, and he was refused out. He has been ill at the general hospital—had six or seven weeks' sickness—has never been well since a beating he received while I was absent from the island. He was then in the chain-gang. Some pegs had been removed, upon which he hung his clothes and rations. He abused the gaoler for removing the pegs; was gagged and taken to the new gaol, and chained down; was then dreadfully beaten by six or seven constables. He lay in a puddle of blood. The next day a constable came in and jumped upon him, and severely hurt his chest; he pierced his body with a piece of sharp iron or steel. He showed me a scar on his arm he had received on that occasion. He said Mr. Elliot came to the cell and found him in that mutilated condition, and asked —— when it was done. —— replied, "He received a portion yesterday and a portion to-day."

August 6, 1847.—Visited the gaol. Found Waters strapped down, on suspicion of having prevented his eye from recovering. His back was bad, having been flogged, and the cord which laced the strait-waistcoat which they put on him pained him much. His eye was very bad. He was laid on his back, bound, unable to stir hand or foot, and in agony of pain from the pressure of his lacerated back on the lacing cord. Having asked to see Major Harrold as a magistrate, he said to the turnkey, "If I am guilty of injuring myself, let me be punished; but if not, why am I strapped down?" For saying this he was flogged! He told me that Dr. Everett said he did not think he had done anything to his eye. I saw him again soon after. He said his back had stunk most offensively, and, through the inter-

cession of the turnkey, Mr. Price had allowed the cord to be removed; but his hands were chained to the foot of the bed. He had received a sentence of 18 months on the reef in chains. (Note.—Some of these chains were 36lb. weight, and on the reef the men had mostly to work up to the middle in water.—T. R.)

"In one of the turnkeys' rooms in the new gaol is to be seen an article of harness that at first sight creates surprise in the mind of the beholder when considering what animal of the brute creation exists of so diminutive a size as to admit of its use; but on inquiry it will be found to be a bridle, perfect in head band, throat lash, etc., for a fellow-creature. There is attached to it a round piece of ironwood of almost 4 inches in length and 1½ inches in diameter; this again is secured in a broad strap of leather to cross the mouth. In the wood there is a small hole, and, when used, the wood is inserted in the mouth, the small hole being the only breathing space; and when the whole is secured with the various straps and buckles, a more complete bridle in resemblance could not well be witnessed.

"This is one of Mr. Price's instruments for torturing the unhappy and fallen men, and on one occasion I was compelled to witness its application on a poor blind wretch named Edward Mooney. My duty required my attendance at the gaol occasionally. I came in one evening after 8 o'clock. I was conversing with one of the turnkeys; the notorious ——, who robbed Mr. Waterhouse of £700, was present; he also, at that time, being a turnkey, holding a third-class pass and in receipt of 2s. per diem. Everything was quite still. I could not help remarking how quiet the gaol was, when the said —— exclaimed, 'There's someone speaking; I know what —— it is;' and forthwith took from its pegs one of the bridles just described and a pair of handcuffs. I followed him to one of the cells, which he opened, and therein was a man lying on his straw mat, undressed, and, to all appearance, asleep. —— desired him to get up, calling him by his name, and to dress himself. He did so, and came out into the yard, where —— inserted the ironwood gag into his mouth, and the sound produced by his breathing through it (which appeared to be done with great difficulty) resembled a low, indistinct whistle. He then led him to the lamp-post in the yard, placing him with his back to it, and his arms being taken round were secured by the handcuffs round the post. As the night was very chilly, I buttoned his jacket up to the throat, speaking at the same time a few words to cheer him, that brought tears from his sightless eyes, to think that someone felt for his miserable and forlorn condition; and this convinced me still further that even the most hardened villain can be melted by kindness, however trifling. Having inquired how long he was to remain in the condition described, I was told three hours!"

"Perkins had another drubbing, some time since, coming out of church. ——, a prisoner-constable, was the first to fall on him, and after him a host who soon covered him with blood and wounds, for not walking in a proper manner out of church. And the commandant allowed this drubbing to stand as a sort of instalment of punishment when the man was brought up for trial. On account of the beating, he received a lighter magisterial sentence. Mr. —— told me one day that the commandant censured the conduct of the constables

who complained of some man not opening his mouth to have the inside of it searched for tobacco. It seems they were deemed blameworthy for having in this instance neglected to use violence. 'Why didn't you knock him down like a bullock?' was the interrogatory at Norfolk Island!"

Price lived long enough to be himself "knocked down like a bullock" by the convicts at Gellibrand's Point, Williamstown, who kicked and battered him into a bleeding pulp in March, 1857; an awful retribution for the misery he had inflicted upon the unfortunate men he had in his power during his career of cruelty as a penal commandant.

Earl Grey, who was then Secretary of State, was concerned with the accounts he received from Norfolk Island, as the home of cruelty and the den of debasing vices. He sent a despatch to Governor Wilmot containing peremptory orders to remove the whole of the convicts to Port Arthur. Such a startling change was received throughout Van Diemen's Land with alarm. Meetings were held, petitions prepared and sent to the House of Commons praying that relief might be given from the effect of Earl Grey's order. While the colonists waited for a reply to their prayers, Governor Wilmot deferred action in the direction of removing the convicts from Norfolk Island to Port Arthur.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Van Diemen's Land a Penal Settlement—John Price's "Tame Convicts"—Hobart Townspeople Fear Their Throats Will Be Cut—5,500 Convicts at Liberty—Settlers in a Panic—Imperial Government Withdraw Penal Subsidy of £300,000—Governor Wilmot Proposes Drastic Taxation—"The Patriotic Six"—Rebellion Threatened—Wilmot's Moral Character—Gladstone Recalls Him.

The underlying principle of transportation was that the prisoners sent to a new land, away from their old haunts of crime, removed from the temptations of their dissolute companions, would the more readily embrace a rational form of life, and that they would have, in a distant country, a better chance to mend their morals while they paid the debt they owed to the laws they had broken. The sociological theorists, who held these views, which were acted upon by various statesmen in power, do not seem to have realised how the aggregation of vicious units would form one vast cesspool of iniquity.

At the same time, in default of a more promising system, all the great colonising nations, except the Dutch, had utilised the criminal

units of their countrymen to form the populations of their oversea plantations. This policy had been followed since 1612 by Britain, when the first batch of 100 convicts was sent to Virginia. In no instance, however, is it recorded that any nation poured convicts with such grim persistency as Britain dumped her felons into Van Diemen's Land. The transportation of convicts, from the first, to the Australian colonies was conducted in the belief that the land of expatriation was somewhere in the next world, and that once the white cliffs of Albion faded from the exiled convicts' eyes, that was probably, thank God, the last of them so far as Britain was concerned.

Earl Grey's order to Governor Wilmot left no doubt as to the British Government's intentions. Van Diemen's Land was to be made a convict settlement, and the day of the free settler, in the land of his adoption, looked as if it was setting to its close. The vigorous protests of the colonists against the deportation of Norfolk Island felons to Port Arthur caused the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission to inquire into the penal settlement of Van Diemen's Land. Gangs of Price's "tamed convicts" had been shipped to Hobart, and they were distributed throughout the country districts. On more than one occasion Price's "tame convicts" attempted to seize the transport ships—taking them from Norfolk Island to Hobart—with the usual result of bloodshed, followed by the hanging of all the convicts concerned in the outbreak.

On September 8, 1843, 20 convicts made two attempts to capture the "Marion Watson," the transport bringing them to Hobart from the "Hell of the Pacific." Confined in Hobart Gaol, they released themselves from their irons, attempted to set fire to the place, and were only subdued with great difficulty. Such a determined attempt to secure their freedom, made by 20 most notorious convicts, caused the townspeople of Hobart to go to bed expecting to have their throats cut before the morning.

Van Diemen's Land was inundated in this way with thrice convicted convicts, and the catalogue of crime began to swell at an alarming rate. The distribution of the gangs of probationers may be seen from this list prepared by a colonist from official papers at the time of the influx. "If," said he, "you look at the last map of Van Diemen's Land, you will see at the entrance of D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, South Port, that there are 500 men. Above Port Esperance, 400 men. Above this, along the banks of the Huon, the farmers begin. At Port Cygnet, up the Huon, there are 350 men. Proceeding up the channel, you come to Oyster Cove, 250; Brown's River (just above North-West Bay and five miles from Hobart Town), 500."

"Taking, now, the main road from Hobart Town to Launceston (the lands on each side being all settled, fenced, and improved), you will see Glenorchy (eight miles from Hobart Town), 150 men; Bridgewater (12 miles), 100; Cross Marsh (30 miles), 100; Jericho (40 miles), 100; Oatlands (50 miles), 180; Ross (70 miles), 120; and Cleveland (86 miles), 250. At Perth (100 miles from Hobart and 19 miles from Launceston) there was another gang, which was recently withdrawn. Leaving the main road, there are at Broad Marsh, 240

men; at Fingal, 400; at Buckland, 250; at Jerusalem, 500; at St. Mary's, 300; at Westbury, 200; at Deloraine, 300; at the Mersey, 200. In all, 20 gangs comprising 5,500 men."

The Rev. H. P. Fry, in his protest against the annual importation of criminals, and the grievous injury being done to the colony through Lord Stanley's system of congregating together a mass of felons, says that "a settler in the interior loses a quantity of sheep, whether correctly or not he believes they are stolen by probationers. Perhaps they are sold; perhaps they are slaughtered, and the wool 'planted.' He finds two members of the gang wandering over his grounds; he suspects, challenges them, and, on their refusal to withdraw, attempts to arrest them. One of them seizes him by the throat and threatens his life; the timely appearance of his brother enables him to secure both."

This incident in the bush happened at Oatlands, where there were 180 convicts in a gang; and the settler's name was Wilson. According to the "Observer," the probationers were conveyed to the police station; Wilson's complaint was laid before a magistrate, who sentenced them. Afterwards, they were placed in the gang, without special permanent restraint, free to abscond again, and murder Wilson if they so desired.

Dozens of such cases took place, but the colonists were powerless. Lord Stanley, though he was appealed to again and again, would give the colonists no measure of relief. That crime and outrage made mock of civilisation, did not appear to trouble the Imperial Government. On the contrary, though the British statesmen regarded the system of transportation—what, in truth, it was—an expensive failure, it had, such as it was, to remain. Millions had, said Lord Stanley, been spent upon "The System," and now the colonists desired that the work of those millions should be lightly cast aside because they objected to the malodorous importation of convicts. The welfare of the mother country was to be considered before the "fretful claims" of her daughters—the colonies.

Worse was to follow. The Imperial Government spent £300,000 a year in the colony, more than half of which sum was for foodstuffs produced by the farmers. Lord Stanley ordered that the road gangs should be turned into farm laborers, that the penal authorities should engage in agriculture, and the convicts should, by becoming husbandmen, be self-supporting. Thus the Government entered into competition with the farmers, who were already experiencing bad times, the competition and bad seasons together sending the colony on the high road to ruin. The sale of Crown lands, that had produced substantial sums for the Government exchequer, had almost ceased; the colony had to maintain the police and gaols. This drain on the dwindling receipts of Van Diemen's Land soon plunged the colony into a debt of £100,000.

Governor Wilmot endeavored to stop the drift by raising the duty on tea, sugar, and foreign goods from 5 to 15 per cent. This was opposed by the independent members of the Legislative Council, known as the "Patriotic Six" (Charles Swanston, Michael Fenton, Richard Dry, Thomas George Gregson, William Kermode, and John Kerr), on the ground that it was unjust to tax the people to support

the cost of convictism. Wilmot gave his casting vote in favor of the increased taxation, on the ground that Lord Stanley's orders must be obeyed. Wilmot also proposed special forms of taxation on auctioneers, pawnbrokers, publicans, butchers, eating-housekeepers, stage coach and steamboat proprietors, cabmen and watermen. The anger of these men was aroused to a dangerous degree. Most intense excitement prevailed in Hobart, and a public meeting of protest was called. The town was placarded with posters demanding "No Taxation without Representation."

A procession of cabs and waggons on the day of the meeting paraded the streets of Hobart, and the storm of indignation gathered force as the hour of meeting approached. Thousands of handbills were distributed as follow:—

NO TAXATION!

A Meeting will be held at the Theatre.

Auctioneers, rise at our bidding.

Pawnbrokers, pledge the public your interest.

Butchers, show your pluck.

Publicans, prove your spirit.

Stage coachmen, drive on.

Cabmen, make a stand.

Carters, put your shoulders to the wheel.

Eating-housekeepers, support the constitution.

Boatmen, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together.

God Save the Queen!

Wilmot, in face of a rebellion, surrendered, and withdrew the obnoxious measure, the "Courier" remarking that "Rulers will henceforth recoil from the virtuous indignation of the people, as the reptile recoiled from the touch of Ithuriel's spear." Wilmot regarded this remark as an insult, since its inference was that he was the devil in the serpent's skin. Wilmot complained of the disloyalty of the "Patriotic Six," and a crisis was brought about when the six resigned their seats rather than pass an inflated Appropriation Act. They then sent a report of their action to Lord Stanley, and added to the report their reasons for acting as they had done. In the end the Imperial Government agreed to pay £24,000 towards the expense of the penal upkeep of the colony. Lord Stanley said that in 17 despatches he had received from Wilmot he "had either received no intelligence, or his remarks were casual, slight, and few."

A custom had arisen in Hobart of hounding men down in the public press. From certain shortcomings the abuse gathered as it travelled, until at last the men occupying public positions were by inference charged with certain abominations of conduct—"inter Christianos non nominandum." Wilmot, by his conduct towards the democratic section of the community, had rendered his name hateful to the masses. The "Atlas," a Sydney journal, compared Wilmot to the tyrant of Capreae, and referred to his private habits with expressions of disgust. Anonymous letters were sent to Gladstone, who

was then the Secretary of State, to the effect that Wilmot had several mistresses in Hobart. Gladstone charged Wilmot with neglecting the vices of Sodom at the penal stations, to which Wilmot replied that he had not made it a point of duty "to examine the inner world of the convicts' mental, moral, and spiritual state." The upshot was that Governor Wilmot was suddenly recalled in October, 1846.

There seems to be no doubt that the charges levelled at the moral side of Wilmot's character were unfounded. Gladstone would not supply him with the names of his accusers. The colonists in sympathy with Wilmot, forgot their political animosities in their pity for the man who had been so cruelly maligned. In all parts of the colony Gladstone's shameful treatment of the man created a profound sensation. Stricken in years, the worry of the accusations hastened his death, and he died at Hobart in February, 1847. Gladstone showed indecent haste in removing Wilmot from office, inasmuch that while waiting for Wilmot's successor he ordered Charles Joseph Latrobe, known as "Praise God Barebones," to leave Port Phillip, where he was superintendent, and take up the government of Van Diemen's Land.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Governor Denison—Population of Van Diemen's Land—Colonists Dislike Denison—"Immorality of Upper Classes"—Denison Snubbed—The "Patriotic Six" Reinstated—Denison and Democracy—An Elective Legislature—Lord John Russell's Opinion on Disraeli's "These Wretched Colonies."

In the spring of 1846 the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Gladstone, wrote to the Inspector-General of Fortifications, Sir John Burgoyne, asking him to name an officer qualified to act as Lieutenant-Governor of Van Diemen's Land. Burgoyne sent the name of Captain William Denison as that of a suitable man for the position. Before Denison's commission was issued, a change of Government took place, Lord Grey succeeding Mr. Gladstone as Secretary of State for the Colonies. Denison's appointment was confirmed, and he left England for Van Diemen's Land in a new barque, of 650 tons, called the "Windermere." He arrived at Hobart on January 25, 1847, when he learnt that the late Governor, Sir Eardley Wilmot, so unfairly treated by Mr. Gladstone, lay sick unto death in the cottage of the private secretary. The usual salute given from the batteries on the arrival of a Lieutenant-Governor was dispensed with out of consideration for the dying man.

When Denison landed at Hobart, the population of the island amounted to about 66,000; of these, 29,000 were convicts—that is, men and women whose sentences had not expired. There were therefore 37,000 free people, including men, women, and children, of whom, of course, hundreds had been convicts, or they were the offspring of convicts. Of the 29,000 prisoners, many were in the nominal employ of the Government in gangs upon the roads, while many others were confined in the town gaols or working at the penal settlements; the remainder were either acting as servants to the free settlers, or they were earning their own livings as ticket-of-leave men.

At the time of Denison's arrival, the convict question and the problem of transportation were the "burning topics" occupying the public mind. Thousands of convicts were being poured into the colony in excess of the ordinary demand for labor. The Imperial Government estimated the value of each convict who was sent to the colony, as a wage-earner, at sixpence per day, and the colony was debited for that sum per day, for each convict sent, in the Treasury books of the Empire. Denison found very little money in the Treasury at Hobart, but an abundance of claims against the Government, and debtors at the doors, clamorous for payment.

The colonists had not much time for the new Lieutenant-Governor, since they had learnt not to expect any assistance from such men, where their own desires or the colony's interests were concerned. These consuls of the Empire were looked upon in Hobart as the mere nominees of Downing-street, and the passing creatures of political favor, the recipients of the spoils obtained by Ministerial majorities.

Denison came out with the intention of maintaining, in every way that lay in his power, the penal system in Van Diemen's Land. He considered that he was an authority on penal affairs, which assumption was not palatable to the colonists, who knew by bitter experience the practice of the system upon which Denison theorised and commented so lightly. Denison, in March, 1847, sent a series of inquiries to the magistrates of the territory on the subject of transportation. A committee was formed in Launceston and Hobart to answer the questions, the first answer being "that transportation ought to cease at once and for ever."

The committee pointed out that the convicts in the colony outnumbered the children, and that they amounted to nearly double the free adult population. Denison was informed that since the year 1840, 25,228 prisoners had been transported to Van Diemen's Land and its dependencies; that one-fifth only of those were females, and that the moral evils connected with transportation were inherent and inseparable. Though not always so, the convicts were generally persons of bad principles and vicious habits. The numerical preponderance of prisoners had lowered the general tone of society. Fraud was encouraged, and the administration of justice hampered to such an extent that prosecution was discouraged; yet, notwithstanding such a state of affairs, 521 prisoners were tried in the year 1846 before the Supreme Court and Quarter Sessions.

Denison asked in his circular: "Whether greater evils may not arise from the shock to society which the sudden cessation of a supply of labor may cause?" This question settled the committee. The members' names on that committee have an historic interest, since they were engaged in a most vital business to the colony's welfare. They were William Archer, J.P.; W. H. Browne, LL.D.; James Cox, J.P.; R. Dry, M.L.C.; F. M. Innes; J. G. Jennings, W. R. Pugh, M.D., J.P.; H. Reed, J.P.; J. Thompson; and J. A. Mowl, J.P. Those men could not see any sense in Denison's question, and the corporate reply to the new-comer, full of class and sassiety snobbery, showed that such was their opinion:—"It is not perceived in what manner the want of labor can be productive of greater MORAL evils than now exist. An increase of wages must be so far beneficial to the unemployed, and increase their means of comfort. It is not supposed that a deficiency of labor will increase the IMMORALITY OF THE UPPER CLASSES, and no connection can be discovered between cessation and an increase of evil in any form whatever." The committee was quite determined to make Denison (nephew of Viscount Ossington, nephew of the Bishop of Salisbury, nephew of the late Archdeacon of Taunton) understand, in spite of his aristocratic connections and his very Vere de Vere manner, that he was not the only clean pebble on the beach at Hobart.

When leaving England, Denison had been instructed by Lord Grey to restore the "Patriotic Six" to their seats in the nominee Council. He summoned the "Six" to meet the men the late Governor Wilmot had appointed in their places, and he invited the twelve to divide and agree to six of their number as members of the Council. Both sets of nominee legislators stood firm, and neither side would give away a member. Thus a deadlock was created, and no Legislature sat in 1847. The solution was found in the London "Gazette" in 1848, when it was notified that the Queen had reinstated the "Patriotic Six." A whoop of triumph was heard throughout the colony, due to the feeling that the colonists had gained the first victory in the direction of liberal institutions. The weight of public opinion was making itself felt in high quarters, and young Democracy was beginning to feel its growing strength.

The colonists had agitated and petitioned for twenty years for an elective House of Assembly, and they had learnt with pleasure that they were within measurable distance of the right when it was announced that Denison had been called upon by Earl Grey for a report upon the subject of an elective Legislature for the colony. Denison was opposed to the granting of free institutions to the colony. He wrote to Lord Grey, among other remarks in his despatch, the full text of which has never been published, that "There is an essentially democratic spirit (in Van Diemen's Land) which actuates the large mass of the community, and it is with a view to check this spirit, of preventing it coming into operation, that I would suggest the formation of an Upper Chamber. . . ."

Denison's idea, expanded further, was that bishops might be members of his proposed Upper House, certain "ex officio" representatives of government, the rest, whether nominated by the Crown or elected by the people, to retain their positions for life. When Deni-

son's views were known in the colony, they excited in the vast majority of the colonists—progressive Liberals—a feeling of disgust.

Denison's despatch was not couched in the spirit that was likely to commend itself to Earl Grey. As a young man, when he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies in his father's Ministry, he retired from the ranks his father led because the Cabinet was opposed to the immediate emancipation of slaves. If Henry Grey was willing to give slaves their fredom, it was unlikely that Earl Grey would withhold from free men their rights, though he had, in common with others, so bungled the difficult problem of penal administration.

The information Earl Grey collected on the subject of an elective Legislature from the colonies was submitted to the Committee of the Privy Council. The report the committee prepared recognised all the great principles of British Government except the full control of the expenditure. A Bill for the "Better Government of the Australian Colonies" was prepared on lines indicated by the committee. On the second reading of the Bill, Lord John Russell said: "I anticipate with others that some of our colonies may so grow in wealth and population that they may feel themselves strong enough to maintain their own independence in amity and alliance with Great Britain. I do not think that that time is yet approaching. But let us make them, as fast as possible, fit to govern themselves. Let us give them, as far as we can, the capacity of ruling their own affairs. Let them increase in wealth and population, and whatever may happen, we of this great Empire will have the consolation of saying that we have increased the happiness of the world."

The Bill for the Better Government of the Australian Colonies was passed in a thin House, the measure creating little interest. Britain's possessions in the Southern Seas were still looked upon, as Disraeli called them, "these wretched colonies." They were no better than rubbish tips, and, so far as the Peers were concerned, they might go to the devil and govern themselves. The news of the Bill becoming law was received with the greatest rejoicing throughout the colonies. Van Diemen's Land was not behind her sisters. In Hobart and Launceston, hundreds of guests attended public dinners to celebrate the great constitutional victory. At last the island was free! The knell of military despotism was struck! The nominee autocracy was dead for ever! Democracy had come into its own, and its ministers were able to forge a weapon to deal with the question of convicts or no convicts.

CHAPTER XL.

Agitation for Cessation of Transportation—Gladstone's Exiles—Public Opinion—"Save Your Adopted Country"—Election of Legislative Council—A Ray of Hope—Victory of the Colonists—Fifty Years of Tragedy, Crime, and Agony—Dark Days Gone!—Conclusion: Vandemonia Recedes; Tasmania, a Beautiful Woman, Radiant with Hope, Appears.

Even had it desired to do so, the British Government could not shut its eyes to the awful state Van Diemen's Land was in owing to the congested scum of convictism. Gladstone, then the young Tory member for Newark, in Peel's second administration, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, was shocked at the most revolting accounts of human depravity that he received. Not only was vice nurtured, as in a hot-bed, but the assignment of convicts to settlers was looked upon as "White Slavery." Lord John Russell had said on the floor of the House of Commons: "I regard assignment as pure slavery; as assigning a man who has committed a crime in this country to slavery in a penal colony." No doubt it was. The Crown had a right to punish a man who broke through the laws of the country; the Crown had a right to make that man labor; to prevent him eating the bread of idleness; to employ him on works of public utility; but the Crown had no moral right to assign the man into the bondage of a private individual, though the man himself might in many instances prefer assignment with comparative freedom to gaol detention without any liberty.

The cessation of transportation of convicts to New South Wales in 1840 had dammed up the stream of convicts in England. Even with the batches of felons sent to the oversea penal penitentiaries, such as Norfolk Island and Port Arthur, the gaols of Britain were congested. In New South Wales the squatters were crying out for cheap labor. They wanted the convicts back on their sheep runs to act as shepherds and stockmen; but the men of the towns were opposed to any importation of tainted blood. In Van Diemen's Land the inhabitants had had their fill of convicts—the country was gorged with felons. George Hope, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, told the House of Commons on May 28, 1845, that "loud complaints had been made that the property of Van Diemen's Land was affected by the continuance of transportation, whilst at the same time, in New South Wales, objections had been made as to the value of property being affected by the cessation of transportation."

The question was a complex one, but Gladstone believed that if England sent convicts who were hall-marked as "good and reformed" the problem would be solved. The best of the prisoners were to be sent to Millbank and to Pentonville prisons, there to be "reformed," and then they were to be shipped to the colonies. The proposal appeared all right in theory. How it panned out, Major Arthur Griffiths, the late Governor of Millbank, showed, when he pointed to the fact that the "human equation" had to be reckoned

with, and that criminal classes will not, after treatment, "come out like a combination of figures." The shipping of these "exiles" to Australia and Van Diemen's Land roused the colonists to the highest pitch of indignation, and in Victoria the settlers talked on the plane of sedition and high treason.

The times were stirring. The agitation for cessation of transportation was spreading throughout the colonies. Van Diemen's Land led the van. Earl Grey supported the claims of the colonists; Lord Stanley was against granting the colony any relief. He asked the House of Lords to believe that the question involved interests more important than a single colony! He stated that Van Diemen's Land could not be swamped by an annual influx of four thousand convicts. If, he said, the thirty thousand persons released from the prisons of France were so intolerable, what must be the condition of England with sixty thousand expirees then settled in the colonies? Van Diemen's Land was always a penal colony, and he saw no reason that it should be otherwise.

In one of the petitions drawn up at Hobart, it was stated that there were then four thousand prisoners more in the colony than were ever at one time in New South Wales, and that 12,000 free persons had quitted the country since 1841. The petition asked for representative government, the abolition of transportation, and the importation of 12,000 free immigrants at the expense of Great Britain, and it recommended the removal of the convicts to the colony of North Australia, or wherever they might be required. The "London Morning Chronicle," in commenting upon the petition, said: "We have never read a public document more calculated to command both the convictions and sympathies of those whom it addresses. Future ages will contemplate with amazement the fact that wrongs so cruel in their nature and so enormous in their amount have been inflicted in civilised times." What would the "Chronicle" editors have said had they known or could they have realised how much suffering and vice lay behind the colonial penal system?

In a speech made at Hobart, Dr. Robert Officer instanced the feeling in the home country against Van Diemen's Land, and the popular opinion that it was a land of convicts, without any honest men within its shore lines. He vouched for the truth of the stories told to him by an old colonist just returned to Hobart after a visit to England. He said: "In our native land we are looked upon with horror. When the colonist arrived at home, he took his family to an hotel. When the landlord learnt where he came from, he came to him with a face full of concern and said, 'You did not tell me, sir, that you came from Van Diemen's Land; do not let it be known, or I shall be ruined.' On another occasion a friend of his had to assure the landlord that he was a perfectly honest man, and he need not be afraid of him, although he did come from Van Diemen's Land."

"Parents of Van Diemen's Land," wrote the author of a pamphlet called "Common Sense," "can you hesitate? Let the timid and sordid doubt. Let them reckon the farthing they may lose! Let your hearts dictate your answer to the circular. Let it be worthy, Britons, Christians, and Parents! Show that you prize your rights, and that you love your children. That land which they tell you will

become a desert when the clank of chains, the cries of torture, the noize of riot, and the groans of despair shall be heard no longer will not become a desert; 'it will blossom abundantly and rejoice with joy and singing' when your sons and daughters shall go forth the free among the free. . . . Perform your duty. SAVE Your Adopted Country!"

Denison addressed his nominee Council for the last time on July 2, and the People's Council, sixteen members, was elected in November. The Council was pledged to the abolition of transportation, and though they had no power to stop the convict stream to the island, still there was the weight of opinion of an official body to lever the Imperial Government into action. The Council was not, any more than the people, bulldozed by the cunning attempt of Gladstone to subvert the Order-in-Council of 1845 by sending "exiles," men who only had to land in Tasmania to be true and to lose their status even of "reformed convicts" by becoming free men. The colonists held that the leopard does not change his spots, and whether you called the felon an "exile" or a "reformed criminal" he was still a convict and undesirable company. The home authorities eulogised the characters of reformed convicts, and a parson was quoted as saying that they "cheerfully endured exposure on the public works, tried to deter their fellow-countrymen from crime, and overcame all their adversities by patience and prayer!"

That guff did not deceive anyone, least of all the colonists concerned. The latter saw a ray of hope in a speech of Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister of England, in which he said: "We are bound, when we are planting provinces, perhaps what may in future times be empires, to endeavor that they should not be merely seats of malefactors and of convicts, but communities fitted to set an example of virtue and happiness, and not to make plantations, as Lord Bacon says, of the scum of the land."

The policy of the Home Governments during the past ten years had been as changeful as the turnings of a weathercock. The colonists had no certainty that any accepted system would survive the defeat of a Ministry. Each successive Governor of Van Diemen's Land truckled to the views of the politicians who gave him his office. Denison went so far as to tell the Government, in the face of strong opposition by the colonists, that he would receive four thousand "exiles" a year! No wonder that the colonists passed votes of censure upon him, and that he goes down to history as the most unpopular Governor Tasmania ever had, considering that the times were moving and the days of enlightenment had dawned.

The changes of policy in convict administration were as follow:—

1838.—The Parliamentary Committe condemned assignment.
1840.—Lord John Russell stopped transportation.
1841.—Captain Maconochie's mark system was tried.
1842.—Lord Stanley launched his probation scheme.
1845.—Gladstone wanted to send ticket-of-leave men to a proposed North Australian colony.
1846.—Earl Grey propounded the Tasmanian convict village

scheme, and the distribution of the convicts over the island.

1847.—Earl Grey announced the total abolition of his scheme.

1848.—Orders given that all convicts were to be sent to Van Diemen's Land.

According to Lord Stanley, "the primary object to be kept in sight in the employment of convicts is the raising by them of the produce necessary for their subsistence, and the consequent diminution of the expense now entailed upon the mother country" and "the benefit to accrue from their labor to Van Diemen's Land, important as I acknowledge it to be, is still but a secondary and subordinate consideration."

In 1851, 2,006 convicts were landed; in 1852, 2,805; and in the beginning of 1853, 1,507. The protests of the colonists, however, were such that the Home Ministry could no longer disregard them. Australia and Van Diemen's Land were one in their determination that transportation should cease. The Whig Government went out of office in 1852; Lord Derby formed a Tory Cabinet and Sir John Pakington was made Secretary of State for the Colonies. Twelve months later, the Derby Administration gave place to the Aberdeen Ministry. The last despatch of Sir John Pakington to Governor Denison was dated December 14, 1852, and it conveyed the joyful intelligence to the colonists that the transportation of convicts had ceased.

The dark days were gone! Gone to return no more! In May, 1853, the official notification appeared in the Hobart Town "Gazette." The colonists had won the guerdons of Liberty, the Legislative Assembly; Trial by Jury; and the Stoppage of Convict Transportation. Fifty years of Tragedy, Crime, and Agony were left behind! Van Diemen's Land receded, and Tasmania, symbolised as a beautiful woman, radiant with the smile of Hope, stepped forward over the dead ashes of the Past, to point towards a far happier destiny than appeared possible when the island lay—restless, fevered, and sick—tossing, like a disturbed spirit, in the Cradle of Civilisation!

[The End.]


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